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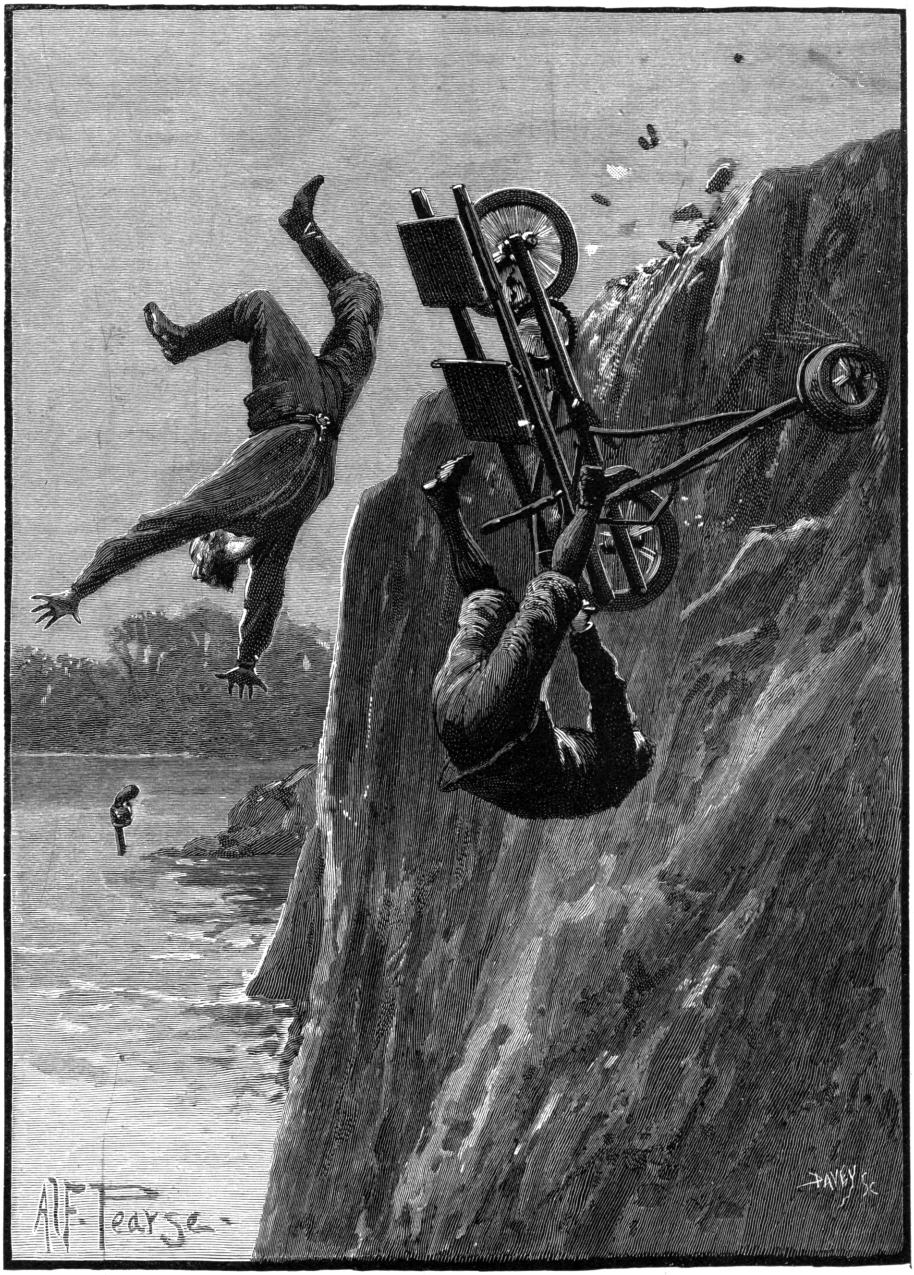


"C-R-A-S-H!"

(*See page* 486.)

An Unwelcome Passenger.

By F. H. F. Mercer.

I FELT the want of exercise one June evening — real muscle-trying work, that would loosen my joints and dispel the cob-webs that several days of close confinement had woven in my brain. The lake was still covered by cakes of rotten ice, hence rowing was quite out of the question; walking, even, was unpleasant, for the warm sun of the Canadian spring-time had not yet rid the earth of its moisture and converted the sticky clay into all-pervading, choking dust. Riding, also, was undesirable, for my horse was a short stepper and a born mud-slinger, who could plant a clod in my mouth or eyes, alternately, at every other stride. Exercise I must have, but how to get it was the question.

"You had better take the road-master's velocipede and run a few miles up the line," suggested the local "boss" of the quarter-horse railway that started from our shabby little town, and, after wandering through a sparsely settled district for seventy miles and more, terminated *nowhere* in the "bush."

I had never ridden a railway velocipede, but was quite willing to make the experiment; so soon the funnily shaped contrivance was pulled out of its shed and being bolted together on the track. One had to sit straddle-legged on a contrivance that was set above two ordinary, but light, car-wheels. There was a handle-bar to pull, while one shoved forward with one's feet, and underneath was the machinery by which the velocipede could be geared up so that greater speed might be attained. This motor portion was kept on the tracks by a balance-wheel that was attached by a bar to the main body. Once seated, and with the concern in motion, it would be almost impossible to dismount, for the swinging handle-bar would be bound to strike no inconsiderable blows on one's chest, the left leg would be mixed among the cross-bars, and a sort of seat behind effectually prevented one's slipping off backwards. It was a trap, no doubt of it.

After listening to sundry warnings as to passing "sidings" slowly, as the "frogs" of the "V" were apt to derail the machine, and to balance well inwards when "taking a curve," somebody gave me a starting push and I was off, pulling and pushing with feet and hands up the steep grade of the outward track.

"HARK! WAS THAT AN ENGINE WHISTLING?"

The wheels rumbled and roared as the velocipede gathered speed, and, as I applied increasing force, it rolled along at a pleasant rate. Still, the grade was against me, and there would be a climb of more than a half-mile before a level run could be had. As I warmed to the work an exhilaration stole upon me, and the blood surged through my veins as I applied more and more strength to the motor, and the 'pede fairly flew as we took the level track.

Hark! Was that an engine whistling?

Surely not, for the only train is sweeping many miles away, heading in the same direction as myself. But the roar of the wheels is quite sufficient to drown any ordinary sound, so it is but wise to stop and listen.

Aouw! I had forgotten the swinging handle-bar, and it had knocked nearly all the "wind" out of me. While I am striving to catch breath again, the speed of the machine has slackened. I apply the brake and listen. Pshaw! It was not the whistle of a locomotive that I heard, but the "Canadian nightingales," the pond-frogs, screaming and shrieking from every patch of wet pasture land and each tiny pool. My favourite dish, frogs' legs, should be on every table this spring, if the noisy chorus be any criterion by which to judge the number of the owners of the voices.

Then I roll on again with steady strokes, covering at least twelve miles an hour, between fields at first, and later by the lakeside, with cliffs rising sheer overhead on the one hand, and the surging roll of the blue water, glistening with ice-cakes, on the other. Out on the water a fire's light is glimmering where some voyagers have camped for the night on the tiny islet, that looks as if it had been placed by some giant hand in the bosom of the lake. And beyond is a steamer, sighing as it struggles with the huge raft of timber, cut in the wilds of the northland, and destined for use in many climes. Evening is come, and now the shadows fall dark across the track. Clinkety-clank! c-l-i-n-k-e-t-y-clank! we rumble and roll along.

The rhythmic, regular sound lends one to thought, and a white face that has haunted me through several days rises unbidden in my mind's eyes: the face of the broken-hearted woman that I had seen, staring with tearless eyes on the dead face of the husband she had lost by a murderer's hand, whilst he had been discharging his duty as a constable. Strange, it seemed, that the guilty man should have eluded his pursuers for so long a time! The whole countryside had been roused in pursuit for two weeks past, yet no trace of the fugitive could be found. He must have left the country, people said; for how could man elude so diligent a search? And so they had returned to their homes, and the wonder of nine days was nearly forgotten.

I had traversed a dozen miles of track, and now the bridge over Benbridge Creek is ahead, with the first station yet beyond it. This has been thirsty work, so I put on brakes and ask the station-master for a glass of water. As I rest on the bench beside him, the isolated man inquires for the latest news, and especially whether Pelly's murderer has been captured. Then he gives his views as to what has become of the miscreant, in the full conviction that his theories are the only ones tenable.

"You are not going farther, are you, sir?" he asks, as I climb to my seat again. Yes, the fever for exercise is on me, and I will go yet farther to-night. Then I bid him good-bye, and roll on again into the gathering gloom.

But a mile or two from the station is a level, straight stretch of nearly a mile in length. Half of it is passed, when I observe a man sitting by the track's side and signalling to me to stop. "A train ahead!" is my immediate thought, and this man has been sent to warn me of its approach. An unlikely thing in this wilderness, to be sure, but what else could one suppose?

"STARING WITH TEARLESS EYES ON THE DEAD FACE."

The machine had barely stopped as I

came abreast of the man, a by no means prepossessing specimen of humanity, *that* even the dying light enabled me to see. But what had I to fear? I was not of the kind that is easily terrified by a villainous face and burly frame.

"There's a train coming down, mister," said he; "I heard it whistling as you came in sight and thought I'd better stop you."

As he spoke he stepped towards me, then, quick as thought, he gave the 'pede a violent push and vaulted on the seat behind me, hissing in my startled ear:—

"Pump her, hang you; pump! Pump as if all the demons abroad were after you, or they soon will be, for I'll let daylight through you —like I did that cussed fool that thought he could 'rest me—if you don't run me to 'the portage' this night. I'm not going to be hunted like a dog no longer; so pump, hang you, pump!"

Something round and cold, I could feel, was being pressed into the small of my back. Poor Pelly had been shot to death, and the murderer escaped with his weapon; so it did not need much prescience to divine that it was a pistol I felt. Nor could there be any doubt but that this was the life-taking wretch himself who was seated behind me.

The shock of surprise numbed my senses for some instants, but not sufficiently to prevent my obeying the orders of my unwelcome passenger. Soon the horrors of the situation dawned upon me, and the blood ran cold in my veins. This miscreant must have been in hiding so close to the scene of his crime that suspicion of his presence had been disarmed. Now he had decided it was time to break away, and was it likely that I, the witness to the direction of his flight, would be alive when the morrow dawned to set pursuers on his track? Scarcely!

His life was forfeited now, and that he knew to a certainty; what would the sacrifice of another life be to him, if by a second murder his wretched neck could be saved a stretching? Nothing! I was to be driven, at his pistol's mouth, to carry him throughout the night, until the point nearest the river had been reached, where he could cross into another province, and, mixing with the hordes of semi-civilized river-men, elude pursuit for ever. Then, or when exhaustion overcame my usefulness as a machine, he would shoot me.

Clinkety-clank! Clinkety-clank!

"Pump her, hang you, pump!"

There was no escape for me that I could see. In front was the swaying bar, that was now plunging with force sufficient to break one's ribs, for as a relief to my pent-up feelings, I worked with desperate strokes. Behind was my master, close against me, his guilty weapon in hand. I could not throw myself to the right, for the stringers of the balance-wheel would hamper and catch my left leg. The same bars would make it impossible for me to get clear by falling between the rails. What could I do?

Clinkety-clank! Clinkety-clank!

"You're doing pretty well, mister," said a voice at my back, "and I don't mean to be too hard on you. Take it a bit easier now, for you've got to pump her fifty miles to-night, and I don't want to over-drive you at the start."

Fifty miles! Merciful God! Already the perspiration was rolling from every pore, and I could feel that my strength was being spent. Clinkety-clank! Surely there must be some way out of this horrible mess! Had it come to this, that I was so completely entrapped by an ignorant, slow-witted scoundrel —I, who had so prided myself on my readiness and subtlety? It seemed so. Clinkety-clank!

There was no escape for me! How my very soul cried out in revolt against being forced like an ox to the shambles.

"Pump her, hang you! No monkey tricks now, or I'll shoot. Mind that."

Clinkety-clank! I tried to pray, but the words would not form in my brain, and I could only think of the girl, far away over the seas, who was waiting and watching for me. Poor little girl! How she would grieve when they told her her lover was dead, murdered in far-off Canada, killed by an unknown hand.

Clinkety-clank!

We fly past a gloomy station, and from an upper window a faint light glimmers through the curtain.

"Don't you halloa now, mister, or I'll shoot. Don't let a squeak out o' you if you want to be healthy."

The pistol's muzzle is pushed yet nearer into my back as the tormentor utters the warning. We roll past some cars on the siding, and on again by the main track. They are early bed-goers, these people, and there is no help to hope for.

Clinkety-clank!

"Stop her!" said my passenger, sharply. "Stay quiet where you are while I have a drink. You move and I shoot! Mind that, now."

"NO MONKEY TRICKS, NOW, OR I'LL SHOOT."

He seemed to pull a bottle from some part of his clothing, and I could hear the gurgle of the liquor as it trickled from the bottle's neck and down his throat. The fumes of the worst and rankest "forty-rod"* whisky poisoned the air as he pushed the bottle under my nose and said: "Take a drink, you'll want it 'fore you're through."

I refused.

"Take it, blow you! Do you think I'll take any talk from you? Drink, or I'll fix you right here."

"I'll not drink with a murderer. Shoot!"

"It's time enough to fix you when I get through with you, and if you won't drink, why I'll drink for both."

Then we went on. Weariness was asserting itself, and I could scarce force the doubly weighted 'pede up the grade of the hill.

Clinkety-clank!

Over the brow of the hill was a steep downgrade, into a valley where another station was. It had grown a little lighter now, and there seemed to be cars on both track and siding. Did my tormentor notice this? He sat behind, so it was possible that he did not. Here, then, was a possibility of escape. I could but die once; was it not better, then, to meet death of my own volition now, than when, his slave being utterly exhausted and, therefore, useless to him, the wretch behind me should please to take my life? Yes, it would be better, far. Summoning all my remaining strength, I forced the velocipede down the grade until it fairly flew over the rails, and the clink and clank of the wheels was merged into a roar as we swept along.

Now my tormentor saw the danger, and, with a scream of fear, called to me to stop. But I was desperate and noticed him not.

"Stop her, or I'll shoot!" he screamed.

"Shoot!" I replied, and forced the machine along at fearsome speed.

The station was built by the side of a small river that flowed far below over its stony bed. A bridge crossed, and the station was at its farther end. We are on the bridge now, and it is but a choice of deaths—to be dashed to pieces against the cars that block both tracks, or to fall on the rocks, a hundred feet below.

"Stop her! Stop her!" screamed my passenger, but I only set my teeth and work the handles harder in reply. He was a coward at heart, for he screamed with fear, and begged and implored of me to stop the speed. But I could not, and I would not. My mind was made up to meet death there and then.

The 'pede roars on, devouring space. Twenty feet, fifteen, ten, five——C-r-a-s-h!

When I recovered my senses it was to find myself tenderly cared for in a city hospital. How I had escaped instant death nobody has ever been able to tell, for I was found in the water at the foot of the cliff. My unwelcome passenger was dead, his skull crushed in where he had struck against a rock. My injuries were very serious ones, but a cheque for $1,000, the reward for the delivery of the murderer, dead or alive, helped to heal them.

* So named owing to its reputed ability to kill a healthy mule forty rods away!

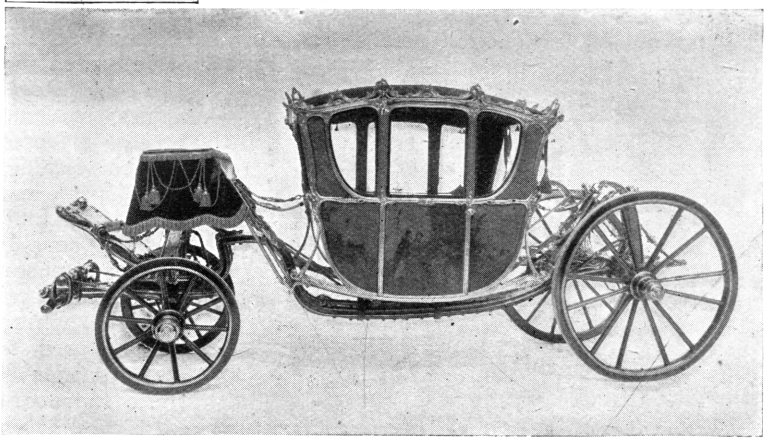
The Russian Coronation.

By Charles S. Pelham-Clinton.

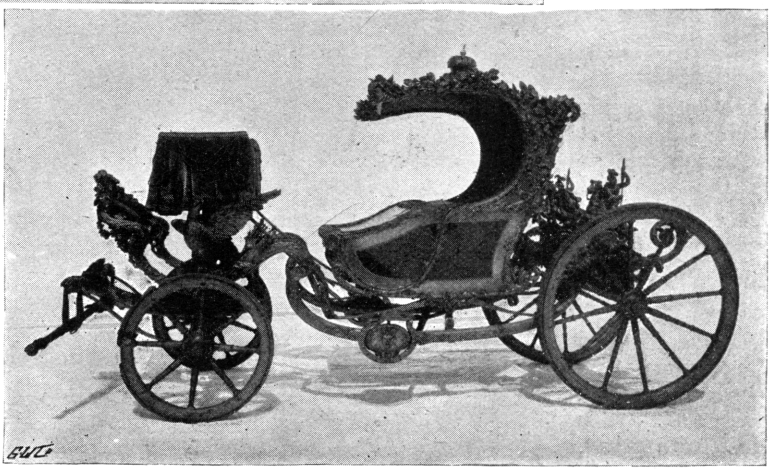
[*The following article has been prepared with the special permission and approval of the Emperor and Empress of Russia.*]

THE purpose of these pages is to give an account of a visit to Russia, made chiefly with the object of getting some information about the ceremonies which are about to take place in Moscow and St. Petersburg in connection with the coronation of the Czar, and to inspect the Royal stables and palaces; and the facilities accorded to me, owing to the gracious permission of the Czar, enable me to lay before the reader what is, I believe, the first tolerably complete description of the Court of Russia.

One of the sights of St. Petersburg is the museum of Imperial carriages, for not only do they form the most remarkable collection in the world, but twenty-four of them will be seen in the procession at the coming festivities. Among the most interesting is a double-seated carriage made by Buckindale, a London builder, in 1793, for the Empress Catherine II., which was restored in 1826 and 1856 to take part in the coronation processions of those years (No. 1). One of the most beautiful is another double-seated carriage, also built in England, and presented in 1795 by Prince Orloff to the Empress Catherine II. (No. 2). It took part in the coronation festivities of Nicholas I. and Alexander II., being used on both these occasions for the maids of honour, and in 1883 it was again restored for the coronation of Alexander III., being used by two of the Grand Duchesses. The panels on its sides represent Abundance, Industry, Commerce, the Trades, etc., and there are Cupids scattering flowers, while on the back is a picture of Apollo and the Muses. Close by are still two more carriages, built by Buckindale for Catherine II. The first (No. 3) is a four-seated one,

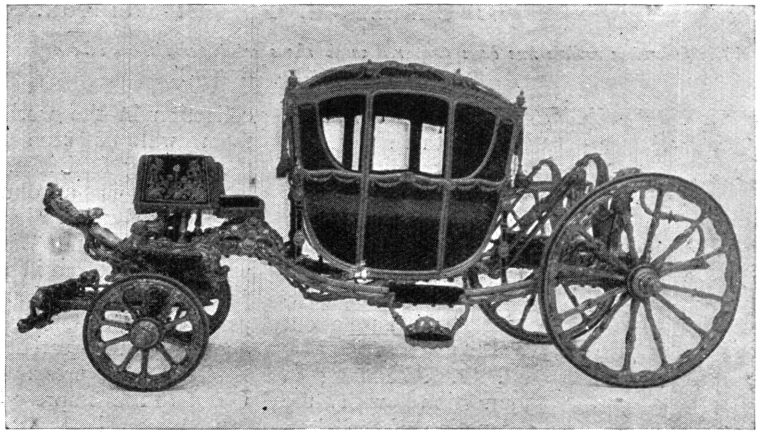


NO. 1.—CATHERINE II.'S CARRIAGE. USED IN THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS.



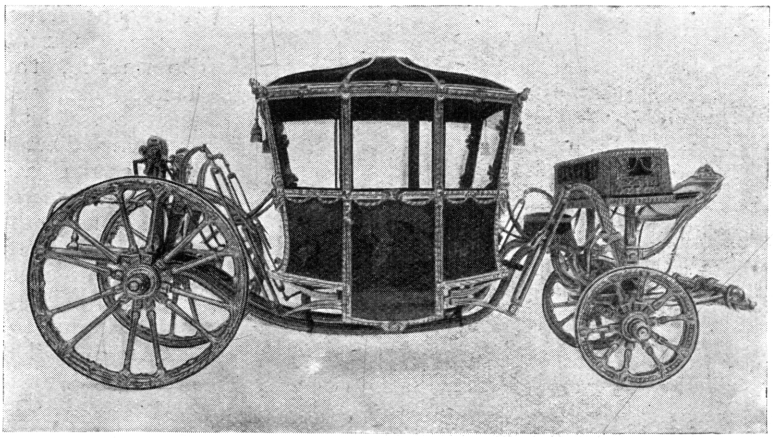
NO. 2.—THE ORLOFF CARRIAGE—THE FIRST INDIARUBBER-TIRED CARRIAGE IN THE WORLD USED IN THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS.

the paintings on its panels being by Watteau; the carving on the wheels and under-carriage is superb, that under the box-seat being equal to anything I have seen anywhere. It was restored in 1856, and was used by the Grand Duchesses Olga Nikolayevna and Helena Paelovna in that year, and by the Queen of Greece in 1883 at the coronation of Alexander III. The panels of the other (No. 4) are from the hand of Gravelot, and are very fine works of art; on



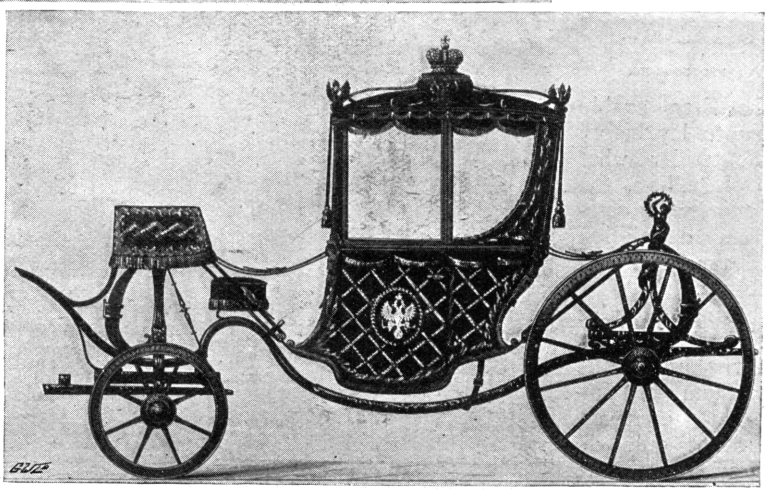
NO. 3.—THE WATTEAU CARRIAGE. USED IN THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS.

in gold, and was used at the coronations of 1856 and 1883. By the great kindness of Baron Fréedéricksz, the Master of the Horse, to whose courtesy those who read the portion of this article dealing with the Royal stables, etc., are largely indebted for the facilities given me, and also for the illustrations, I am able to give a photograph of the Royal carriage which will be used at the coronation of their present



NO. 4.—THE VENUS CARRIAGE. USED IN THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS.

the front is Venus issuing from the water, on the left is the shepherd Paris with his flock, on the right is Juno, and the back panel represents Olympus, with the Empress Catherine dispensing peace and prosperity. It is lined with velvet, brocaded with point d'Espagne

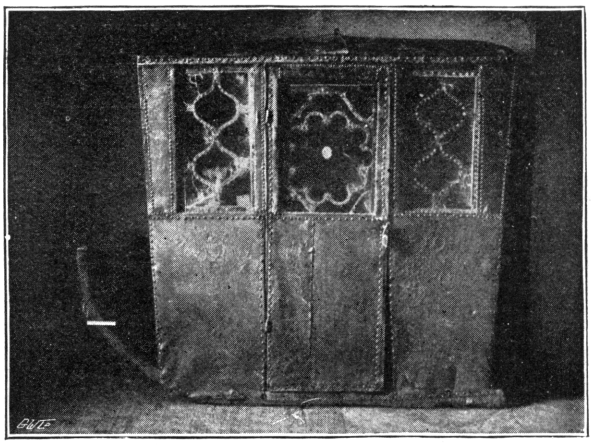


NO. 5.—THE ACTUAL CORONATION CARRIAGE USED BY THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

Majesties, and though, perhaps, it is not so gorgeous as some of those used in the past, for perfection of appointment it will eclipse them all (No. 5).

The harness which will be used on the occasion has been made in Paris, there being twenty-two sets for six horses each, and two sets for eight horses each, the two latter being for the carriages to be used by the Empress and Dowager Empress. This harness is all made of red Morocco leather with white stitching, and the saddles of the outriders are of similar materials, while their stirrups are of chased and gilded bronze. The saddle-cloths are covered with gold lace, with a design of the Russian arms, which is freely used on all parts of the harness; and each of the 148 horses will have on its head a plume of white ostrich feathers.

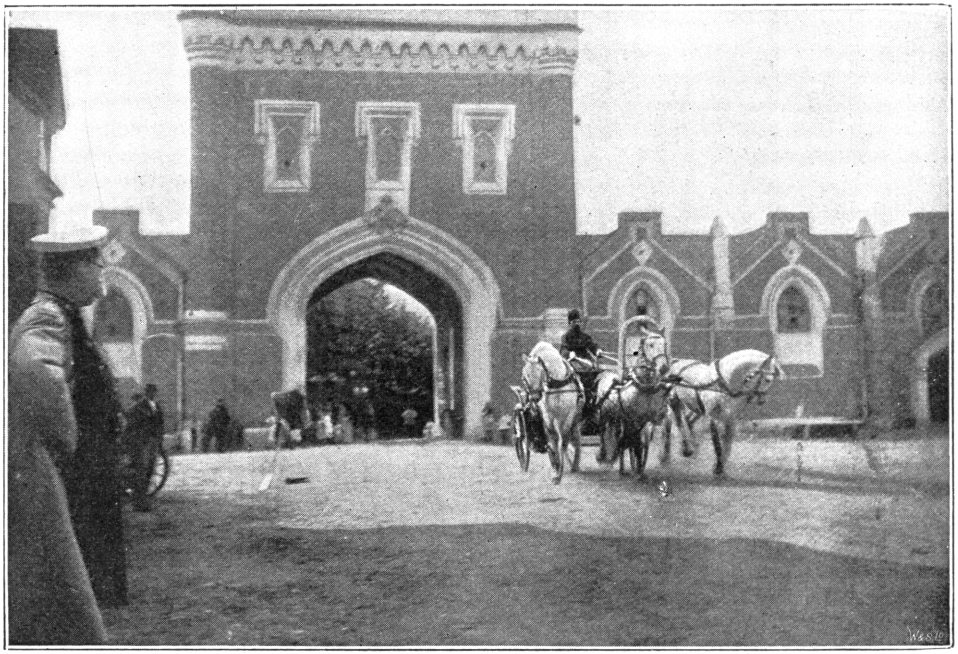
Although it will not appear in the procession, one of the most interesting exhibits in the museum is the sleigh of Peter the Great, built by himself, which is in exactly the same condition as when last used by him (No. 6); to prevent the ravages of time it is wisely inclosed in a glass case.



NO. 6.—PETER THE GREAT'S SLEIGH.

While on the subject of carriages, I would mention several which are used personally by the Czar, and which when I saw them were at the Peterhof Palace, a favourite summer residence about nineteen miles from St. Petersburg. One of these is His Majesty's troïka (No. 7), driven by the State coachman in Russian costume, his hat having a small crown and a peacock's feather round it. The carriage is a well-hung victoria, being, I suppose, more comfortable than a drosky, and, of course, has indiarubber tires. Three superb grey stallions were harnessed to this in Russian style, the shaft horse being a grand stepper. I succeeded in getting a good photograph of this, and also a snap-shot of it in motion, moving at about sixteen miles an hour. The shaft horse trots, and never breaks his pace; the side horses gallop, and have only one rein each, and hold their heads outwards, as will be seen in No. 8; of course they had bells on each throat-lash. It was one of the prettiest sights possible, and the pace they went at was certainly marvellous.

NO. 7.—THE CZAR'S TROÏKA.

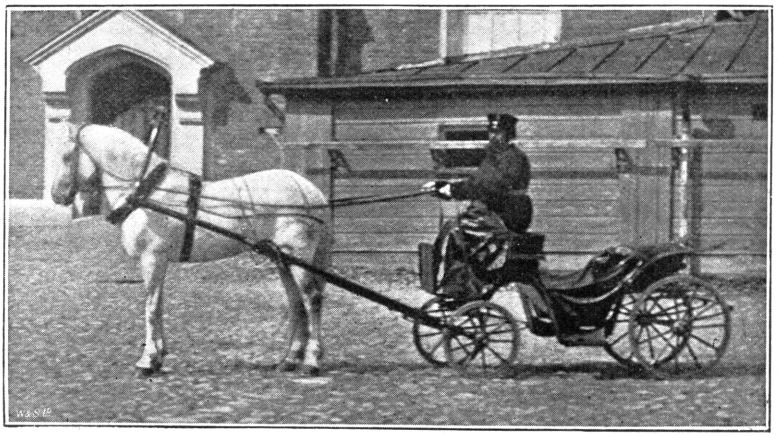


NO. 8.—THE CZAR'S TROÏKA—SHOWING THE PECULIAR ACTION OF THE HORSES, THE SHAFT-HORSE TROTTING, AND THE SIDE HORSES GALLOPING.

The Czar's drosky (No. 9) was the next thing to look at, it having harnessed to it an almost pure white stallion, with tremendous action, and a very fast mover. His Majesty's pair drosky, too, was a very handsome turn-out, and the Empress's tcherna, or pony carriage, with a pair of neat brown cobs, was very smart. With such a limited space at my command, I must at once go on to the palace.

No monarch has such a choice of magnificent palaces at his disposal as the Czar of Russia, and it is not as if there were simply one or two huge piles of bricks and mortar and a number of insignificant ones, but each is a palace in the true sense of the word; and not only are the exteriors worthy of the name, but the interiors also are as magnificent as the mind of man can conceive. Of course they are not all in St. Petersburg, but many of them are within a short distance.

One of the most beautiful of the country palaces of the Czar is that at Peterhof, for though it is very poor from an architectural point of view, the situation and surroundings surpass any of the others. It was commenced in 1720 by Peter the Great, but every succeeding Emperor has made additions or alterations of some kind or another. The interior is well worthy of a prolonged inspection, as there are some beautiful tapestries and very fine

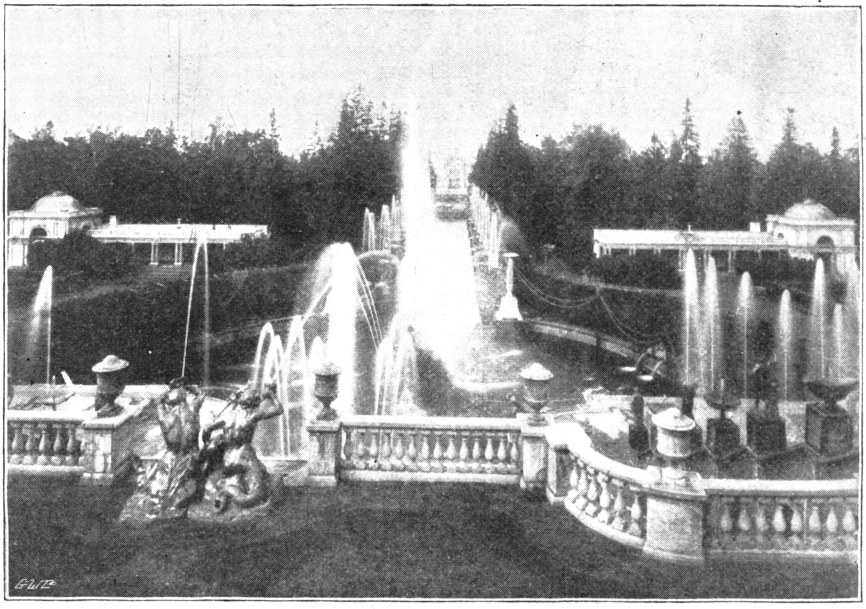


NO. 9.—THE CZAR'S SINGLE DROSKY.

pictures; but it is the gardens stretching from the palace down to the sea, and some two thousand acres in extent, that specially attract one's attention. They are the most beautiful I have ever seen, and the innumerable fountains, waterfalls, and watercourses equal, if they do not surpass, those at Versailles.

Directly in front of the palace is the far-famed fountain called "Samson" (No. 10), beautiful in design, and having close behind it a *jet d'eau* that sends the water close on 100ft. into the air. The innumerable tritons, wild beasts, and vases that surround the central figure of Samson eject the water into the canal that flows towards the sea, on its sides being a succession of *jets d'eau* in various forms. I should have said that "Samson" is a huge bronze figure, wrenching open the jaws of a lion, whence emerges a large stream of water. Two remarkable fountains are called "Adam" and "Eve," from the figures that form their central portions; they are at some distance apart, but looking towards each other. The Golden Staircase makes a most beautiful cascade when in full play, and the Narcissus fountain is another very fine one. Every turn reveals a lovely bit of scenery; perhaps the sea, or perchance a glimpse of placid lakes; then what might be a nook in an ancient forest, and, just beyond, a succession of rushing, roaring cataracts, foaming and falling from rocks that apparently have been in their present position so long as the world has been; and yet every piece is the work of man's hand, commenced by Peter the Great, every successive Sovereign having added something to its beauty.

Mon Plaisir (No. 11) is a smaller châlet in the garden, and was one of Peter the Great's favourite places, but that which he liked best of all was Marly, a small building on the banks of a pond teeming with fish that answer to the custodian's call, and come swimming to the side for bread. Inside is the room Peter used, with his furniture as it stood in his time. Of course, there are numberless pieces of carving said to be his work, but my stay in Russia, I confess, made me rather sceptical as to the authenticity of ninety-nine pieces out of every hundred, as so numerous are they, and many so elaborate, that if he had lived to the age of Methuselah, and done nothing else but make watches and carve images, etc., he would not have accomplished one-quarter of the work ascribed to him. It was at Mon Plaisir that the Empress Elizabeth used to amuse herself by cooking her own dinner, and while the fact is related, and her utensils exhibited, history says nothing of the results.

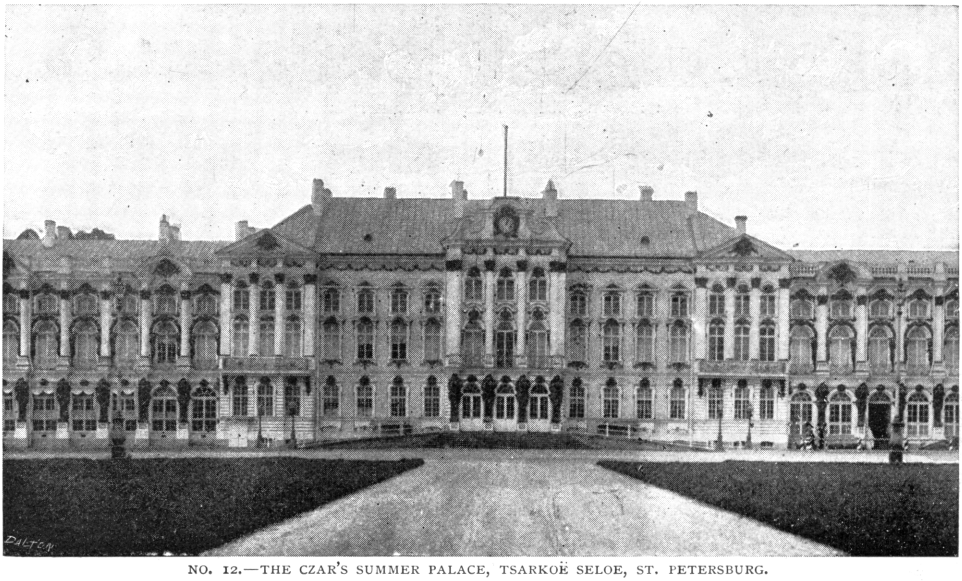


NO. 10.—THE SAMSON FOUNTAIN AT PETERHOF.

The eyes of Europe have been recently turned on the Tsarkoë Seloe (No. 12), another of the summer palaces of the Emperor, as it

NO. 11.—PETER THE GREAT'S CHÂLET, MON PLAISIR, ST. PETERSBURG.

was there that the birth of the first child took place, and great as the rejoicing was at the birth of a daughter, it would undoubtedly have been ten times greater had it been a son. Beautiful and comfortable as Peterhof is, this palace in every way exceeds it in architectural effect. The approach to the big flight of stairs leading to the front door is wide and handsome, and the building is far more massive and filling to the eye than that of Peterhof or any of the other summer palaces. The façade is of tremendous extent, being no less than 800ft. in length, and, at one time, the whole of the statues and numberless columns with which it is adorned were gilded. Even a Russian monarch could not stand the enormous expense entailed by the ravages of time, and the gilding was done away with. What the effect must have been then it is hard to imagine, as even now the building is unique, nothing that I have ever seen in the world approaching it. There is no uniformity of style of architecture: it is simply a conglomeration of every imaginable style of ancient and modern times made into one huge pile, with a succession of outbuildings, bridges, châlets of every kind and description, indiscriminately placed amidst woods, lakes, ponds, and running water. Some of the interior apartments must

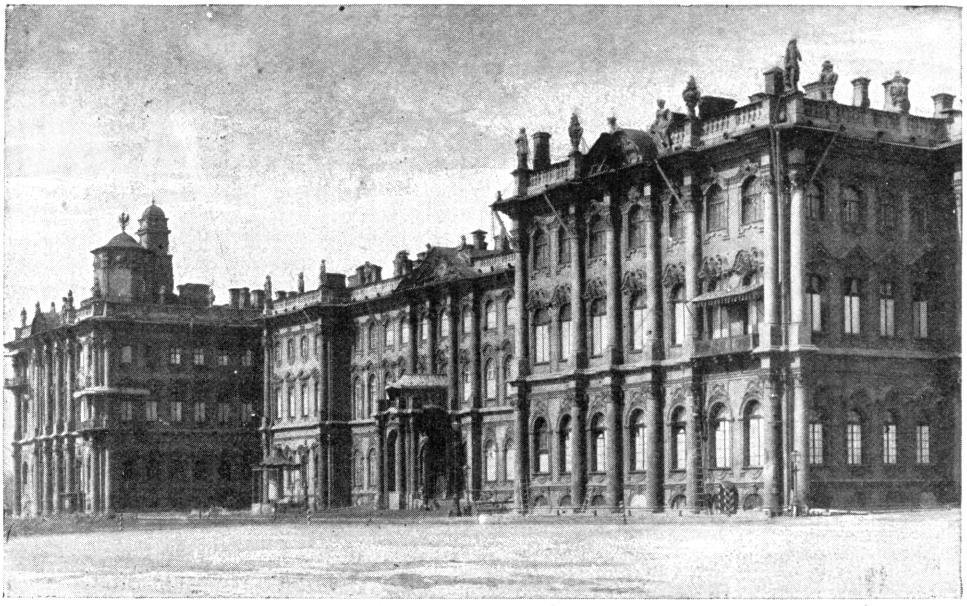


NO. 12.—THE CZAR'S SUMMER PALACE, TSARKOÉ SELOE, ST. PETERSBURG.

be ranked amongst the most gorgeous in the world. Imagine a floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl in huge floral designs, the walls of the room being a mass of *lapis lazuli*, and you have one of these rooms. Then let smokers who glory in the ownership of an amber cigar-holder, or who fondly look upon the mouth-piece of a pipe, conceive a room panelled with "the foam of the sea" in beautiful designs, and with the arms of Frederick the Great and Catherine's initials.

As in the days of David and Solomon silver and gold were accounted nothing, so in the days of Catherine II. malachite and *lapis lazuli* were trifles as little worthy of consideration as Portland stone and Peterhead granite are in England, for vast statues, pillars, doorways, and mantelpieces of both are to be seen in rich profusion in the palaces and art collections of St. Petersburg.

Coming back to the capital, however, the principal palace there is the Winter Palace (No. 13), a huge building on the banks of the River Neva. It is an immense pile of granite, 455ft. long by 350ft. wide, and its size can perhaps be better understood when I say that no fewer than 6,000 people are in residence there during the Emperor's stay. A fully detailed account of this palace would fill a good many numbers of THE STRAND, so I can only mention some of the chief halls. The principal staircase, the Perron des Ambassadeurs, is superb, being entirely of pure white Carrara marble. The chapel, where the Czar was married, contains countless *ikons*, or holy pictures, studded with jewels of immense value. The Alexander Hall; the Golden Hall, with its gorgeous Byzantine decorations; the White Hall, with its enormous collection of gold and silver plaques presented to the late Emperor; the Drawing-room of the Empress Alexandra, the walls of which are covered with frescoes of great beauty after Raphael, and whose ceilings and doors seem almost to be overlaid with gold; the Concert Hall, all these are worthy of pages of description. But the finest apartment of all is the Throne Room, or St. George's Hall, measuring 140ft. long by 60ft. wide. Its roof is supported by beautiful Corinthian columns, and it is lighted by ten huge candelabra of silver gilt, of exquisite design and workmanship. The Order of St. George and the Dragon appears in many of the designs which adorn the walls and ceiling, St. George being the patron saint of Russia.



NO. 13.—THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

With such a brief glance I must leave the new capital, and get to Moscow, the ancient seat of the Government of All the Russias, which is soon to witness the most splendid coronation festivities on record.

Those who have not visited Moscow can have no true conception of that marvellous city, and I fear the task of describing it in

such a manner as to give a realistic idea of only part is quite beyond my pen. To commence with, word-painting and photographs alike fail to describe the wonderful mass of colour, almost rainbow-like in effect, that is produced by the innumerable domes and spires which meet the eye at every turn. The marvellous clearness of the air, and the utter absence of smoke, enable one to see the outlines as well as the colours with wonderful distinctness—for it is not alone the prismatic hues of the domes and spires, but also their extraordinary and fantastic shapes, which together make a spectacle unequalled even in the East.

It is not with Moscow itself and its beauties that I must deal, but with the coming coronation of the Czar and Czarina, and with the palaces and the churches connected with the ceremony, most of which are situated inside the Kremlin (No. 14).

NO. 14.—THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

The Kremlin was originally an inclosed space where the reigning Prince and his immediate Court dwelt. It has been several times almost destroyed by fire, the last occasion being so recently as 1812, during the Napoleonic war, but it has always been rebuilt, and holds now as strong a place in the affections and religious veneration of the Russian nation as it ever did. Besides being the old centre of Government, its walls inclose some of the principal Russian palaces, and the three most holy churches of Holy Russia.

Perhaps the best view of the Kremlin is obtained from the banks of the River Moskva, from the pool where, every year, the ceremony of blessing the waters takes place, as, though it does not give one an idea of its beauties, it shows the size of the palace better, perhaps, than any other, and also the old walls with their numerous towers that form the boundary of the Kremlin.

In the Kremlin is the Cathedral of the Assumption (No. 16), where the actual ceremony of the coronation takes place. This church is, perhaps, a little disappointing in respect of size, for, as Dean Stanley says, it is more of a chapel than a cathedral. No one who enters it can, however, fail to be impressed with the solemnity of the place; the relics of past Emperors and Metropolitans, of soldiers who have helped to make history, the *ikons* incrusted with jewels of almost incalculable value, and the fact that in this church the Autocrats of All the Russias have been successively crowned, give a feeling of veneration, made the more forcible by the sombre light that enters through the narrow windows. One of the

NO. 15.—THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION. IN THE MIDDLE IS THE DAÏS ON WHICH THE CORONATION TAKES PLACE.

most valuable *ikons* is that of the Virgin of Vladimir, said to have been painted by St. Luke, and to have miraculous powers, the jewels with which it is incrusted being worth over £50,000. Those of the Blessed Virgin of Jerusalem, and of the Saviour, painted by the Emperor Manuel, are also very valuable.

In the centre of the nave is a platform, or daïs (No. 15), on which have been crowned the monarchs of Russia ever since Ivan the Terrible. On the occasion of the coronation it will be covered with crimson cloth, and round it is a heavy gilded railing. On this platform are placed the throne of the Emperor and Empress, a photograph of the former of which I was fortunate enough to obtain. This throne stands, as a rule, in the Treasury, and is a most beautiful piece of workmanship, being a mass of gold filagree studded with jewels. Beside it on the platform is placed the throne of the Empress, which will be one of those used at the coronation of some of

NO. 16.—THE EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

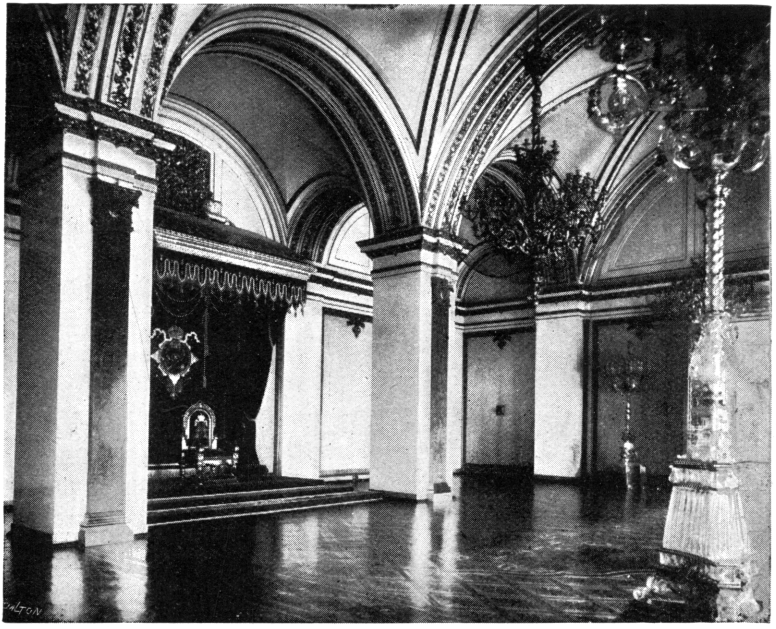
the previous Czars. On entering the church, the Czar and Czarina are met by the Metropolitan, and after devotional exercises before the altar, their Majesties ascend the daïs, and seat themselves on their respective thrones. The Czar then places on his shoulders the Imperial robes, which are presented to him on cushions. The Metropolitan next presents the Czar with the crown, which he, contrary to any other monarch of Europe, places on his own head, for in Russia the ruler is not only head of the Empire, but of the Church as well. He is then presented with the sceptre, and seats himself on the throne. After a short pause he lays aside the sceptre, and after touching the forehead of the Empress with his own crown, he re-assumes it; then, taking the crown of the Empress in his hand, she kneeling before him, he places it on her head, her coronation robe is next placed on her shoulders, and she is invested with the collar of the Order of St. Andrew. A prayer is then offered by the Metropolitan, everybody except the Czar kneeling, and immediately afterwards their Majesties descend from the daïs, and proceeding to the doors of the *ikonostase*, or sacred screen, the ceremony of anointing takes place. The Czar then passes into the sanctuary through the doors in the *ikonostase*, on which are *ikons* of the four evangelists, and receives the Holy Communion inside, the Czarina partaking of the holy rite at the place where she was consecrated, for no women are admitted behind the screen. This being over, the procession is re-formed, the Church of the Annunciation, near by, is

NO. 17.—THE ENTRANCE TO THE RED STAIRCASE.

NO. 18.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Before the coronation their Majesties and the suite assemble in the St. George's Hall (No. 18), a truly magnificent apartment, dedicated to the Order of St. George, which Catherine II. founded. The furniture is tapestried in the colours of the Order (black and orange), and on the pillars are the names of the regiments and persons decorated with the Order since its foundation. The long windows look out on to a red balcony overhanging the walls of the Kremlin and the river. Along this balcony the Emperor and Empress proceed visited, and a return is made by the Red Staircase (No. 17) into the St. Andrew's Hall of the palace, where the Czar receives his guests.

NO. 19.—ST. ANDREW'S HALL, WITH THE EMPEROR'S THRONE.



NO. 20.—ST. CATHERINE HALL, WITH THRONE ON WHICH THE EMPRESS RECEIVES HOMAGE AFTER THE CORONATION.

round the corner of the building, down what is called the Red Staircase, and thence to the Cathedral of the Assumption, which I have already endeavoured to describe.

Beautiful as is the St. George's Hall, that of St. Andrew (No. 19) eclipses it in every way; it is about 175ft. long by 70ft. wide, and 60ft. high, and its walls are hung with blue-watered silk, the colour of the Order of St. Andrew, which is, by the way, the oldest in Russia, having been founded by Peter I. in 1698. The Emperor's throne stands at the end, and is supported by the heraldic device of the Romanoff family, two griffins; it is approached by several steps, and stands under a canopy on which are the arms of Russia, the same device being on the

NO. 21.—THE ALEXANDER NEVSKI HALL.

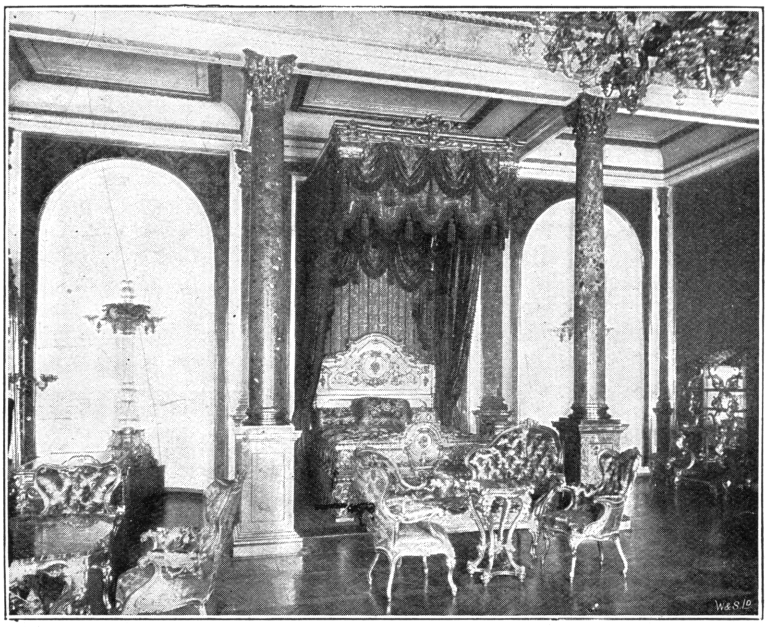
wall above the canopy. The parquet floor is emblematic of the Order, and contains about thirty different kinds of wood.

Beyond this is the St. Catherine Hall (No. 20), dedicated to the Order of that name, of which the Empress is the head, and it is here that she is enthroned directly after the coronation, and receives homage, while the Czar is seated on the throne in the St. Andrew's Hall. In the centre of the room is an enormous glass candelabrum reaching almost from the floor to the ceiling, and the walls are covered with white and grey; the chief piece of colour in the room is the heavy red velvet curtain forming a background to the throne. The Order of St. Catherine was established in 1714, to commemorate Catherine I.'s victories over the Turks.

The Alexander Nevski Hall (No. 21) has more colouring than any of the others, as pink and gold are largely used in its decoration. If my memory serves me rightly, it is the only hall decorated with pictures, which are by Professor Müller, and depict six incidents in the life of the patron saint. When the Czar is in residence, there is a magnificent display of gold plate at either side of the doors at the opposite ends of the room, and this, together with the numerous candles in the vast candelabra, enhances the beauty of the effect, and makes this hall, in some ways, the most attractive in the palace.

Another most interesting room to my mind is the Congratulation Hall (No. 22), where, after the coronation, the Czar receives the offerings of bread and salt from the heads of the various deputations from all over Russia. The room is of large dimensions, and rather curious in shape, the vaulted ceiling coming to a point in the centre, and around the base of the pillar supporting this point is a species of bog oak sideboard, with a canopy of golden cloth heavily embroidered, and with a deep golden fringe at its base. In one corner of the room stands the throne, under a canopy of bog oak, rather resembling a four-post bedstead. The throne itself is of gold and crimson velvet, and the background of the canopy is of the same, with the arms of Russia richly embroidered. The walls are decorated with very fine pictures of Biblical

NO. 22.—CONGRATULATION HALL, WHERE THE CZAR RECEIVES THE OFFERINGS OF BREAD AND SALT.



NO. 23.—THE EMPRESS'S BEDROOM.

incidents; the doorway is a mass of gold, and the ante-room has been re-decorated for the occasion. The private apartments of the Emperor and Empress are handsomely furnished, and contain many fine paintings. Her Majesty's bedroom (No. 23) is upholstered in crimson, and has a very handsome mantelpiece of jasper, the columns being of vert antique.

All the rooms above described, and many more, are in the Grand Palace of the Kremlin, but the Old Palace, or Terem, as it is called, has some equally interesting apartments. Among these are the Czarika Room, where the newly-crowned Czarina used to receive congratulatory visits; the dining-room, which is a gem in its way, and where the Emperor dines for the first time after his coronation, wearing all his insignia and surrounded by his nobles; the Salon de Terema; the Czar's bedroom, now no longer used, with its quaint, old fashioned furniture; and the Oratory, with its venerable relics, all add to the interest of this old-world palace.

After so hurried a look at a few of the rooms which will soon draw to themselves the attraction of Europe, we must unwillingly leave the Kremlin, passing through the Spasski Vorota (No. 24), or Gate of the Saviour, one of the five gates in the crenelated wall encircling the ancient fortress. Above the entrance is a picture of the Saviour, erected there by the Czar Alexis, in 1647; and everybody, from the poorest beggar to the Czar, uncovers as he passes through this gate. The custom is such a pleasing one, when poor and rich alike follow it, that foreigners cannot do better than do likewise.

NO. 24.—THE SPASSKI VOROTA.

A Real Case of Buried Treasure.

By J. Holt Schooling.

[*This article contains an offer to our readers of a share in the Buried Treasure mentioned by Mr. Schooling.*]

THE subject of buried treasure has always had a fascination for writers of romance and for their readers. The incomparable Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Rider Haggard, and other modern writers of ingenious and vivid tales of adventure have introduced the attractive colour of hidden treasure into their romances; but, in all cases, I believe, the documents shown to the reader, and which contain secret information as to the whereabouts of the treasure, have been evolved from the imagination of the author. Has not Mr. Rider Haggard told us how the chart of the wonderful "King Solomon's Mines," which formed the frontispiece of the book, was manufactured by his sister-in-law?—*see* The Strand Magazine for January, 1892, page 14. Indeed, I know of no instance where a romance dealing with buried treasure, from "Monte Christo" to the present day, has contained a real chart, or a real secret cipher, of a real treasure hidden by pirates or by adventurers of past times.

It is by a strange turn of Fortune's wheel that to me—a matter-of-fact writer, and whose "fictional activities" can be counted on the fingers of one hand—has come the opportunity of showing to my readers an actual instance of carefully disguised instructions as to the whereabouts of a buried treasure. Moreover, the circumstances of the case allow me to directly enlist the interest of the public by offering to the person who may succeed in reading the meaning of the hieroglyphics I will show, a substantial share in the treasure to be found. Here are the facts of the case:—

Early this year, I contributed a serial article on methods of cipher-writing, from ancient times up to the present day, to an English magazine that circulates widely in the United States. Each part of this serial article ended with a sentence written in a cipher to which historic interest was attached, and readers were invited to use their ingenuity to solve the various cipher sentences. A good many persons were interested by these old devices, and letters were sent to me from America and elsewhere—by the way, and concerning the letters that readers of my articles send to me, I should like to take this opportunity to thank the many readers of The Strand Magazine who have, during the last two or three years, written to me on various subjects. I always welcome such letters, and, in at least one instance, I was able to comply with a request that I would write upon a certain subject. This request, which came from a gentleman in Lancashire, was the origin of one of my most popular papers in The Strand Magazine.

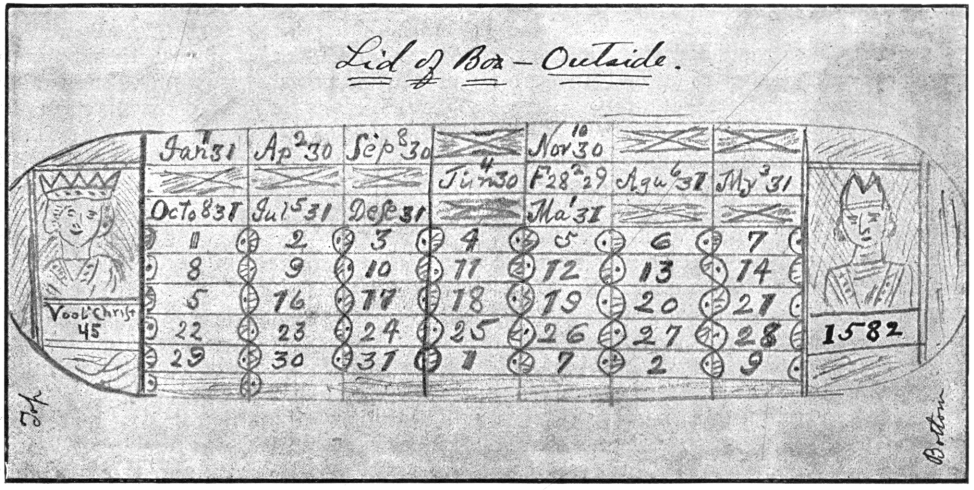
Pray pardon this digression, which is, however, due to the nature of my present subject—a letter from an unknown reader. Well, one of the letters I received from America, relating to my cipher articles, contained the rather startling offer that is set out in the following letter:—

"Sir,—I have read your interesting articles, 'Secrets in Cipher,' and wish to submit to you the drawings of some undecipherable (to me) 'secrets' which appear upon an old brass box in my possession. I am of the opinion that they will reveal some buried treasure in some of the islands, but have never been able to find the person that could decipher their meaning. If it should turn out that my conjectures are correct, should you make out this hidden secret, I am quite willing to share with you whatever may be found. If you are unwilling to attempt its solution, you would confer a favour by returning this 'enclosure' to the above."

The writer of the letter is a gentleman who holds an official appointment at Washington, U.S.A. I do not now give his name—this information may very well come later on, if any practical result comes from my present offer to readers of The Strand Magazine. It suffices to say that the Editor has been informed as to the personality of the gentleman who wrote the above letter, and that both he and I entertain no doubt as to the entire good faith of the writer.

Some persons may be disposed to slight the idea of any Buried Treasure existing nowadays. Of course, one has read of Captain Marryat's pirates, and of Captain Kidd, who carried

on his piracies 200 years ago, and who was executed in England in 1701, and most of us have been properly delighted with the many tales of piratical adventure and of treasure-seekers that always come fresh to minds that are perhaps a little jaded by life in big cities, but which are usually dismissed as being merely cleverly written yarns. But, on second thoughts, it will be evident that no one would take the trouble to make the carefully devised cipher or hieroglyphics that are shown in illustrations Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, merely to while away time, or without the intention of recording some definite meaning by these secret signs. Beyond all doubt there must have been a lot of treasure, looted or otherwise, piled up by the buccaneers of the last two centuries, whose operations on the "Spanish Main," and whose vicinity to the West Indian Islands, caused them to choose these islands as a convenient harbour of refuge and as a place of safe bestowal for their plunder. Moreover, after I had received the above letter I mentioned the subject I am now talking about to a friend of mine in the Navy—the lieutenant who navigated the



NO. 1.

Thrush during her West Indian cruise with Prince George in command. My naval friend said: "Well, there may be a lot of stuff buried somewhere in the West Indies; those fellows had plenty of plunder to get rid of."

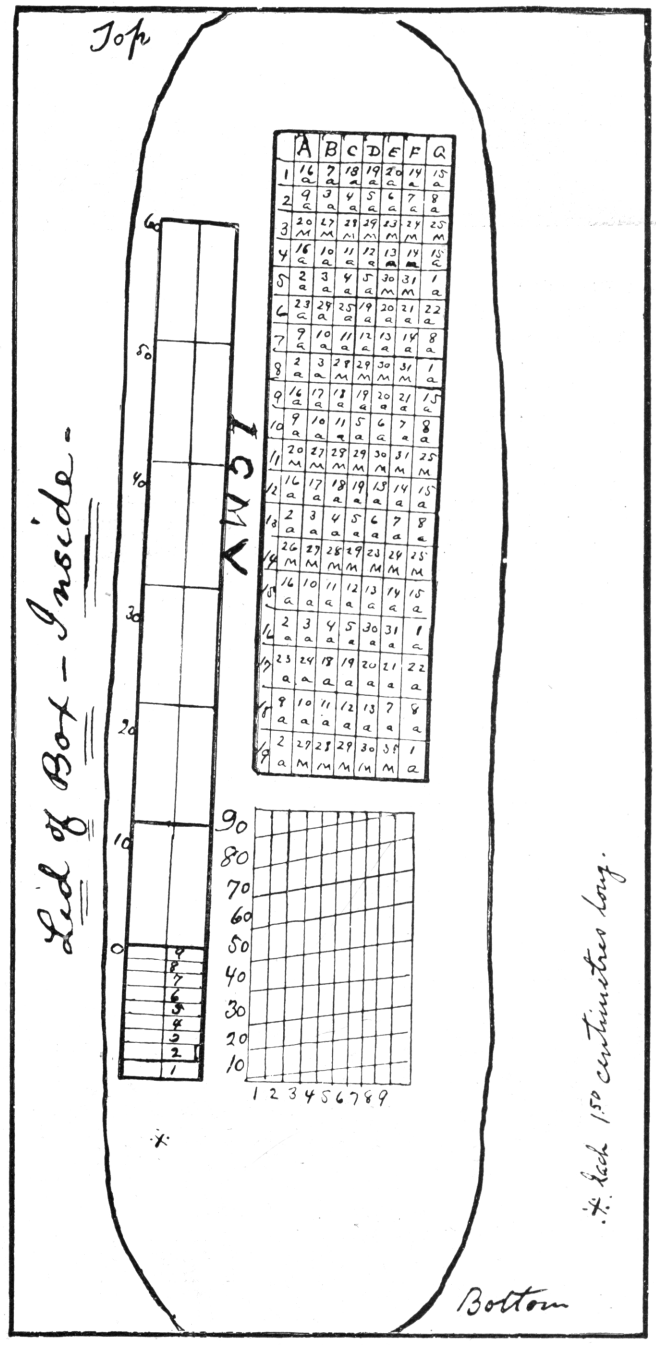
Anyway, I decided not to be "unwilling to attempt" the "solution" of this mystery of the Box and the Buried Treasure. But, after some study of the drawings sent from Washington, I came to the conclusion that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." My time has a marketable value, and I simply cannot afford to spend an unlimited amount of time upon an uncertainty—valuable as the contingent result may be. Therefore, with the permission of the Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, I decided to enlist the united intellects of the million or so persons who monthly read these pages, with the intention of thereby arriving at a solution of the mystery of these secret ciphers, and, consequently, of finding the whereabouts of the Buried Treasure.

The result of my own study of these very curious drawings does not enable me to give to my readers anything like a definite clue to their hidden meaning. At the best, I can only offer such scanty suggestions or explanations that have occurred to me as being possible hints towards a complete solution of the mystery. I am sorry to say that a fairly close acquaintance with English historical cipher-devices is not of much use to me now.

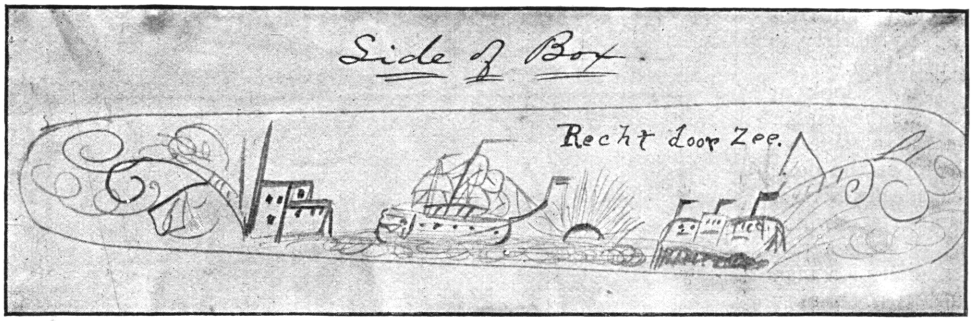
As regards the diagrams taken from the various parts of the Mysterious Box, the owner of the box wrote in a later letter than that quoted above: "The drawings which I send you are correct facsimiles of those appearing upon the box—and while they are not so artistic as they might be, will answer the purpose in view: that of solving the mystery, I hope." For our present purpose we are not concerned in the artistic beauty of our illustrations so much as in their

accuracy—and this latter quality is vouched for.

Let us look at No. 1, the cipher on the outside of the lid of the box: the date at the right hand, 1582, which is below the representation of a man in uniform, may possibly relate to the activities of a leading buccaneer. These pirates commenced their depredations on the Spaniards of America soon after the latter had taken possession of that continent and of the West Indies. Their number was much increased by a twelve years' truce between the Spaniards and the Dutch in 1609, when many of the discharged sailors joined the buccaneers. The first levy of ship-money in England, in 1635, was to defray the expense of capturing these pirates: and the chief commanders of the first buccaneers were Montbar, Lolonois, Basco, and Morgan. Another pirate, Van Horn, of Ostend, captured Vera Cruz, in 1603, and they all gained enormous booty. This West Indian buccaneer confederacy was broken up in the year 1697. As, prior to the year 1635, just mentioned, the West Indian pirates had evidently made



NO. 2.

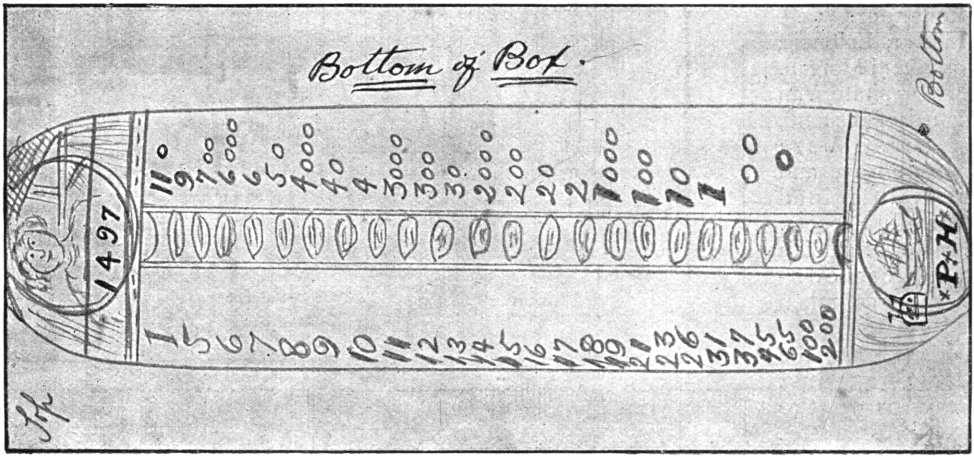


NO. 3.

themselves notorious, it may be that the person represented at the right hand of No. 1 was one of the early buccaneers, who, prior to the truce in 1609 between the Spaniards and the Dutch, had been raiding the Spaniards in America. The head at the left of No. 1 has the words "Vool Christ" and "45" beneath it. I thought "Vool" a Dutch word, but on inquiry I find that it is not, so that the meaning of these words is obscure. The other part of No. 1 seems to be a sort of calendar; the numbers on the five bottom lines run from 1 to 31 (reading from left to right), and "5" at the commencement of the third line from the bottom should evidently be 15. The four numbers which follow the "31" on the bottom line make up 1729, which may refer to A.D. 1729, a date that brings us up to the pirates who succeeded Captain Kidd. The three top lines of No. 1 apparently refer to the months in a year, the number of days in each month, and they contain a numeral for each month, which at first sight appears to denote the numerical order of each month in the year; but this interpretation is considerably weakened by the fact that several of these numerals do not agree with the order of each month in the year.

Coming to No. 2, the inside of the lid: the lower left-hand part of this diagram looks like a diagonal scale, which is supplemented by the longer scale across the top of No. 2, and there is also the minutely-written table at the right of this facsimile. The whole thing may be some method of plotting, such as is used in surveying or in navigation, to indicate a particular locality, or the means of ascertaining its whereabouts. Perhaps nautical readers may be able to throw some light upon the meaning of No. 2. I do not regard it as a piece of cipher.

We have now to deal with No. 3: the Dutch words, "Recht door Zee," mean "Straight through (the) Sea," or, as a Dutch friend tells me, "Straight forward," *i.e.*, "Right ahead," and there is a bluff-built ship sailing towards the setting sun, *i.e.*, the west. Whether the treasure is buried on an island "Right in the deep sea," whose position is indicated by the diagram in No. 2, and the



NO. 4.

course to which lies "Right ahead," is, of course, merely conjecture.

No. 4 also contains a ship under sail, see the circle at the extreme right. The two horizontal rows of numerals may possibly be a record of various sums of money, and the line of oval drawings that extends horizontally across No. 4 may be meant to represent coins. I have no idea as to the meaning of the female head at the extreme left with "1497" below it.

It is, at the least, probable that diagrams Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 are related to each other, and contain, as a whole, the clue to the solution of this mystery. Anyone who may attempt to read this secret of the Box and the Buried Treasure, must be prepared for the possibility of losing some hair in the attempt, even if the trial bring the consolation of an increase in head measurement due to an abnormal exercise of the brain.

Finally, I append in No. 5 a facsimile of my offer to any person who may succeed in bringing to light the Buried Treasure, about which I have now given as full an account as I myself possess.

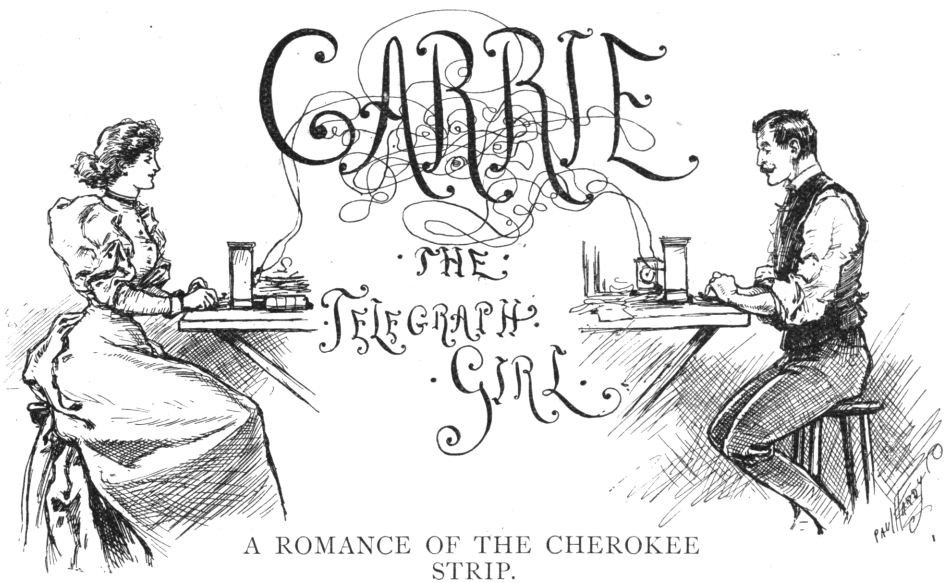
1st May 1896—

re The Mysterious Box and the Buried Treasure.

I, John Holt Schooling, hereby promise to give to any reader of the "Strand Magazine" who may succeed in solving the mystery of this Box, and who thereby leads to the discovery of the Buried Treasure in the West Indies to which the Owner of the Box believes the preceding cipher or hieroglyphics to contain the clue, one-half share of whatever I may receive from the discovery of the Treasure: the share promised to me being one-half of the whole, this offer amounts, therefore, to one-quarter of the whole Treasure which may be found—

John Holt Schooling.

NO. 5.



A ROMANCE OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

By Captain Jack Crawford, "The Poet Scout."

I HAD never met Carrie Rankin. I did not know if she was long or short, blonde or brunette, sweet sixteen or crabbed forty, plump as a mountain quail or thin and angular as a Kansas female suffragist; yet we had become the best of friends, and daily chatted with each other on terms of marked sociability. I confess that, as the days sped by and I listened to her witty expressions and bright conversation, I found myself falling in love with her, yet I had not the least tangible idea of her personal appearance, and knew not whether her voice was soft and musical, or pitched in a high key that was harsh and disagreeable to the ear. I knew she was good-natured and possessed of a keen sense of humour, for she would laugh heartily at my witty remarks, and respond with the most brilliant repartee when my humorous darts were levelled at herself.

This may all seem enigmatical to the reader, but will assume an aspect of entire plausibility in the light of the fact that she and I were telegraph operators at widely-separated stations on a western railway. She knew as little of the young man with whom she daily chatted as I did of herself. We had each drawn an ideal picture of the personal appearance of the other, and in our frequent conversations over the wire, each had in mind a face and figure to whom the remarks were addressed. I had pictured her as a bright-eyed, laughing, jolly little creature, with golden curls and silvery voice. I often wondered what sort of a mental picture she had drawn of myself.

Red Rock, where I was located, was a station on the Santa Fé Railway, in the Cherokee strip of Oklahoma, before that now famous stretch of land was purchased by the Government from the Indians and thrown open for settlement. The population of the town (?) consisted of a burly section foreman, of Milesian extraction; his wife, a red-faced, red-armed woman, who had no aspirations outside the limits of her not over-clean kitchen; four section labourers, and myself, the agent and operator for the railway company. The country was, at the time of which I write, a wild one, inhabited only by Indians, a few cattlemen who leased grazing lands from the aboriginal owners, the cowboys who looked after the scattered herds, and roving bands of desperadoes under the leadership of the Dalton brothers, the most famous of whom, Bill Dalton, was punctured by a well-directed bullet from the rifle of a Deputy United States Marshal but a few days ago, and who died with pistol in hand cursing the shot which had laid him low.

Miss Rankin was my predecessor in the position of agent and operator at Red Rock. She learnt the art of telegraphy in the train dispatcher's office at Arkansas City, where her widowed mother resided, and when competent to assume charge of a small station, had asked for and been given a position at Red Rock. She tired, after a while, of the lonely monotony of that obscure station, and asked to be sent to one less isolated from mankind; and when one day the operator at Edmond, further down the line, reported that his fingers had been "pinched" while endeavouring to couple two cars together, and that he must hasten to Arkansas City for surgical attention, the Red Rock agent was telegraphically instructed to lock up her depôt, leave the key in the care of the section foreman, and proceed on a train then almost due to Edmond, and assume charge until the injured agent should return. I was at the time an "extra" operator on a Kansas division, and on the afternoon of the day on which Miss Rankin left Red Rock, I found myself sitting in her recently vacated chair for an indefinite stay at the lonely station.

My first train report had scarce announced my presence to the operators up and down the line, ere Edmond called me up. She expressed regret that she had been denied the privilege of extending to me a personal welcome to my new home, said she hoped I would find the station a pleasant one, and asked me if I would not kindly collect a number of feminine trifles which she had overlooked in her haste in packing her trunk, and send them down to her. She would be ever so much obliged, and should an opportunity present itself, would certainly reciprocate my kindness. That was my first "meeting" with a lady who was soon destined to play a heroic part in a thrilling adventure in which I was a prominent figure.

Little by little Miss Rankin and myself became acquainted over the wire. We were soon holding daily conversations, then semi-daily, and then our chats became so frequent that at times jealous operators at other stations would break in on our conversation with hints that someone was "mashed" on someone else, and that we had better give the suffering wire a rest and do our spooning by mail. To these ungentlemanly interruptions we paid but little attention, but continued our long-distance intercourse—I, as I before remarked, falling more hopelessly in love with my new friend as the days sped by, and often wondering if a reciprocatory feeling was not growing in warmth at the other end of the wire. I was a young man of but twenty, very susceptible to female charms, and as I was then denied even a look at a pretty face, aside from fleeting glimpses of female passengers on passing trains, I came to regard Miss Rankin as "my best girl," and her personal telegraphic signal, "Cr," became the sweetest sound my instruments clicked into my ears.

Modesty, coupled with a fear of being "guyed," had prevented me from questioning the train men regarding the personal appearance of my inamorata, but one day when I had orders to hold a north-bound freight until a belated south-bound passenger had arrived, and the freight conductor, Tom Armstrong, came into my office and sat down for a chat, I determined to sound him and learn a little something of the idol of my dreams.

"What sort of a looking girl is that now holding down Edmond station?" I asked.

He looked at me a moment in a half-quizzical, half-mischievous manner, and replied:—

"Say, Fred, I've heard some of the boys on the line say you was dead gone on that piece, and I have an idea she is on your trail, too, for she made me tell her all about you while my train was lying there this morning waiting for No. 7. Did you never see her?"

"No, I have never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Rankin."

"*Miss* Rankin? You mean *Mrs.* Rankin."

"Mean wha-a-a-at?"

"*Mrs.* Rankin. I thought you knew she was a widow with two kids at her mother's, up in Arkansas City. I guess she's a square enough sort of woman, but when you see her, old man, I've an idea you won't crave a second look. She's no spring chicken; forty if she's a day, and she doesn't need a better protector than that face of hers. And temper! Gee-whiz! My hind brakeman asked her one day if that face didn't pain her, and she grabbed up a coupling-pin and let it go at him. He'd have been a dead brakey if he hadn't been a good dodger. He never sticks his head out of the caboose window now while we are at that station, for she's got it in for him."

The passenger whistled, and he hastened to his train to pull out as soon as the track was clear.

How cruelly my idol was shattered. After the trains had gone, I sat as if dazed; in fact, I was so absorbed in digesting the startling

information I had gleaned from Armstrong that I neglected to report their departure, and the "jacking-up" I received from the train-dispatcher for my inattention to duty served to still further increase the ill temper into which the conductor's story had thrown me. The snappy clicks of the instruments had scarcely ceased to convey to my ears the merited reproof, concluding with the stereotyped chestnut which dispatchers always crack in such cases, "Don't let it occur again," ere I heard a call from Edmond. Heretofore I had fairly sprung to the table to respond to that call, but now I felt no desire to enter into a conversation with the ogre who presided at the key at that distant station. It was with no gentle touch that I answered her call.

"Say, Sd" (my personal signal), "it's too bad, but u shld 'tend to biz. Ha! ha! ha! Was u sleep or reading letr fm ur girl?"

Thus came her consolatory message in the abbreviated conversational style of the telegrapher, and it served to fan the flames of my anger into fiercer heat. Had it been the nice little maiden of my dreams who had slung such chaff at me over the wires I would have smiled and thought it real cute, but that fright! Bah!

"I dt no as it interests u wt I was doing. I'm 2 busy to talk nw."

I snapped the words off with spiteful sharpness, and closed my key with a thump that almost sprung the circuit breaker.

"Well, u needn't bite my nose off coz Dr" (the dispatcher) "turned u over. Call me up wn u get in gd humor. I've sometng to sa to u."

My gentlemanly instincts sharply reproved me for treating her in such an ungentlemanly manner. Had she ever led me to believe she was young and handsome? Was she to be blamed because she was a widow, wore a caricature in lieu of a face, and was the mother of two children, no doubt as ugly as herself? I felt a tinge of shame for having spoken so crossly to her, and with softer touch of the key replied:—

"I beg ur pardon, madam. I've got bad hedake to-day, and feel cross as bear. Forgot I was tlkng to lady. Wt u want to sa to me?"

"O, I'm real sorry ur not well, for I've been 'ticipating pleasant visit with u. The agent here is on No. 5, and I'm ordered to Ark. City, and I thot if twould be greeable to u I'd go up on freight trn and stop over tr for passenger ts eveng. I want to c the old statn again."

She was going away, that was a blessed consolation; going to a busy office where she would have no time for wire chats. I could endure her for a few hours; and although I would have resented from anyone the imputation that I was a liar, I assured her I would be delighted to have her come, and would endeavour to make her brief visit a pleasant one.

When the freight from the south whistled that afternoon, I had nerved myself for a few hours of torture. The caboose stopped away down in the yard, and as I stood on the platform reflecting on what a martyr I was going to make of myself, I saw the conductor assist my visitor to the ground, and start with her along the side of the train towards the depôt. A call from the instrument drew me inside, and when I came out again they were near the platform. I stood and stared in blank amazement. A neat, stylish little figure clad in grey, a jaunty hat, from beneath which the prettiest imaginable brown curls fell in clustering beauty above the prettiest face I thought I had ever seen. She was laughing merrily at some remark from her escort, and the air seemed filled with rippling music. As she ascended the platform steps to where I stood transfixed and dumb with amazement, she gave me but one glance of her merry blue eyes, and was about to pass on into the office when the conductor said:—

"A moment, Miss Rankin. Let me introduce Mr. Saunders, the agent here. Fred, this is Miss Carrie Rankin, late of Edmond."

She stared at me with a look of unutterable surprise, and had a mirror been thrust in front of me, I would no doubt have seen reflected an expression of equal amazement. For a moment she stood glancing first at myself and then at the conductor, and then a peal of merry laughter rang out from her pouting lips, and extending her hand she said:—

"Oh, that monstrous fibber, Tom Armstrong! If I ever get within reach of him again I'll pull every hair out of his head! Why, he told me you were an old man, Mr. Saunders, and—and—that you were hump-backed and had lost one of your limbs in a railway accident some years ago. He pictured you such a fright that I hesitated long before deciding to come here. I was actually afraid of you!"

"I'll kill him on sight!" I cried, retaining the pretty hand which rested in mine. "He led me to believe you an aged widow with two children, and a face that would set my

"HE TOLD ME YOU WERE AN OLD MAN."

teeth on edge when you should present it before me, and that you had a temper which a buzz saw could not scratch. However, in the glad awakening from that hideous dream I almost feel that I can forgive him, and as the frightful old widow no longer confronts me, permit me to bid you a hearty welcome to your old home. I trust you may enjoy the few hours you are to remain here. You have the freedom of the office; and of the great city."

"Thank you. It is very good of you, and since my humpbacked ogre has limped away on his one leg, I will enter his den with no fear. How drearily natural the old place looks" (taking off her hat and throwing it on the table). "How many lonely days and nights I spent here, fearing each rattle of the window by the wind might be a tramp or a prowling Indian, and every sound from the outside at night might come from the dreaded Dalton gang, lying in wait to rob a train. May I look in my old room?"

"Certainly."

"Same cheerless place. Yes, more cheerless, for really, Mr. Saunders, you do not keep it so neat as I did. When did you sweep it last?"

She glanced into my face with an arch look and smilingly awaited my reply.

"I think it was one day last week, or was it the week before? It was the day the superintendent came over the road on a special. The sprucing up of depôts by agents—male agents, that is—is always regulated by official visits, you know."

We passed on into the freight-room, such only in name, for no goods save section men's supplies had ever been stored therein. From the freight-room a ladder led up to the loft between the ceilings of the office and sleeping room and the roof, and, pointing up at the dust-covered rafters, my fair visitor said:—

"I had a dreadful time up there one day. The insulated copper wires from the instruments run up through the office ceiling, you know, and connect with the line out under the eaves of the depôt. I cut out my instruments for a heavy thunder-storm, and when I cut in again after the storm had passed, I found the wire open on both sides of me. Fearing the trouble was in my office I began a close search for it, and, finding the wires below all right, I climbed up the ladder to the loft. Up in that dark, black, dusty, sooty place I found both wires burned off by lightning; and what a time I had repairing them! It was very hot and close up there, and I had left my handkerchief on the telegraph table, and frequently wiped my perspiring face with my smutty hands. When I climbed down again you should have seen me! I had that morning put on a white summer dress mamma had just sent down to me, and it was ruined, and my face was as black as any Topsy you ever saw. What made it more horrible was that the passenger going south whistled just as I descended from the loft, and not knowing my face was in such a horrid condition, I gathered up my train mail and went out on the platform, and such a guying as the train men gave me! There was a grinning face at every car window as the train pulled by. Oh, dear! what a fright I found myself when I looked in my mirror!"

As we sat in the office during the evening chatting she grew more and more vivacious and jolly, and our merry laughter rang out in marked contrast to the usual stillness which prevailed about the dreary station. We

went to supper at the section house, and on returning she went at once to the key and asked the dispatcher if the train then nearly due was on time.

"No. 4 delayed by wash-out below Guthrie,"

water, Miss Rankin passed from the room, and had scarcely disappeared ere I heard heavy footsteps on the platform, and a moment later the front door was thrown open and four masked men entered and

"FOUR MASKED MEN ENTERED."

came the reply. "Can't say how soon track will be repaired."

"Oh, dear! My usual luck," she said. "I seldom find a train on time when I want to go anywhere!"

"Are you then so anxious to terminate what has been to me a most delightful visit?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I assure you I have enjoyed it fully as much as yourself, but I fear I will become tiresome to you with my senseless chatter."

I felt like assuring her that a lifetime spent in her society would not weary me. The time sped swiftly until the grey shades of evening began to gather, and I lighted the office lamp. No. 4 was reported safely over the break in the track, and would reach Red Rock about nine o'clock.

Excusing herself a moment to go to the cooler in the freight-room for a drink of ice

covered me with murderous-looking revolvers.

"Git away from that table, young feller, an' don't you make a move t'ords that telly-graph till the train comes, or it'll find a piece o' baggage 'yar it ain't looking fur. How soon is she due?"

I am not naturally a coward, but this harsh transformation from a blissful dream of love to the very precincts of death unnerved me, and I confess I was thoroughly frightened. Then came the thought that Miss Rankin would return in a moment, and what indignities might not be offered her by these members of the notorious Dalton gang (for such I knew them to be); cruel, reckless men who had less regard for women than for the dumb brutes which carried them to places of safety after their lawless raids.

"The train is past due now, but has been delayed by a wash-out below Guthrie, and

may not be here for several hours yet," I replied. "I'll ask about her."

I made a move toward the telegraph table, hoping by a word to warn the dispatcher, but halted at the ominous clicking of a pistol.

"No, you don't," the leader said. "If you want that pale hide o' your'n tattooed with cold lead, you jest make another break like that! Yer lyin' about that train, an' we're agoin' to camp right 'yar with you till it comes, fur we have business with it. Sit down on that bench."

I could but obey. The mental torture I endured was terrible, not only through fear of Miss Rankin's return to the office, but through the knowledge that an attempt was to be made to rob the train, and the lives of good men might be sacrificed defending the property intrusted to their care. How could the robbers be frustrated? If I could but reach the key and flash the words, "Train robbers," and sign my office call, the dispatcher would hear and understand; for in those troublous days the keen-eared night guardians of the company's interests were ever on the alert for such intelligence. For half an hour I weighed the matter of a desperate attempt in my mind. I had lost fear of my charming visitor's safety, feeling satisfied by her absence that she had heard the robbers and was concealed in the freight-room, or had escaped by the back door and gone to the section-house for aid. But what assistance could come from there? I knew there was not a firearm in the section-house, and the section men would seek safety in flight at the first intimation that I was in the hands of the dreaded Dalton gang.

I at last determined to make one desperate attempt to warn the train-dispatcher, and thus save the train from robbery. I did not believe the villains would shoot, and felt that although they might use me roughly for my attempt, my duty to the company demanded that I should make it and meet the consequences.

Waiting until I heard the dispatcher respond to a report of the belated train from Mulhall, but two stations below, and knowing that he was at his table, I rose and bounded toward my instrument.

"Trai——"

I got no further. There was a loud report, I felt a heavy blow accompanied by a stinging sensation on my right thigh, and sank to the floor.

"You cussed fool, that's yer game, is it? Lucky fur you my gun went off afore I got it raised, or that shot'd a tuk you whar' it'd a done more good!"

They picked me up and threw me roughly on the bench, cursing me in a fearful manner for my attempt to thwart them in their plans. I knew I had been shot through the thigh, but from the absence of severe pain felt sure the bone had not been broken.

The train must be nearing Wharton, the next station south, and after passing there no earthly power could prevent it from falling into the hands of the scowling villains who sat near me. The instrument had been quiet for a long time, and I laid trembling with anxiety expecting every moment to hear Wharton report the passing of No. 4.

"Click! Click! R-r-r-r-r click!"

What caused the instrument to act so queerly? Then, in clear clickings, I heard the dispatcher's call. Wharton was about to report the train—but, no! My own office signal was signed to the call. What did it mean? The dispatcher responded, and my heart gave a great throb of delight as I heard these words flashed over the wire:—

"This is Cr at Red Rock. Sd held by train robbers in office. I have wire tapped in loft. Stop No. 4, Wharton, quick!"

"I heard that, and will hold 4 here all right," Wharton broke in and said.

An order was sent him to hold the train for further orders, and an explanatory message sent to the conductor.

Thank God, the train was safe! I understood it all now. The brave little girl had heard the robbers when they entered, had

"I HAVE WIRE TAPPED IN LOFT."

listened to our conversation, and recalling her former experience in the dirty loft, had climbed up there in the darkness, broken one of the wires and, striking the ends together, had been able to communicate with the dispatcher. In the stillness of the night I knew she could hear every click of the instrument below, and work as effectively as if sitting at the telegraph table.

In a few minutes a call came from the dispatcher, which she promptly responded to.

"God bless you, little girl, you have done great work this night. Special train with sheriff's posse will leave in five minutes, and make run to Red Rock in forty-five minutes. Remain where you will be safe in case of a fight with robbers."

"Oh! I am so fearful Sd has been killed," I heard her say. "I heard them threaten to kill him and heard a shot, followed by a shuffling of feet."

In a tone of voice so loud I knew she could hear it, I said:—

"Men, I have been shot in the thigh and am in pain. This bench is a hard bed for a wounded man. Won't you carry me in and lay me on my bed in the next room?"

"W'at do we keer how you suffer after that bad break o' yours? Lay still, or you'll get more of it!"

I heard the little heroine report the words to the dispatcher, and felt that my object had been accomplished and her anxiety relieved. In a moment came a message intended for my ears:—

"Brace up, Fred, for help is coming. We've got the best of this game, but I am distressed at your condition, old fellow. Grin and bear it. I will be with you the minute the train gets here.—Cr."

God bless her! And she called me Fred! Her heroism fanned yet brighter the flames of love in my heart, and I felt that her language indicated that she held me in more than ordinary regard.

Were I dealing with fiction I would write a lurid description of a desperate conflict between the sheriff's posse and the outlaws, but as I am detailing an actual experience, and the story will, no doubt, be read by many acquainted with the facts, I must adhere closely to the lines of truth. The special stopped about a mile north of the station to allow the posse to disembark, and, by advancing noiselessly, surround the depôt and capture the robbers; but, alas for the well-laid plan, the noise of the train was heard, and fearing a trap, the scoundrels, leaving me a parting curse, hastened from the office, mounted their horses, which had been secured near by, and made their escape before a shot was fired.

A few months later, while on leave of absence granted me from the handsome station given me in a beautiful Kansas town, a telegram was handed to me as I stood in the parlour of Mrs. Rankin's pretty cottage home in Arkansas City. I read it and handed it to a little woman dressed in bridal robes who stood at my side. Then the chief train-dispatcher read it aloud to the assembled guests. It ran as follows:—

"Topeka, Kansas, May 10, 18—.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fred Saunders,

"Arkansas City,

"All the officials of the Santa Fé Company join in warmest congratulations, with the sincere prayer that the new lives you to-day begin may never be shadowed by a cloud of care. While we regret the loss of the valued services of our little heroine of Red Rock, we glean satisfaction from the fact that we will yet hold her husband, and will always feel that she, too, is a cherished member of the great Santa Fé family. May the sun of true happiness ever illumine your lives.

(Signed) "R. B. GEMMELL,

"Sup't of Telegraph."

"I am commissioned," added the dispatcher, "to place these two envelopes among the gifts from loving friends on this table. They bear slight tokens of appreciation of valuable services from the Santa Fé Company and from the Wells-Fargo Express Company."

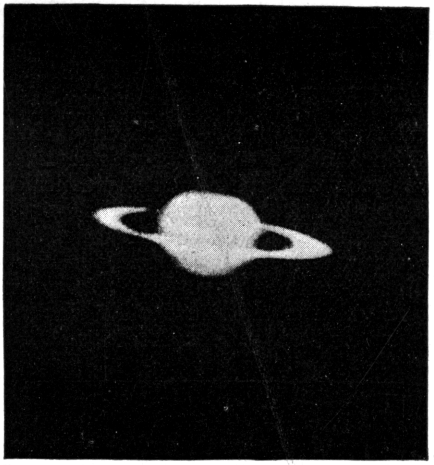
There was an envelope addressed to Carrie, and one to myself. Each contained a crisp, new, uncreased $1,000 greenback.

Through a Telescope.

By Sir Robert Ball.

II.—THE PLANET SATURN.

A MEMORABLE astronomical discovery was made in the year 1610. Galileo had just perfected that wonderful telescope which, for the first time, enabled man to view the heavens under more advantageous circumstances than those which the mere optical apparatus provided by Nature afforded him. Galileo discovered, by the help of this new instrument, that the object which had been known from time immemorial by the name of Saturn was not a mere globe like the sun or the moon, Jupiter or Venus. What Galileo saw, or at all events thought he saw, was that this particular planet consisted of a large central globe, accompanied by two other smaller globes, one on each side. To use his own expression in announcing his discovery, he "had seen Saturn three-fold." In the course of the movement of the planet a time presently arrived when, to the astonishment of Galileo, these two appended globes disappeared. "Can it be," asked the great philosopher, "that Saturn has devoured his children?"



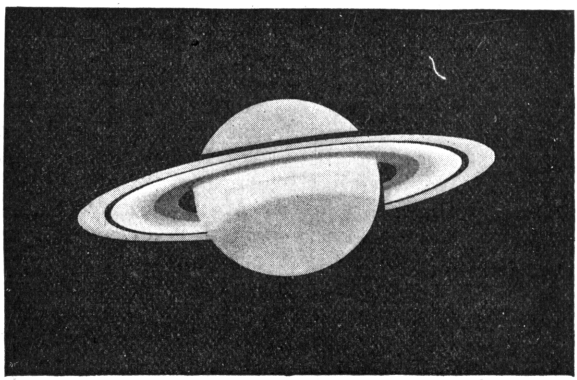
Photograph of the Planet Saturn. Taken by Prof. W. H. Pickering, with an exposure of 6m. 16s., and telescope of 13in. aperture. 1889, February, 7d. 18h. 54m., G.M.T. (From the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.)

For forty-five years the nature of these extraordinary appendages to Saturn, which were sometimes visible and sometimes invisible, presented an enigma to astronomers. Huyghens, however, in 1655, by a combination of acute observation and ingenious reasoning, demonstrated that the phenomena in question could only be produced by a ring which, though completely detached from Saturn, revolved around the great central globe. Nearly two centuries and a half have elapsed since the Saturnian mystery was thus happily explained, and each succeeding generation of astronomers has done its best to explain more fully the marvellous features of this ringed system. The stream of discovery has thus flowed onwards continually; indeed, a very important step has been made only quite recently, in illustration of the ultimate texture of the ring.

After the achievement of Huyghens, the next great advance in our knowledge of the Saturnian system is due to J. E. D. Cassini, who discovered the now well-known dark line of division which marks the ring into two regions, namely, the inner ring and the outer ring. The existence of this important feature was announced in 1675. No doubt is now entertained that this dark line is not merely a mark, but that it is a veritable separation of the ring into two distinct portions. Up to the present, however, it does not seem to have been quite demonstrated that it is possible to see clearly through the line of Cassini. There would be only one really satisfactory method of testing the question as to the dark mark being actually a void space, but the opportunity for putting this test into practice does not, as yet, appear to have arisen. As Saturn moves across the heavens, it must occasionally pass between the earth and certain of the fixed stars. If it should so happen that the planet passed over a sufficiently bright star, it would be extremely interesting to observe whether the star could be discerned through the dark line. If that line were really an actual opening, as we have good reason to believe, the star should be seen shining with undiminished brilliance through the narrow aperture.

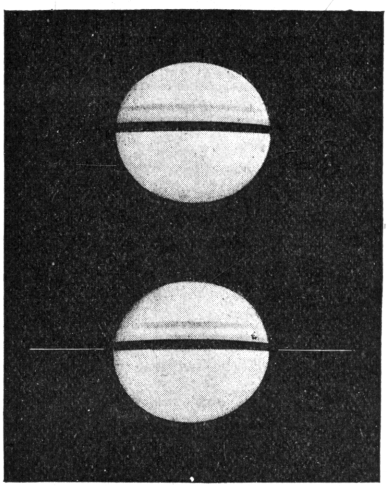
Besides this division so well known to every observer, there is another much fainter line which marks the outer ring into two nearly equal portions. It is generally best seen at the extremities most remote from the planet. Evidently in this case there is not a complete division through the substance of the ring. There can also be no doubt that, under circumstances exceptionally favourable

for observation, many other divisions are to be discerned in both rings besides those more prominent ones which we have here mentioned. In fact, glimpses of Saturn have been occasionally obtained which seem to show the rings divided into a series of ribbons of bright material separated by narrow dark lanes. No doubt such a theory of ring-formation can hardly be regarded as thoroughly well established; at the same time it must be observed that what we certainly know as to the structure of the ring—and this is a point which will be dealt with presently—leads us to the belief that some such subdivision of the broad, flat rings into multitudes of narrow concentric rings is certainly possible.



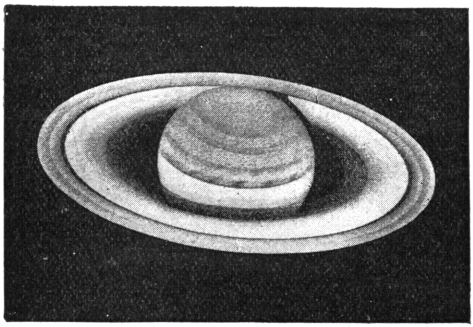
Saturn as seen on July 2, 1894, by Prof. E. E. Barnard, with the great refractor of the Lick Observatory. The shadow of the rings upon the globe and of the globe on the rings may be noted. (From the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.)

One reason why our knowledge of the features of Saturn and its rings has been gathered in so slowly is connected with the long period required by this planet to accomplish a revolution around the sun. Saturn takes no less than thirty years for each of these great journeys. As there are only particular parts of its orbit in which certain of the phenomena can be studied to advantage, it necessarily follows that much time may often have to elapse in the complete elucidation of any particular point. Thus for instance, on the question of visibility through the dark lines, there is a certain position in which the planet is sometimes placed which might throw much light on the matter. It will occasionally happen in the course of Saturn's movement around the sun, that the plane of the ring passes between the earth and the sun. In such a case it would not be the sun-illumined side which would then be turned towards the earth, as is generally the case. The face on which the sun does not shine would be that which was then exposed to our inspection. Such an occurrence would afford a very interesting object for those who are provided with good telescopes. So slowly does the planet move, however, that we must wait until the year 1907 before the necessary opportunity arises.



Saturn as seen on October 22 and 29, 1891, 36in. refractor, Lick Observatory. Drawn by Prof. E. E. Barnard. (From the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.)

A very remarkable extension was given to our knowledge of the planet in 1850. Up to that time it had been supposed that the ringed system consisted simply of the two well-known bright objects divided by the conspicuous line of Cassini. But in the year we have named, Professor Bond, the distinguished astronomer of Harvard College Observatory, Cambridge, Mass., made an announcement which riveted the attention of the astronomical world. He announced that besides the two well-known rings, there was yet another which had eluded the penetration of all previous astronomers. This third ring extended from the innermost margin of the two older rings, half-way towards the globe of the planet. Professor Bond was not, however, destined to enjoy the entire glory of this discovery. This new Saturnian feature was simultaneously discovered by an accomplished English astronomer—Mr. Dawes. The first comment that is apt to be made on hearing of the existence of this new ring is to express surprise that it had never been discovered before. This is not due to the fact that the ring is not large enough, nor that it does not occupy a sufficiently conspicuous position. The reason why this new object had escaped the attention of all preceding

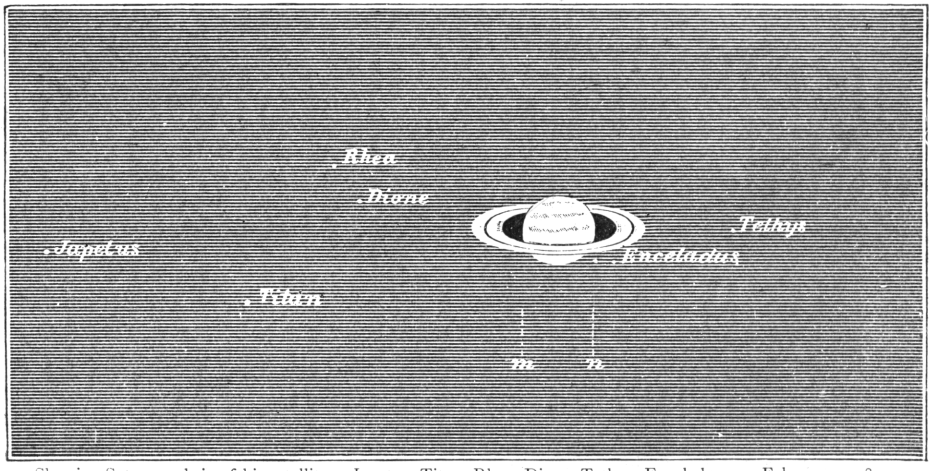


Saturn as seen on February 11, 1884. Drawn by Henry Pratt. (From the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.)

astronomers, notwithstanding that they had observed Saturn so many hundreds of times, is to be found in the peculiar character of the new structure. It is certainly true that the outer rings must not be regarded as solid objects, they are not even liquids, but yet they seem quite solid objects in comparison to the extraordinarily delicate feature which was revealed to the penetrating search of Professor Bond and Mr. Dawes. This new ring has not the brightness of the other rings; indeed, its peculiar appearance is sufficiently defined in that term "crape-ring," by which it is generally known. It possesses a semi-transparency resembling that of crape, and this makes it so faint in comparison with the brilliant rings and the brilliant globe of the planet, that it had long escaped attention. With the good telescopes now generally distributed, it is quite easy to see the crape-ring, and astronomers have come to regard it as a familiar object.

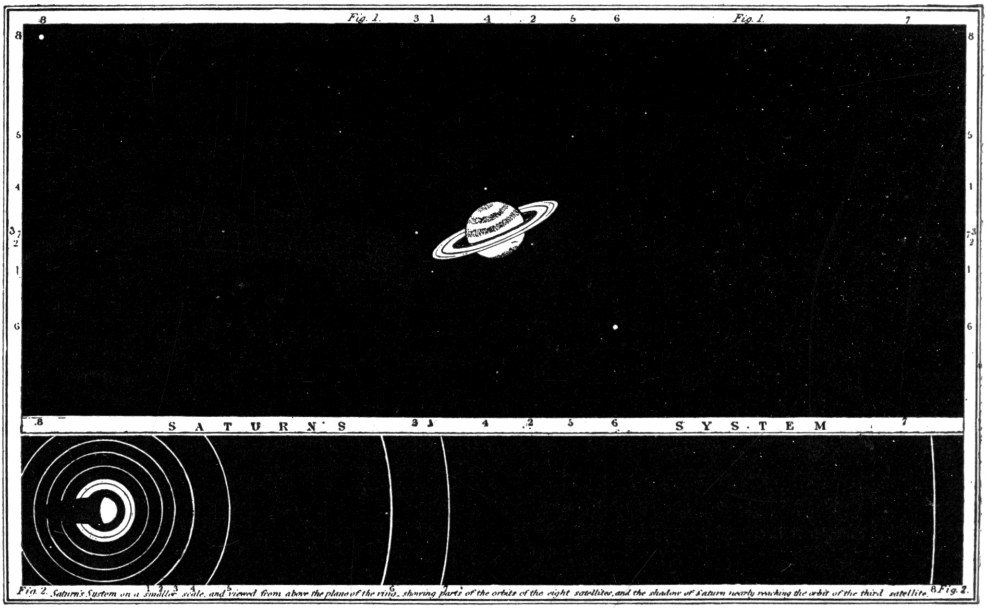
It has been sometimes supposed that changes are in actual progress in the structure of the appendages of Saturn, and that these changes are of vast magnitude and proceed with great rapidity, and it has been thought that in consequence of these changes the crape-ring has assumed in these days a more conspicuous character than it formerly possessed. An attempt has thus been made to account for the fact that the crape-ring eluded the penetration of an observer so skilful as William Herschel, who devoted much care, with exquisite and powerful instruments, to the observation of Saturn. But I do not think that this affords any ground for the belief that changes of appreciable magnitude are going forward in the Saturnian system. It is well known that after an astronomical object has been discovered, it may then frequently be seen by an instrument of inferior power to that employed in making the discovery—for when an observer knows exactly what he has to look for, his chances of seeing it become materially increased. This fact, taken in conjunction with the present abundance of excellent telescopes, will quite suffice to explain how it comes that the crape-ring is now so frequently observed, notwithstanding the fact that it eluded all observers up to the year 1850.

As to the features on the globe of Saturn, which lies poised in the centre of the rings, there is not very much to be said. The astronomical artist who finds such scope for his pencil in depicting the seas and the continents, the ice-caps, or the canals, on Mars, sees comparatively little that he can draw on the mighty Saturnian ball. No doubt certain belts or zones are sometimes to be discerned with more or less distinctness upon the globe



Showing Saturn and six of his satellites—Japetus, Titan, Rhea, Dione, Tethys, Enceladus—on February 7, 1852. (From the publications of the Harvard College Observatory.)

of the planet, but they are, however, even at the best, only very faintly marked. One thing is perfectly certain, namely, that Saturn presents to the observer no indications whatever of the presence of any permanent features. It seems as certain as anything can be with respect to a globe which is distant from us by 884,000,000 miles, that Saturn as we see it is not a solid object. What we look at is plainly a surface of clouds and vapours, so thick and dense, that our vision has never been able to penetrate through them to a depth sufficient to show whether or not there is any solid interior to Saturn. There cannot be a doubt that the stupendous envelope of clouds and vapours which encompasses Saturn renders the physical condition of that globe totally different in every way from the physical conditions of such a globe as our earth or as Mars. There is also another line of reasoning by which we can convince ourselves of the fact that the globe of the ringed planet has been greatly swollen by volumes of clouds and vapours. By suitable observations on the moons with which Saturn is attended, it is possible to determine the weight of the central orb, by whose attractive power the movements of the moons are controlled. The diameter of the planet has also been measured, and its volume has thus been ascertained, and from knowing these facts we are able to learn the density of the materials of Saturn, as compared with those of other globes, such for example as our earth. It is known that this globe of ours is between five and six times the weight of a globe of water of the same size. This has been the result derived from very careful experiment and observation. It is, however, easy to perceive by a little general reasoning that some such conclusion as that we have just stated would be extremely probable. For the rocks which compose the earth's crust are between two and three times as heavy, bulk for bulk, as water; while iron, which enters without doubt very largely into the constitution of the earth, is rather more than seven times as heavy as water. Common-sense would thus seem to show that the earth as a whole must be heavier than a globe of stone the same size, while not so heavy as a globe of iron the same size. Hence we might have anticipated that our globe should be, as experiment has shown it to be, about five or six times as heavy as a globe of water of equal bulk. The specially remarkable circumstance with regard to the globe of Saturn is, that the materials of which it is made are very much lighter than the materials of the earth. The planet is so vast, that it would take six hundred globes as large as our earth agglomerated into one to be equal in volume to the ball of Saturn. If this celestial



Saturn and six of his satellites, and parts of the orbits of the eight satellites shown in plan. (From Proctor's "Saturn and its System," by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

body had been constituted in the same manner as our earth is constituted, it might, therefore, be reasonably expected that the weight of the ringed planet would be in like proportion to its bulk, that is to say, about six hundred times as heavy as the earth. As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. Saturn does not weigh one hundred times as much as the earth. There is here a wide discrepancy. The materials of the great planet must be, on the whole, far lighter than those of which the earth is built. Our earth, though not so heavy as an equally large ball of iron, is yet far heavier than an equally large ball of stone. Saturn, on the other hand, is lighter than its own bulk of water. A globe equally large and equally heavy with Saturn would float upon water. It is impossible to dissociate the relative lightness of Saturn from the fact that it is encompassed with a stupendous mass of clouds. Of course, these clouds have comparatively little weight, but they have added enormously to the bulk of Saturn, and have thus tended to reduce its average density. It is, however, quite possible that in the central parts of the planet there may be materials possessing a density as great or possibly even far greater than the density of any materials in the earth.

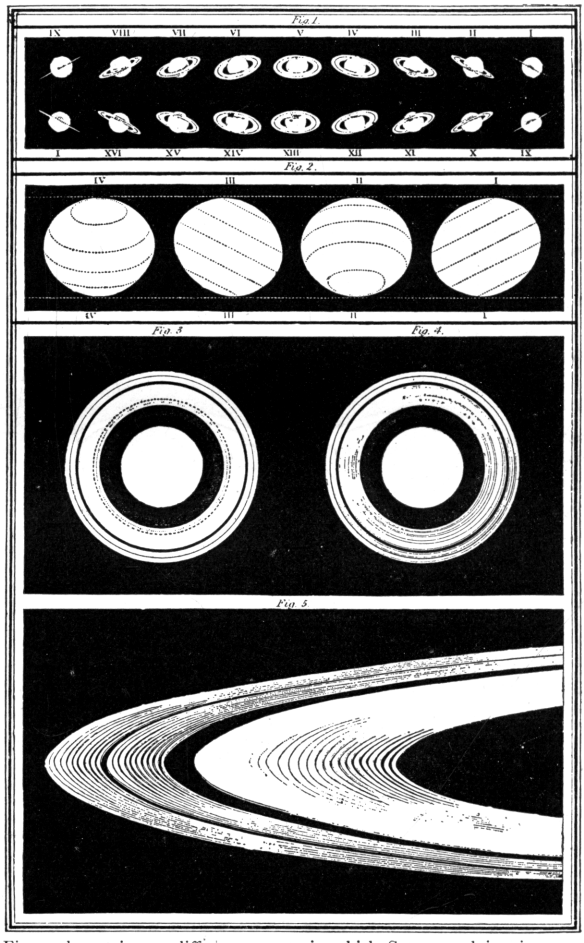
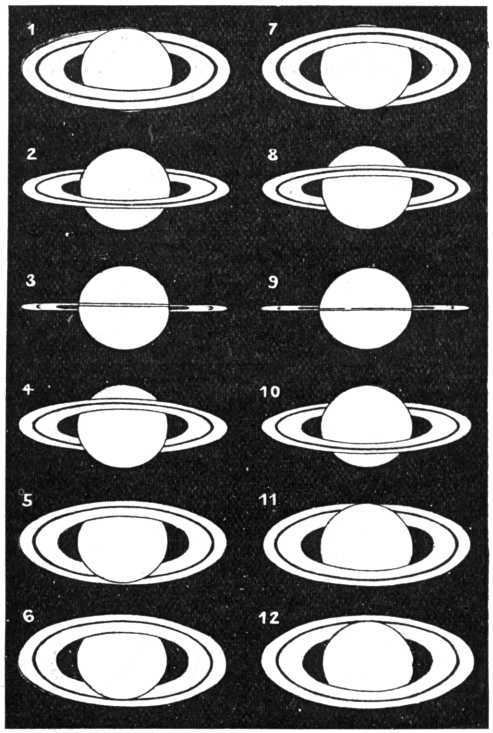


Fig. 1 shows sixteen different aspects in which Saturn and its rings are presented towards us. Fig. 2 shows the various positions of the globe of the planet. Fig. 3 and Fig. 4 show projections of the ring systems, and of the various marks which they contain. Fig. 5 expresses the subsidiary rings which have been sometimes glimpsed. (From Proctor's "Saturn and its System," by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

There is no difficulty in satisfactorily accounting for the great discrepancy which exists between the physical state of Saturn and the physical state of the earth. We know that the earth contains a vast store of heat in its interior, and that consequently it must once have been hotter, much hotter, at the surface than it is at present. For, as our globe is certainly slowly cooling down, it is quite obvious that the further we look back the hotter do we find our globe must have been. Indeed, it seems impossible to doubt that at some epoch excessively remote, even from a geological point of view, there must have been so much heat that the surface of the earth was unfitted to retain water except in the form of steam. We are hence led to look back to a phase in our earth's history, when the waters at present in the oceans were in the form of mighty vapours encompassing our globe. At this time our earth, though no heavier than it is at present, must have been enormously larger, and an outside observer who had the means of comparing the bulk of our earth with its weight, would have come to the conclusion that the density of our globe was comparatively small. He would, in fact, have found that the physical condition of our earth in many respects resembled the physical condition which the planet Saturn has at present. If it be asked why our earth should have passed through those stages of transformation by which it has changed from its

primeval condition down to the form in which we now know it, while Saturn is still in such an early stage of development, the answer is, no doubt, to be found in the circumstance that Saturn is a vast globe, while our earth is a comparatively small one. We need only call attention to the somewhat trite fact that a small body cools down more quickly than a large one. The earth and Saturn, both highly heated in the beginning, have each been cooling down ever since. The earth being comparatively small has parted so freely with its heat that it has assumed the form which we now know. Saturn, on the other hand, being a very large body, has but slowly parted with its heat, and, consequently, still retains vast stores in comparison with the present state of the earth. It would thus seem that in the present condition of the globe of Saturn, we have a picture of what our earth may once have been like. It also seems probable that, as in the course of ages Saturn gradually parts with its heat, a time will at length come when the water at present in the clouds which surround it will be collected into oceans on its surface.

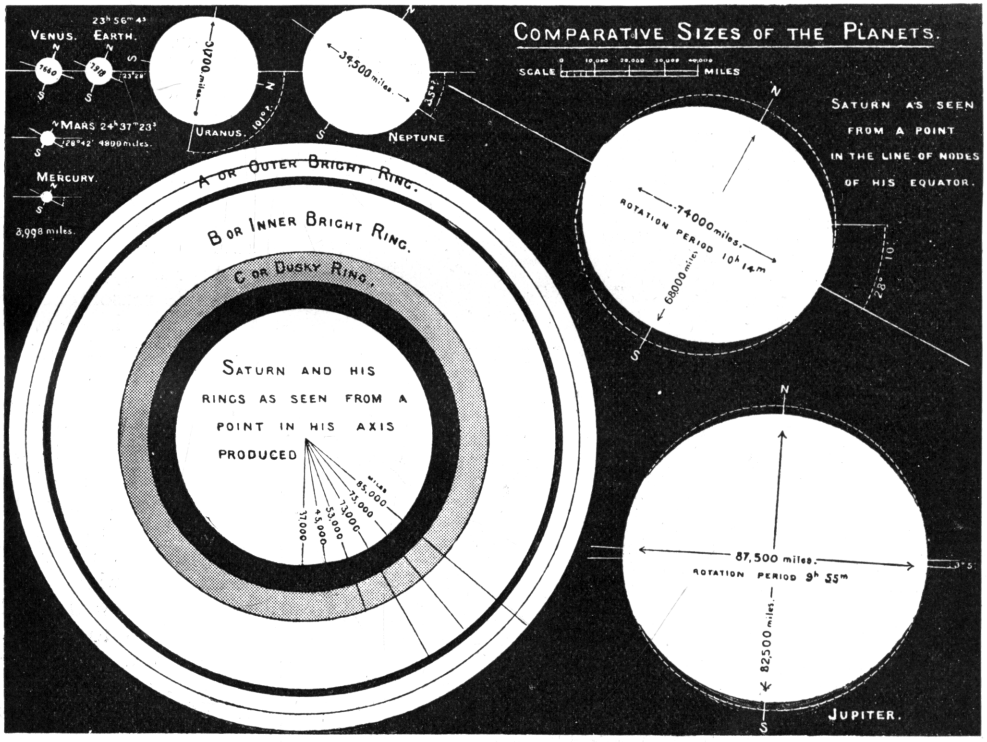


Twelve views of the aspect of the Saturnian System, corresponding to the months in which the planet is in opposition. For example, if the opposition is in January, the phase is as in Fig. 1; if in March, Fig. 3; if in December, Fig. 12. (From Sir Robert Ball's "Atlas of Astronomy," by permission of George Philip and Son.)

Though it seems almost certain that Saturn is a highly heated globe, yet it is not heated sufficiently to radiate forth light of its own; all the light which we receive from thence is merely reflected sunlight. There is abundant proof of this in various ways. It is, for example, demonstrated in an interesting manner by the fact that the globe of Saturn appears quite black where the shadow of the ring is cast upon it. This, of course, would not have been the case if the globe had retained any of its original luminosity.

The phenomena of Saturn and his system present problems of the deepest interest to astronomers of every class. Especially has the structure of the ring given rise to questions which have taxed alike the highest powers of the observing astronomer and of the accomplished mathematician. The mechanical character of the ring might at the first glance appear to be a comparatively simple matter. It might be thought that each of the two bright rings was a broad, thin belt of some solid material, but after a little reflection a mechanical difficulty of the gravest character will be seen to present itself. For think of the two halves of which each ring is composed. Each such half is a stupendous arch, an arch which has to withstand the attraction of the ponderous globe in the centre. It is not very difficult to calculate the strain to which the materials of an arch of more than 100,000 miles span would be subjected. Engineers are well accustomed to the notion that it is impossible for them to erect an arch which has a span beyond a certain limit. That limit is dictated by the circumstance that the pressure upon the stones or other material of which the arch is built increases with every increase of the span. Consequently a point would be some time reached when the pressure to which the stones are subjected is so great, that any further increase in span would be attended with the danger that the structure would collapse with its own weight. This consideration defines the limit of the arch which could be constructed out of terrestrial materials. We can calculate the pressure that would have to be withstood by the materials in an arch such as that made by one-half of Saturn's ring. It is quite easy to prove that this pressure would be so great, that even if the materials were many thousands of times tougher than the toughest steel, or any other known substance, it would be utterly impos-

sible for the ring to resist the tendency to collapse. No doubt the strain on the structure would be somewhat lightened by the fact that the ring is spinning round rapidly. The centrifugal force thence arising must, to a certain extent, neutralize the effect of the attraction of the planet. This circumstance, though it may lessen, yet it does not remove the difficulty, for the ring has a very considerable width. If the centrifugal force were so adjusted as to neutralize the strains in the middle portion of the ring, it would



Saturn and his rings in plan, with their dimensions in miles. (From Sir Robert Ball's "Atlas of Astronomy," by permission of George Philip and Son.)

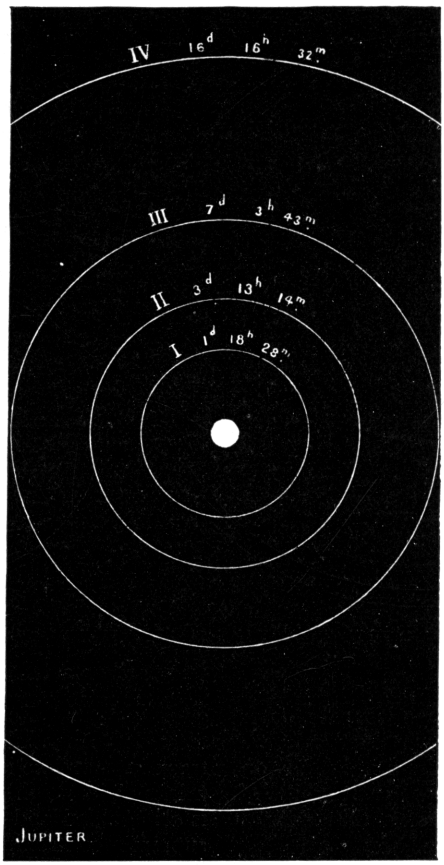
be too great for the inner portion, while it would not be great enough for the outer portion. Looked at in whatever way we please, it would seem quite impossible, on mechanical principles, that each ring of Saturn could be composed of a thin belt of solid material.

The explanation of the character of this curious structure was first given by the late Professor J. Clark Maxwell. He conducted this memorable research by means of that instrument which is often more subtle than the telescope of the astronomer, I mean the pen of the mathematician. He thus showed that the rings of Saturn must be composed of myriads of little objects, each so minute that it is quite impossible for us to see it separately, at its present distance from the earth. These little objects are, however, in such incalculable myriads, and they lie so close together, that we can see the mighty shoals which they form, though we are not able to discriminate the individual members. By this supposition the difficulty as to the mechanical condition of Saturn's rings has been found to disappear. Each of the little particles may be regarded as a moon or satellite in attendance on the great planet. Each such moon revolves around the central globe, pursuing its own track in complete independence of the movements of its neighbours, every one of which is also guided and held in its course by the supreme controlling power of the mighty Saturnian mass.

And now we are able to understand what would seem otherwise quite inexplicable, and that is the exquisite structure of the crape-ring. For it is characteristic of the most extraordinary feature in the solar system that it is semi-transparent; in fact, under certain circumstances the globe of the

planet can be seen right through the crape-ring. Though this ring, like the two bright rings, is said to be quite thin, yet we must remember that the thinness is of a relative description. It is thin relatively to its breadth or to the gigantic size of the planet, but measured in more familiar standards, the rings are doubtless hundreds of miles in thickness. Here, then, we have a structure or membrane, or whatever we may call it, hundreds of miles in thickness, which nevertheless is sufficiently transparent to enable us to see through it. It is quite plain that the explanation we seek may be found in the circumstance that the crape-ring, like the outer rings, is composed of myriads of small particles, only in the case of the semi-transparent ring the particles are more scantily distributed, so that we are enabled in some degree to see between them. Thus we can account for the characteristic feature of the crape-ring, and thus one of the enigmas of the heavens has been solved.

No one has yet seen, nor is it the least likely that anyone ever can see, the little objects severally whose incalculable myriads form the rings of Saturn. It is, however, most interesting to note that we have recently had from the distinguished astronomer, Professor Keeler, a very remarkable optical confirmation of Clerk Maxwell's doctrine. No observation upon Saturn which has been made for many years has excited so much interest as that which has justly been aroused by Professor Keeler's investigation. The spectroscope enables us to discover the speed with which luminous objects are moving towards the observer, or moving from him. Professor Keeler's observations on Saturn's ring with the spectroscope have thus given some notion of the relative velocities of the parts on the outside of the ring and of the parts on the inside. If a ring of Saturn were composed of a solid piece, then it is quite certain that all the parts of that ring must revolve round the planet in the same time. If, however, according to Maxwell's theory, the ring were composed of myriads of small particles, then the particles on the inside, having shorter orbits to describe, and moving more quickly, will for a double reason occupy less time in accomplishing a circuit of the planet than will the particles on the outside. Professor Keeler has demonstrated by the spectroscope that there are in the different parts of the rings precisely those varieties of movement which the theory of Maxwell would have led us to expect. We may thus regard the problem of the character of Saturn's ring as solved. The anticipations of theory have been confirmed by observation.



The orbits of the satellites of Saturn, with their periodic times. (From Sir Robert Ball's "Atlas of Astronomy," by permission of George Philip and Son.)

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER IX.

WATIER'S.

MY uncle's house in Jermyn Street was quite a small one—five rooms and an attic. "A man-cook and a cottage," he said, "are all that a philosopher requires." On the other hand, it was furnished with the neatness and taste which belonged to his character, so that his most luxurious friends found something in the tiny rooms which made them discontented with their own sumptuous mansions. Even the attic, which had been converted into my bedroom, was the most perfect little bijou attic that could possibly be imagined. Beautiful and valuable knick-knacks filled every corner of every apartment, and the house had become a perfect miniature museum which would have delighted a virtuoso. My uncle explained the presence of all these pretty things with a shrug of his shoulders and a wave of his hands. "They are *des petites cadeaux*," said he, "but it would be an indiscretion for me to say more."

We found a note from Ambrose waiting for us which increased rather than explained the mystery of his disappearance.

"My dear Sir Charles Tregellis," it ran, "it will ever be a subject of regret to me that the force of circumstances should have compelled me to leave your service in so abrupt a fashion, but something occurred during our journey from Friar's Oak to Brighton which left me without any possible alternative. I trust, however, that my absence may prove to be merely a temporary one. The isinglass recipe for the shirt-fronts is in the strong-box at Drummond's Bank.—Yours obediently, Ambrose."

"Well, I suppose I must fill his place as best I can," said my uncle, moodily. "But how on earth could something have occurred to make him leave me at a time when we were going full-trot down hill in my curricle? I shall never find his match again either for chocolate or cravats. *Je suis desolé!* But now, nephew, we must send to Weston and have you fitted up. It is not for a gentleman to go to a shop, but for the shop to come to the gentleman. Until you have your clothes you must remain *en retraite*."

The measuring was a most solemn and serious function, though it was nothing to the trying-on two days later, when my uncle stood by in an agony of apprehension as each garment was adjusted, he and Weston arguing over every seam and lapel and skirt until I was dizzy with turning round in front of them. Then, just as I had hoped that all was settled, in came young Mr. Brummell, who promised to be an even greater exquisite than my uncle, and the whole matter had to be thrashed out between them. He was a good-sized man, this Brummell, with a long, fair face, light brown hair, and slight sandy side-whiskers. His manner was languid, his voice drawling, and while he eclipsed my uncle in the extravagance of his speech, he had not the air of manliness and decision which underlay all my kinsman's affectations.

"Why, George," cried my uncle, "I thought you were with your regiment."

"I've sent in my papers," drawled the other.

"I thought it would come to that."

"Yes. The Tenth was ordered to Manchester, and they could hardly expect me to go to a place like that. Besides, I found the major monstrous rude."

"How was that?"

"He expected me to know all about his absurd drill, Tregellis, and I had other things to think of, as you may suppose. I had no difficulty in taking my right place on parade, for there was a trooper with a red nose on a flea-bitten grey, and I had observed that my post was always immediately in front of him. This saved a great deal of trouble. The other day, however, when I came on parade, I galloped up one line and down the other, but the deuce a glimpse could I get of that long nose of his! Then, just as I was at my wits' end, I caught sight of him, alone at one side; so I formed up in front. It seems he had been put there to keep the ground, and the major so far forgot himself as to say that I knew nothing of my duties."

My uncle laughed, and Brummell looked me up and down with his large, intolerant eyes.

"These will do very passably," said he. "Buff and blue are always very gentlemanlike. But a sprigged waistcoat would have been better."

"I think not," said my uncle, warmly.

"My dear Tregellis, you are infallible upon a cravat, but you must allow me the right of my own judgment upon vests. I like it vastly as it stands, but a touch of red sprig would give it the finish that it needs."

They argued with many examples and analogies for a good ten minutes, revolving

"THEY ARGUED FOR A GOOD TEN MINUTES."

round me at the same time with their heads on one side and their glasses to their eyes. It was a relief to me when they at last agreed upon a compromise.

"You must not let anything I have said shake your faith in Sir Charles's judgment, Mr. Stone," said Brummell, very earnestly.

I assured him that I should not.

"If you were my nephew, I should expect you to follow my taste. But you will cut a very good figure as it is. I had a young cousin who came up to town last year with a recommendation to my care. But he would take no advice. At the end of the second week, I met him coming down St. James's Street in a snuff-coloured coat cut by a country tailor. He bowed to me. Of course I knew what was due to myself. I looked all round him, and there was an end to his career in town. You are from the country, Mr. Stone?"

"From Sussex, sir."

"Sussex! Why, that is where I send my washing to. There is an excellent clear-starcher living near Hayward's Heath. I send my shirts two at a time, for if you send more it excites the woman and diverts her attention. I cannot abide anything but country washing. But I should be vastly sorry to have to live there. What can a man find to do?"

"You don't hunt, George?"

"When I do, it's a woman. But surely you don't go to hounds, Charles?"

"I was out with the Belvoir last winter."

"What amusement can there be in flying about among a crowd of greasy, galloping farmers? Every man to his own taste, but Brookes's window by day and a snug corner of the macao table at Watier's by night, give me all I want for mind and body. You heard how I plucked Montague the brewer!"

"I have been out of town."

"I had eight thousand from him at a sitting. 'I shall drink your beer in future, Mr. Brewer,' said I. 'Every blackguard in London does,' said he. It was monstrous impolite of him, but some people cannot lose with grace. Well, I am going down to Clarges Street to pay Jew King a little of my interest. Are you bound that way? Well, good-bye, then! I'll see you and your young friend at the club or in the Mall, no doubt," and he sauntered off upon his way.

"That young man is destined to take my place," said my uncle, gravely, when Brummell had departed. "He is quite young and of no descent, but he has made his way by his cool effrontery, by his natural taste, and by his extravagance of speech. There is no man who can be impolite in so polished a fashion. Already his opinion is quoted in the clubs as a rival to my own. Well, every man has his day, and when I am convinced that mine is past, St. James's Street shall know me no more, for it is not in my nature to be second to any man. But now, nephew, in that buff and blue suit you may pass anywhere; so, if you please, we will step into my *vis-à-vis*, and I will show you something of the town."

How can I describe all that we saw and all that we did upon that lovely spring day? To me it was as if I had been wafted to a fairy world, and my uncle might have been some benevolent enchanter in a high-collared, long-tailed coat, who was guiding me about in it. He showed me the West-end streets, with the bright carriages and the gaily-dressed ladies and sombre-clad men, all crossing and hurrying and re-crossing like an ants' nest when you turn it over with a stick. Never had I formed a conception of such endless banks of houses, and such a ceaseless stream of life flowing between. Then we passed down the Strand, where the crowd was thicker than ever, and even penetrated beyond Temple Bar and into the City, though my uncle begged me not to mention it, for he would not wish it to be generally known. There I saw the Exchange and the Bank and Lloyd's Coffee House, with the brown-coated, sharp-faced merchants and the hurrying clerks, the huge horses and the busy draymen. It was a very different world this from that which we had left in the west—a world of energy and of strength, where there was no place for the listless and the idle. Young as I was, I knew that it was here, in the forest of merchant shipping, in the bales which swung up to the warehouse windows, in the loaded waggons which roared over the cobblestones, that the power of Britain lay. Here, in the City of London, was the taproot from which Empire and wealth and so many other fine leaves had sprouted. Fashion and speech and manners may change, and the City bells may ring out the hours until the clappers fall from their hinges, but the spirit of enterprise within that square mile or two of land must not change, for when it withers all that has grown from it must wither also.

We lunched at Stephen's, the fashionable inn in Bond Street, where I saw a line of tilburys and saddle-horses, which stretched from the door to the further end of the street. And thence we went to the Mall in St. James's Park, and thence to Brookes's, the great Whig club, and thence again to Watier's, where the men of fashion used to gamble. Everywhere I met the same sort of men, with their stiff figures and small waists, all showing the utmost deference to my uncle, and for his sake an easy tolerance of me. The talk was always such as I had already heard at the Pavilion: talk of politics, talk of the King's health, talk of the Prince's extravagance, of the expected renewal of the war, of horse-racing, and of the ring. I saw, too, that eccentricity was, as my uncle had told me, the fashion; and if the folk upon the Continent look upon us even to this day as being a nation of lunatics, it is no doubt a tradition handed down from the time when the only travellers whom they were likely to see were drawn from the class which I was now meeting.

It was an age of heroism and of folly. On the one hand soldiers, sailors, and statesmen of the quality of Pitt, Nelson, and afterwards Wellington, had been forced to the front by the imminent menace of Buonaparte. We were great in arms, and were soon also to be great in literature, for Scott and Byron were in their day the strongest forces in Europe. On the other hand, a touch of madness, real or assumed, was a passport through doors which were closed to wisdom and to virtue. The man who could enter a drawing-room walking upon his hands, the man who had filed his teeth that he might whistle like a coachman, the man who always spoke his thoughts aloud and so kept his guests in a quiver of apprehension, these were the people who found it easy to come to the front in London society. Nor could the heroism and the folly be kept apart, for there were few who could quite escape the contagion of the times. In an age when the Premier was a heavy drinker, the Leader of the Opposition a libertine, and the Prince of Wales a combination of the two, it was hard to know where to look for a man whose private and public characters were equally lofty. At the same time, with all its faults it was a *strong* age, and you will be fortunate if in your time the one island produces five such names as Pitt, Fox, Scott, Nelson, and Wellington.

It was in Watier's that night, seated by my uncle on one of the red velvet settees at the side of the room, that I had pointed out

"AT WATIER'S."

to me some of those singular characters whose fame and eccentricities are even now not wholly forgotten in the world. The long, many-pillared room, with its mirrors and chandeliers, was crowded with full-blooded, loud-voiced men-about-town, all in the same dark evening dress with white silk stockings, cambric shirt-fronts, and little, flat chapeau-bras under their arms.

"The acid-faced old gentleman with the thin legs is the Marquis of Queensberry," said my uncle. "His chaise was driven nineteen miles in an hour in a match against the Count Taafe, and he sent a message fifty miles in thirty minutes by throwing it from hand to hand in a cricket-ball. The man he is talking to is Sir Charles Bunbury of the Jockey Club, who had the Prince warned off the Heath at Newmarket on account of the in-and-out riding of Sam Chifney, his jockey. There's Captain Barclay going up to them now. He knows more about training than any man alive, and he has walked ninety miles in twenty-one hours. You have only to look at his calves to see that Nature built him for it. There's another walker there, the man with a flowered vest standing near the fireplace. That is Buck Whalley, who walked to Jerusalem in a long blue coat, top-boots, and buckskins."

"Why did he do that, sir?" I asked, in astonishment.

My uncle shrugged his shoulders.

"It was his humour," said he. "He walked into society through it, and that was better worth reaching than Jerusalem. There's Lord Petersham, the man with the beaky nose. He always rises at six in the evening, and he owns the finest cellar of snuff in Europe. It was he who ordered his valet to put half-a-dozen of sherry by his bed and call him the day after to-morrow. He's talking to Lord Panmure, who can take his six bottles of claret and argue with a bishop after it. Evening, Dudley!"

"Evening, Tregellis!" An elderly, vacant-looking man had stopped before us and was looking me up and down.

"Some young cub Charlie Tregellis has caught in the country," he murmured. "He doesn't look as if he would be much credit to him. Been out of town, Tregellis?"

"For a few days."

"Hem!" said the man, transferring his sleepy gaze to my uncle. "He's looking pretty bad. He'll be going into the country feet foremost some of these days if he doesn't pull up!" He nodded, and passed on.

"You mustn't look so mortified, nephew," said my uncle, smiling. "That's old Lord Dudley, and he has a trick of thinking aloud. People used to be offended, but they take no notice of him now. It was only last week when he was dining at Lord Elgin's that he apologized to the company for the shocking bad cooking. He thought he was at his own table, you see. It gives him a place of his own in society. That's Lord Harewood he has fastened on to now. Harewood's peculiarity is to mimic the Prince in everything. One day the Prince hid his queue behind the collar of his coat, so Harewood cut his off, thinking that they were going out of fashion. Here's Lumley, the ugly man. '*L'homme laid*' they called him in Paris. The other one is Lord Foley—they call him Number 11, on account of his thin legs."

"There is Mr. Brummell, sir," said I.

"Yes, he'll come to us presently. That young man has certainly a future before him. Do you observe the way in which he looks round the room from under his drooping eyelids, as though it were a condescension that he should have entered it? Small conceits are intolerable, but when they are pushed to the uttermost they become respectable. How do, George?"

"Have you heard about Vereker Merton?" asked Brummell, strolling up with one or two other exquisites at his heels. "He has run away with his father's woman-cook, and actually married her."

"What did Lord Merton do?"

"He congratulated him warmly, and confessed that he had always underrated his intelligence. He is to live with the young couple and make a handsome allowance on condition that the bride sticks to her old duties. By the way, there was a rumour that you were about to marry, Tregellis."

"I think not," answered my uncle. "It would be a mistake to overwhelm one by attentions which are a pleasure to many."

"My view, exactly, and very neatly expressed," cried Brummell. "Is it fair to break a dozen hearts in order to intoxicate one with rapture? I'm off to the Continent next week."

"Bailiffs?" asked one of his companions.

"Too bad, Pierrepoint. No, no, it is pleasure and instruction combined. Besides, it is necessary to go to Paris for your little things, and if there is a chance of the war breaking out again, it would be well to lay in a supply."

"Quite right," said my uncle, who seemed to have made up his mind to outdo Brummell in extravagance. "I used to get my sulphur-coloured gloves from the Palais Royal. When the war broke out in '93 I was cut off from them for nine years. Had it not been for a lugger which I specially hired to smuggle them, I might have been reduced to English tan."

"The English are excellent at a flat-iron or a kitchen poker, but anything more delicate is beyond them."

"Our tailors are good," cried my uncle, "but our stuffs lack taste and variety. The war has made us more *rococo* than ever. It has cut us off from travel, and there is nothing like travel for expanding the mind. Last year, for example, I came upon some new waistcoating in the Square of San Marco at Venice. It was yellow, with the prettiest little twill of pink running through it. How could I have seen it had I not travelled? I brought it back with me, and for a time it was all the rage."

"The Prince took it up."

"Yes, he usually follows my lead. We dressed so alike last year that we were frequently mistaken for each other. It tells against me, but so it was. He often complains that things do not look as well upon him as upon me, but how can I make the obvious reply? By the way, George, I did not see you at the Marchioness of Dover's ball."

"Yes, I was there, and lingered for a quarter of an hour or so. I am surprised that you did not see me. I did not go past the doorway, however, for undue preference gives rise to jealousy."

"I went early," said my uncle, "for I had heard that there were to be some tolerable *débutantes*. It always pleases me vastly when I am able to pass a compliment to any of them. It has happened, but not often, for I keep to my own standard."

So they talked, these singular men, and I, looking from one to the other, could not

imagine how they could help bursting out a-laughing in each other's faces. But, on the contrary, their conversation was very grave, and filled out with many little bows, and opening and shutting of snuff-boxes, and flickings of laced handkerchiefs. Quite a crowd had gathered silently around, and I could see that the talk had been regarded as a contest between two men who were looked upon as rival arbiters of fashion. It was finished by the Marquis of Queensberry passing his arm through Brummell's and leading him off, while my uncle threw out his laced cambric shirt-front and shot his ruffles as if he were well satisfied with his share in the encounter. It is seven-and-forty years since I looked upon that circle of dandies, and where, now, are their dainty little hats, their wonderful waistcoats, and their boots, in which one could arrange one's cravat? They lived strange lives, these men, and they died strange deaths—some by their own hands, some as beggars, some in a debtor's gaol, some, like the most brilliant of them all, in a madhouse in a foreign land.

"There is the card-room, Rodney," said my uncle, as we passed an open door on our way out. Glancing in, I saw a line of little, green baize tables with small groups of men sitting round, while at one side was a longer one, from which there came a continuous murmur of voices. "You may lose what you like in there, save only your nerve or your temper," my uncle continued. "Ah, Sir Lothian, I trust that the luck was with you?"

"'LOST LIKE THE DEUCE,' HE SNAPPED."

A tall, thin man, with a hard, austere face, had stepped out of the open doorway. His heavily thatched eyebrows covered quick, furtive grey eyes, and his gaunt features were hollowed at the cheek and temple like water-grooved flint. He was dressed entirely in black, and I noticed that his shoulders swayed a little as if he had been drinking.

"Lost like the deuce," he snapped.

"Dice?"

"No, whist."

"You couldn't get very hard hit over that."

"Couldn't you?" he snarled. "You play a hundred a trick and a thousand on the rub, and lose steadily for five hours, and see what you think of it."

My uncle was evidently struck by the haggard look upon the other's face.

"I hope it's not very bad," he said.

"Bad enough. It won't bear talking about. By the way, Tregellis, have you got your man for this fight yet?"

"No."

"You seem to be hanging in the wind a long time. It's play or pay, you know. I shall claim forfeit if you don't come to scratch."

"If you will name your day I will produce my man, Sir Lothian," said my uncle, coldly.

"This day four weeks, if you like."

"Very good. The 18th of May."

"I hope to have changed my name by then!"

"How is that?" asked my uncle, in surprise.

"It is just possible that I may be Lord Avon."

"What, you have had some news?" cried my uncle, and I noticed a tremor in his voice.

"I've had my agent over at Monte Video, and he believes he has proof that Avon died there. Anyhow, it is absurd to suppose that because a murderer chooses to fly from justice——"

"I won't have you use that word, Sir Lothian," cried my uncle, sharply.

"You were there as I was. You know that he was a murderer."

"I tell you that you shall not say so."

Sir Lothian's fierce little grey eyes had to lower themselves before the imperious anger which shone in my uncle's.

"Well, to let that point pass, it is monstrous to suppose that the title and the estates can remain hung up in this way for ever. I'm the heir, Tregellis, and I'm going to have my rights."

"I am, as you are aware, Lord Avon's dearest friend," said my uncle, sternly. "His disappearance has not affected my love for him, and until his fate is finally ascertained, I shall exert myself to see that *his* rights also are respected."

"His rights would be a long drop and a cracked spine," Sir Lothian answered, and then, changing his manner suddenly, he laid his hand upon my uncle's sleeve.

"Come, come, Tregellis, I was his friend as well as you," said he. "But we cannot alter the facts, and it is rather late in the day for us to fall out over them. Your invitation holds good for Friday night?"

"Certainly."

"I shall bring Crab Wilson with me, and finally arrange the conditions of our little wager."

"Very good, Sir Lothian! I shall hope to see you."

They bowed, and my uncle stood a little time looking after him as he made his way amidst the crowd.

"A good sportsman, nephew," said he. "A bold rider, the best pistol-shot in England, but . . . . a dangerous man!"

CHAPTER X.

THE MEN OF THE RING.

It was at the end of my first week in London that my uncle gave a supper to the fancy, as was usual for gentlemen of that time if they wished to figure before the public as Corinthians and patrons of sport. He had invited not only the chief fighting-men of the day, but also those men of fashion who were most interested in the ring: Mr. Fletcher Reid, Lord Say and Sele, Sir Lothian Hume, Sir John Lade, Colonel Montgomery, Sir Thomas Apreece, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, and many more. The rumour that the Prince was to be present had already spread through the clubs, and invitations were eagerly sought after.

The Waggon and Horses was a well-known sporting house, with an old prize-fighter for landlord. And the arrangements were as primitive as the most Bohemian could wish. It was one of the many curious fashions which have now died out, that men who were *blasé* from luxury and high living seemed to find a fresh piquancy in life by descending to the lowest resorts, so that the night-houses and gambling-dens in Covent Garden or the Haymarket often gathered illustrious company under their smoke-blackened ceilings. It was a change for them to turn their backs upon the cooking of Weltjie and of Ude, or the chambertin of old Q., and to dine upon a porter-house steak washed down by a pint of bitter from a pewter pot.

A rough crowd had assembled in the street to see the fighting-men go in, and my uncle warned me to look to my pockets as we pushed our way through it. Within was a large room with faded red curtains, a sanded floor, and walls which were covered with prints of pugilists and race-horses. Brown liquor-stained tables were dotted about in it, and round one of these half-a-dozen formidable-looking men were seated, while one, the roughest of all, was perched upon the table itself, swinging his legs to and fro. A tray of small glasses and pewter mugs stood beside them.

"The boys were thirsty, sir, so I brought up some ale and some liptrap," whispered the landlord; "I thought you would have no objection, sir."

"Quite right, Bob! How are you all? How are you, Maddox? How are you, Baldwin? Ah, Belcher, I am very glad to see you."

The fighting-men all rose and took their hats off, except the fellow on the table, who continued to swing his legs and to look my uncle very coolly in the face.

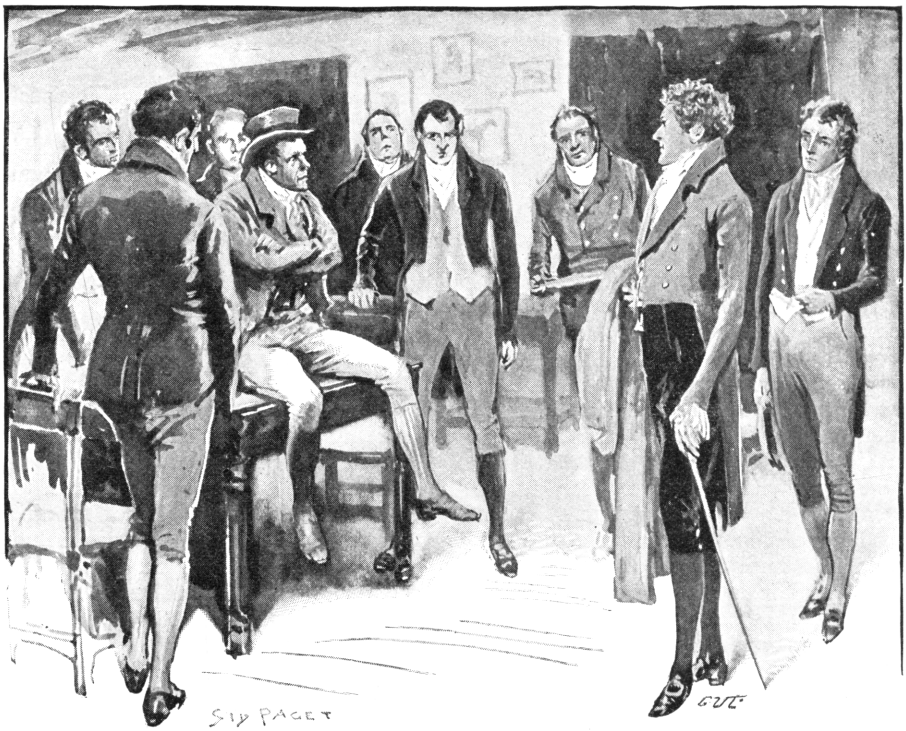
"How are you, Berks?"

"Pretty tidy. 'Ow are you?"

"Say 'sir' when you speak to a genelman," said Belcher, and with a sudden tilt of the table he sent Berks flying almost into my uncle's arms.

"See now, Jem, none o' that!" said Berks, sulkily.

"I'll learn you manners, Joe, which is more than ever your father did. You're not drinkin' black-jack in a boozin' ken, but you



"HOW ARE YOU, BERKS?"

are meetin' noble, slap-up Corinthians, and it's for you to behave as such."

"I've always been reckoned a genelman-like sort of man," said Berks, thickly, "but if so be as I've said or done what I 'adn't ought to——"

"There, there, Berks, that's all right!" cried my uncle, only too anxious to smooth things over and to prevent a quarrel at the outset of the evening. "Here are some more of our friends. How are you, Apreece? How are you, Colonel? Well, Jackson, you are looking vastly better. Good evening, Lade. I trust Lady Lade was none the worse for our pleasant drive. Ah, Mendoza, you look fit enough to throw your hat over the ropes this instant. Sir Lothian, I am glad to see you. You will find some old friends here."

Amid the stream of Corinthians and fighting-men who were thronging into the room I had caught a glimpse of the sturdy figure and broad, good-humoured face of Champion Harrison. The sight of him was like a whiff of South Down air coming into that low-roofed, oil-smelling room, and I ran forward to shake him by the hand.

"Why, Master Rodney—or I should say Mr. Stone, I suppose—you've changed out of all knowledge. I can't hardly believe that it was really you that used to come down to blow the bellows when Boy Jim and I were at the anvil. Well, you are fine, to be sure!"

"What's the news of Friar's Oak?" I asked, eagerly.

"Your father was down to chat with me, Master Rodney, and he tells me that the war is going to break out again, and that he hopes to see you here in London before many days are past; for he is coming up to see Lord Nelson and to make inquiry about a ship. Your mother is well, and I saw her in church on Sunday."

"And Boy Jim?"

Champion Harrison's good-humoured face clouded over.

"He'd set his heart very much on comin' here to-night, but there were reasons why I didn't wish him to, and so there's a shadow betwixt us. It's the first that ever was, and I feel it, Master Rodney. Between ourselves, I have very good reason to wish him to stay with me, and I am sure that, with his high spirit and his ideas, he would never settle down again after once he had a taste o' London. I left him behind me with enough work to keep him busy until I get back to him."

A tall and beautifully proportioned man, very elegantly dressed, was strolling towards us. He stared in surprise and held out his hand to my companion.

"Why, Jack Harrison!" he cried. "This is a resurrection. Where in the world did you come from?"

"Glad to see you, Jackson," said my companion. "You look as well and as young as ever."

"Thank you, yes. I resigned the belt when I could get no one to fight me for it, and I took to teaching."

"I'm doing smith's work down Sussex way."

"I've often wondered why you never had a shy at my belt. I tell you honestly, between man and man, I'm very glad you didn't."

"Well, it's real good of you to say that, Jackson. I might ha' done it perhaps, but the old woman was against it. She's been a good wife to me and I can't go against her. But I feel a bit lonesome here, for these boys are since my time."

"You could do some of them over now," said Jackson, feeling my friend's upper arm. "No better bit of stuff was ever seen in a twenty-four foot ring. It would be a rare treat to see you take some of these young ones on. Won't you let me spring you on them?"

Harrison's eyes glistened at the idea, but he shook his head.

"It won't do, Jackson. My old woman holds my promise. That's Belcher, ain't it — the good-lookin' young chap with the flash coat?"

"Yes, that's Jem. You've not seen him! He's a jewel."

"So I've heard. Who's the youngster beside him? He looks a tidy chap."

"That's a new man from the West. Crab Wilson's his name."

Champion Harrison looked at him with interest. "I've heard of him," said he. "They are getting a match on for him, ain't they?"

"Yes. Sir Lothian Hume, the thin-faced gentleman over yonder, has backed him against Sir Charles Tregellis's man. We're to hear about the match to-night, I understand. Jem Belcher thinks great things of Crab Wilson. There's Belcher's young brother, Tom. He's looking out for a match, too. They say he's quicker than Jem with the mufflers, but he can't hit as hard. I was speaking of your brother, Jem."

"The young 'un will make his way," said Belcher, who had come across to us. "He's more a sparrer than a fighter just at present, but when his gristle sets he'll take on anything on the list. Bristol's as full o' young fightin'-men now as a bin is of bottles. We've got two more comin' up—Gully and Pearce—who'll make you London milling coves wish they was back in the west country again."

"Here's the Prince," said Jackson, as a hum and bustle rose from the door.

I saw George come bustling in, with a good-humoured smile upon his comely face. My uncle welcomed him, and led some of the Corinthians up to be presented.

"THE PRINCE."

"We'll have trouble, gov'nor," said Belcher to Jackson. "Here's Joe Berks drinkin' gin out of a mug, and you know what a swine he is when he's drunk."

"You must put a stopper on 'im, gov'nor," said several of the other prize-fighters. "'E ain't what you'd call a charmer when 'e's sober, but there's no standing 'im when 'e's fresh."

Jackson, on account of his prowess and of the tact which he possessed, had been chosen as general regulator of the whole prize-fighting body, by whom he was usually alluded to as the Commander-in-Chief. He and Belcher went across now to the table upon which Berks was still perched. The ruffian's face was already flushed, and his eyes heavy and bloodshot.

"You must keep yourself in hand to-night, Berks," said Jackson. "The Prince is here, and——"

"I never set eyes on 'im yet," cried Berks, lurching off the table. "Where is 'e, gov'nor? Tell 'im Joe Berks would like to do 'isself proud by shakin' 'im by the 'and."

"No, you don't, Joe," said Jackson, laying his hand upon Berks's chest, as he tried to push his way through the crowd. "You've got to keep your place, Joe, or we'll put you where you can make all the noise you like."

"Where's that, gov'nor?"

"Into the street, through the window. We're going to have a peaceful evening, as Jem Belcher and I will show you if you get up to any of your Whitechapel games."

"No 'arm, gov'nor," grumbled Berks. "I'm sure I've always 'ad the name of bein' a very genelmanlike man."

"So I've always said, Joe Berks, and mind you prove yourself such. But the supper is ready for us, and there's the Prince and Lord Sele going in. Two and two, lads, and don't forget whose company you are in."

The supper was laid in a large room, with Union Jacks and mottoes hung thickly upon the walls. The tables were arranged in three sides of a square, my uncle occupying the centre of the principal one, with the Prince upon his right and Lord Sele upon his left. By his wise precaution the seats had been allotted beforehand, so that the gentlemen might be scattered among the professionals and no risk run of two enemies finding themselves together, or a man who had been recently beaten falling into the company of his conqueror. For my own part, I had Champion Harrison upon one side of me and a stout, florid-faced man upon the other, who whispered to me that he was "Bill Warr, landlord of the One Tun public-house, of Jermyn Street, and one of the gamest men upon the list."

"It's my flesh that's beat me, sir," said he. "It creeps over me amazin' fast. I should fight at thirteen-eight, and 'ere I am nearly seventeen. It's the business that does it, what with lollin' about behind the bar all day, and bein' afraid to refuse a wet for fear of offendin' a customer. It's been the ruin of many a good fightin'-man before me."

"You should take to my job," said Harrison. "I'm a smith by trade, and I've not put on half a stone in fifteen years."

"Some take to one thing and some to another, but the most of us try to 'ave a bar-parlour of our own. There's Will Wood, that I beat in forty rounds in the middle of a snowstorm down Navestock way, 'e drives a 'ackney. Young Firby, the ruffian, 'e's a waiter now. Dick 'Umphries sells coals—'e was always of a genelmanly disposition. George Ingleston is a brewer's drayman. We all find our own cribs. But there's one thing you are saved by livin' in the country, and that is 'avin' the young Corinthians and bloods about town smackin' you eternally in the face."

This was the last inconvenience which I should have expected a famous prize-fighter to be subjected to, but several bull-faced fellows at the other side of the table nodded their concurrence.

"You're right, Bill," said one of them. "There's no one has had more trouble with them than I have. In they come of an evenin' into my bar, with the wine in their heads. 'Are you Tom Owen the bruiser?' says one o' them. 'At your service, sir,' says I. 'Take that, then,' says he, and it's a clip on the nose, or a backhanded slap across the chops as likely as not. Then they can brag all their lives that they had hit Tom Owen."

"D'you draw their cork in return?" asked Harrison.

"I argey it out with them. I say to them, 'Now, gents, fightin' is my profession, and I don't fight for love any more than a doctor doctors for love, or a butcher gives away a loin chop. Put up a small purse, master, and I'll do you over and proud. But don't expect that you're goin' to come here and get knocked about by a middle-weight champion for nothing."

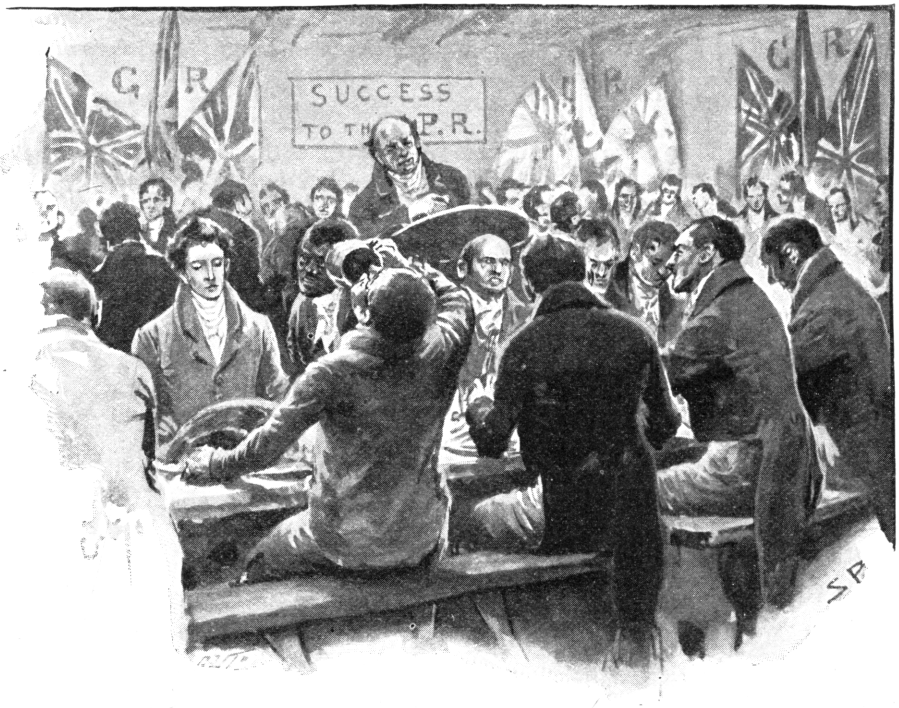
"That's my way too, Tom," said my burly neighbour. "If they put down a guinea on the counter—which they do if they 'ave been drinkin' very 'eavy—I give

them what I think is about a guinea's worth and take the money."

"But if they don't?"

"Why, then, it's a common assault, d'ye see, against the body of 'is Majesty's liege, William Warr, and I 'as 'em before the beak next mornin', and it's a week or twenty shillin's."

Meanwhile the supper was in full swing—



"SUPPER WAS IN FULL SWING."

one of those solid and uncompromising meals which prevailed in the days of your grandfathers, and which may explain to some of you why you never set eyes upon that relative.

Great rounds of beef, saddles of mutton, smoking tongues, veal and ham pies, turkeys and chickens, and geese, with every variety of vegetables, and a succession of fiery sherries and heavy ales were the main staple of the feast. It was the same meal and the same cooking as their Norse or German ancestors might have sat down to fourteen centuries before, and, indeed, as I looked through the steam of the dishes at the lines of fierce and rugged faces, and the mighty shoulders which rounded themselves over the board, I could have imagined myself at one of those old-world carousals of which I had read, where the savage company gnawed the joints to the bone, and then, with murderous horse-play, hurled the remains at their prisoners. Here and there the pale, aquiline features of a sporting Corinthian recalled rather the Norman type, but in the main these stolid, heavy-jowled faces, belonging to men whose whole life was a battle, were the nearest suggestion which we have had in modern times of those fierce pirates and rovers from whose loins we have sprung.

And yet, as I looked carefully from man to man in the line which faced me, I could see that the English, although they were ten to one, had not the game entirely to themselves, but that other races had shown that they could produce fighting-men worthy to rank with the best.

There were, it is true, no finer or braver men in the room than Jackson and Jem Belcher, the one with his magnificent figure, his small waist and Herculean shoulders; the other as graceful as an old Grecian statue, with a head whose beauty many a sculptor had wished to copy, and with those long, delicate lines in shoulder and loins and limbs, which gave him the litheness and activity of a panther. Already, as I looked at him, it seemed to me that

there was a shadow of tragedy upon his face, a forecast of the day then but a few months distant when a blow from a racquet ball darkened the sight of one eye for ever. Had he stopped there, with his unbeaten career behind him, then indeed the evening of his life might have been as glorious as its dawn. But his proud heart could not permit his title to be torn from him without a struggle. If even now you can read how the gallant fellow, unable with his one eye to judge his distances, fought for thirty-five minutes against his young and formidable opponent, and how, in the bitterness of defeat, he was heard only to express his sorrows for a friend who had backed him with all he possessed, and if you are not touched by the story there must be something wanting in you which should go to the making of a man.

But if there were no men at the tables who could have held their own against Jackson or Jem Belcher, there were others of a different race and type who had qualities which made them dangerous bruisers. A little way down the room I saw the black face and woolly head of Bill Richmond, in a purple-and-gold footman's livery — destined to be the predecessor of Molineaux, Sutton, and all that line of black boxers who have shown that the muscular power and insensibility to pain which distinguish the African give him a peculiar advantage in the sports of the ring. He could boast also of the higher honour of having been the first born American to win laurels in the British ring. There also I saw the keen features of Dan Mendoza, the Jew, just retired from active work, and leaving behind him a reputation for elegance and perfect science which has, to this day, never been exceeded. The worst fault that the critics could find with him was that there was a want of power in his blows —a remark which certainly could not have been made about his neighbour, whose long face, curved nose, and dark, flashing eyes proclaimed him as a member of the same ancient race. This was the formidable Dutch Sam, who fought at nine stone six, and yet possessed such hitting powers, that his admirers, in after years, were willing to back him against the fourteen-stone Tom Cribb, if each were strapped a-straddle to a bench. Half-a-dozen other sallow Hebrew faces showed how energetically the Jews of Houndsditch and Whitechapel had taken to the sport of the land of their adoption, and that in this, as in more serious fields of human effort, they could hold their own with the best.

It was my neighbour Warr who very good-humouredly pointed out to me all these celebrities, the echoes of whose fame had been wafted down even to our little Sussex village.

"There's Andrew Gamble, the Irish champion," said he. "It was 'e that beat Noah James, the Guardsman, and was afterwards nearly killed by Jem Belcher, in the 'ollow of Wimbledon Common by Abbershaw's gibbet. The two that are next 'im are Irish also, Jack O'Donnell and Bill Ryan. When you get a good Irishman you can't better 'em, but they're dreadful 'asty. That little cove with the leery face is Caleb Baldwin the Coster, 'im that they call the Pride of Westminster. 'E's but five foot seven, and nine stone five, but 'e's got the 'eart of a giant. 'E's never been beat, and there ain't a man within a stone of 'im that could beat 'im, except only Dutch Sam. There's George Maddox, too, another o' the same breed, and as good a man as ever pulled his coat off. The genelmanly man that eats with a fork, 'im what looks like a Corinthian, only that the bridge of 'is nose ain't quite as it ought to be, that's Dick 'Umphries, the same that was cock of the middle-weights until Mendoza cut his comb for 'im. You see the other with the grey 'ead and the scars on 'is face?"

"Why, it's old Tom Faulkner the cricketer!" cried Harrison, following the line of Bill Warr's stubby forefinger. "He's the fastest bowler in the Midlands, and at his best there weren't many boxers in England that could stand up against him."

"You're right there, Jack 'Arrison. 'E was one of the three who came up to fight when the best men of Birmingham challenged the best men of London. 'E's an evergreen, is Tom. Why, he was turned five-and-fifty when he challenged and beat, after fifty minutes of it, Jack Thornhill, who was tough enough to take it out of many a youngster. It's better to give odds in weight than in years."

"Youth will be served," said a crooning voice from the other side of the table. "Aye, masters, youth will be served."

The man who had spoken was the most extraordinary of all the many curious figures in the room. He was very, very old, so old that he was past all comparison, and no one by looking at his mummy skin and fish-like eyes could give a guess at his years. A few scanty grey hairs still hung about his yellow scalp. As to his features, they were scarcely human in their disfigurement, for the deep

wrinkles and pouchings of extreme age had been added to a face which had always been grotesquely ugly, and had been crushed and smashed in addition by many a blow. I had noticed this creature at the beginning of the meal, leaning his chest against the edge of the table as if its support was a welcome one, and feebly picking at the food which was placed before him. Gradually, however, as his neighbours plied him with drink, his shoulders grew squarer, his back stiffened, his eyes brightened, and he looked about him, with an air of surprise at first, as if he had no clear recollection of how he came there, and afterwards with an expression of deepening interest, as he listened, with his ear scooped up in his hand, to the conversation around him.

"That's old Buckhorse," whispered Champion Harrison. "He was just the same as that when I joined the ring twenty years ago. Time was when he was the terror of London."

"'E was so," said Bill Warr. "'E would fight like a stag, and 'e was that 'ard that 'e would let any swell knock 'im down for 'alf-a-crown. 'E 'ad no face to spoil, d'ye see, for 'e was always the ugliest man in England. But 'e's been on the shelf now for near sixty years, and it cost 'im many a beatin' before 'e could understand that 'is strength was slippin' away from 'im."

"Youth will be served, masters," droned the old man, shaking his head miserably.

"Fill up 'is glass," said Warr. "'Ere, Tom, give old Buckhorse a sup o' liptrap. Warm his 'eart for 'im."

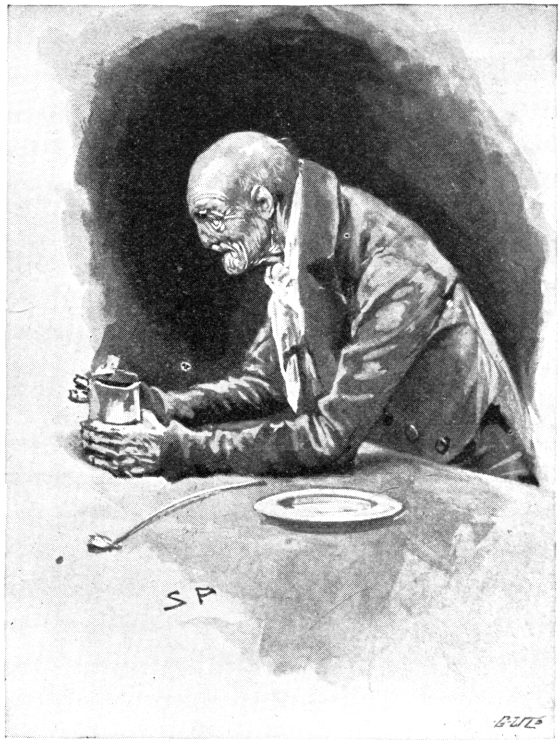
The old man poured a glass of neat gin down his shrivelled throat, and the effect upon him was extraordinary. A light glimmered in each of his dull eyes, a tinge of colour came into his wax-like cheeks, and, opening his toothless mouth, he suddenly emitted a peculiar, bell-like, and most musical cry. A hoarse roar of laughter from all the company answered it, and flushed faces craned over each other to catch a glimpse of the veteran.

"There's Buckhorse!" they cried. "Buckhorse is comin' round again."

"You can laugh if you vill, masters," he cried in his Lewkner Lane dialect, holding up his two thin, vein-covered hands. "It von't be long that you'll be able to see my crooks vich 'ave been on Figg's conk, and on Jack Broughton's, and on 'Arry Gray's, and many another good fightin' man that was millin' for a livin' before your fathers could eat pap."

The company laughed again, and encouraged the old man by half-derisive and half-affectionate cries.

"Let 'em 'ave it, Buckhorse! Give it 'em straight! Tell us how the millin' coves did it in your time."



"OLD BUCKHORSE."

(To be continued.)

From a Photo. by] AGE 5. *[Alex. Bassano.*

AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

WE have much pleasure in reproducing here various interesting portraits of the two chief personages at the Coronation in Moscow. On page 487 will be found a most interesting article dealing with this great event, and in which many hitherto unpublished particulars and unique illustrations are given.

From a Photo. by] AGE 9. *[W. & D. Downey.*

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

AGE 3.
From a Photograph.

AGE 23.
From a Photograph.

From a] AGE 14. [*Photograph.*

AGE 18.
From a Photograph.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS, PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Professor Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

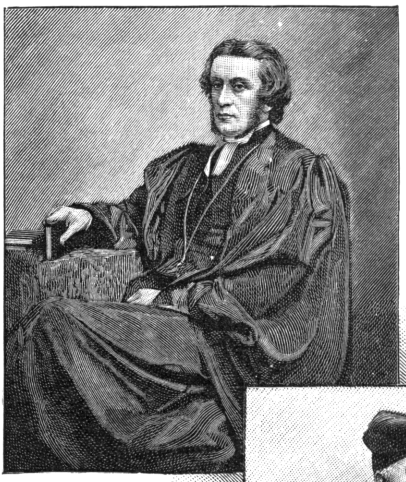
From a] AGE 10. *[Painting.*

AGE 21.
From a Photo. by A. P. Reid.

THE RIGHT REV. PROFESSOR STORY, D.D.

BORN 1835.

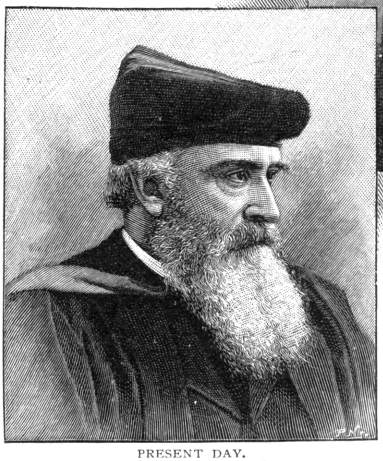
ROBERT HERBERT STORY, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland (1894–5), was educated at home, and entered the University of Edinburgh. In 1859 he was sent out to Montreal, Canada, as assistant minister of St. Andrew's Church. On his return, in 1860, he was presented by the Duke of Argyll to the parish of Roseneath, in succession to his father; was made D.D. of Edinburgh in 1874; and in 1886 one of Her Majesty's chaplains and second clerk of the General Assembly. In 1887 he was appointed by the Crown to the Chair of Church



AGE 30.
From a Photo. by A. P. Reid.

History in the University of Glasgow. Dr. Story is also well known in literature. He edited that standard work, "The Church of Scotland, Past and Present," and also "Scots Magazine," from 1885 to 1887. He has written "Robert Story of Roseneath" (a biography of his father), "Memoir and Remains of Dr. Robert Lee," "William Carstares

AGE 52.
From a Photo. by Mounsey, Auchinleck.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Annan, Glasgow.

—a Character and Career of the Revolutionary Epoch, 1649–1715," "Christ the Consoler," "Creed and Conduct," "Health Haunts of the Riviera," etc.

AGE 20.
From a Drawing by Wm. Husband, M.D.

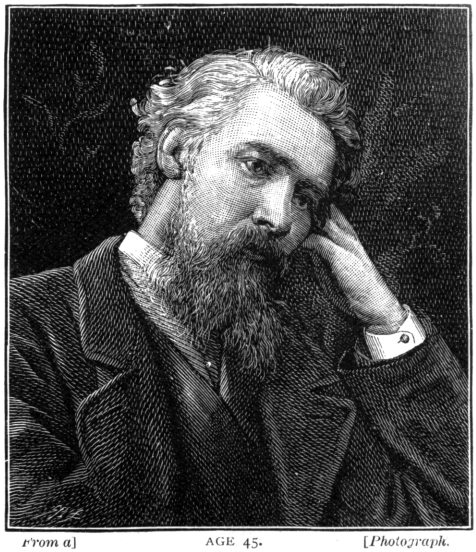
MR. JOHN SMART, R.S.A.

BORN 1838.

MR. JOHN SMART was born in Edinburgh, and is the son of Robert Campbell Smart. He was educated at the High School, Leith, and entered the Art School of the Hon. the Board of Trustees for Manufactures, October 16th, 1851, studying applied art. He was apprenticed as a letter engraver in 1853. He commenced

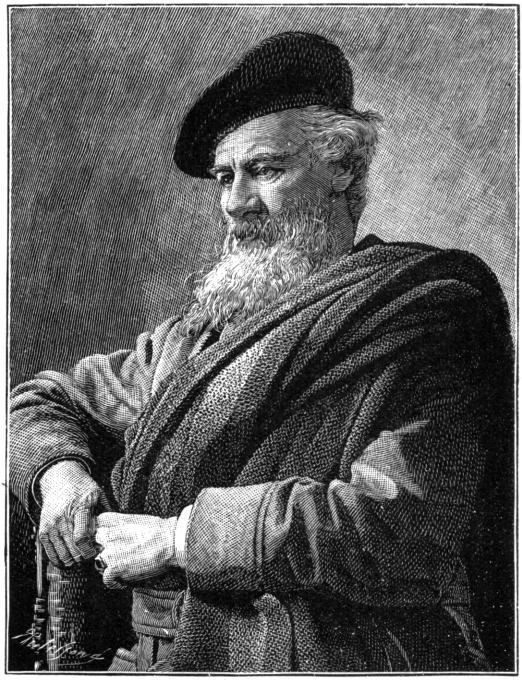
From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Nesbitt, Lothian.*

as a student with the late Horatio McCullock, December, 1860, with whom he remained three months. Mr. Smart was elected an A.R.S.A., November, 1871, and an R.S.A., February, 1877. He is one of the original founders of the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society, and is also a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, London. He received a diploma at the Melbourne International Exhibition,



From a] AGE 45. *[Photograph.*

1880–1, and a gold medal diploma at the Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886. We regret that space will not allow of our mentioning his excellent and numerous works in oils, which are well known.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Moffatt, Edinburgh.*

Dandy Dogs.

By William G. FitzGerald.

WHEN you hear a man say he has "led the life of a dog," it is pretty safe to assume he has not been dandled in the lap of luxury for some time anterior to his plaint. But surely, after the publication of this article, the popular significance of the metaphor will lose its force—if, indeed, the meaning be not completely reversed, so that inclusion in Dandy Dog-dom will represent the Alpha and Omega of epicurean splendour.

The fact is, mere ordinary folk have not the remotest notion of the extravagant extent to which canine pets are pampered nowadays by their highly-placed mistresses; and so utterly astounding and fantastic are the details, that I propose giving chapter and verse, so to speak, for every statement made.

The first photograph reproduced shows the reception-room of the Dogs' Toilet Club, in New Bond Street—an institution certainly beyond the wildest dreams of the Battersea pariahs It was started by an enterprising and cultured lady, who had noticed the righteous wrath of the average domestic on being asked to give a pampered pet its daily bath. Everything about this club is of the daintiest; the very prospectus is in blue and gold, with a delicate bow of green ribbon at one corner. The reception-room—as one may judge from the illustration—is quite a sumptuous apartment; and the ordinary man on entering it may stumble over a costly occasional table, or occasional dog, as the case may be. For many ladies leave their pets here while shopping; others bring the little creatures to be shampooed, brushed, combed, clipped, and attended to by a professional chiropodist. Expensive sweetmeats are provided as a temporary solatium for the absence of the mistresses.

The pictorial art of this handsome apartment is distinctly canine; so, too, are the contents of the glass-topped table seen on the left. This contains an interesting—not to say surprising—collection of requisites for fashionable dogs. There are morning, afternoon, and evening coats; mourning outfits, travelling costumes, and bridal dresses—for woe unto the canine aristocrat that hath not on a wedding garment when occasion demands. But more of this hereafter. The lady on the right has taken up the very latest sweet thing in dogs' driving coats—the "Lonsdale"—made to measure, in fawn cloth, lined with dark red silk; it has a cape of the same that falls upon the pet's shoulders, and a frill round the neck. This ornate garment is finished off with two gold bells; and the full collar is edged with fur to match that on the dress of the mistress.

THE RECEPTION-ROOM AT THE DOGS' TOILET CLUB, NEW BOND STREET, W.

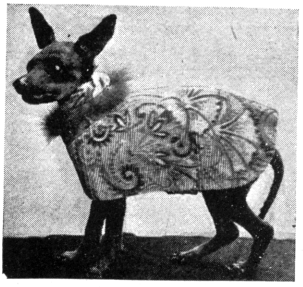
MADAME LEDOUBLE'S BUSINESS CARD.

Where did all this originate? In Paris, the city of eccentric, extravagant *modes*. Perhaps I cannot do better than reproduce the business card of Madame Ledouble, whose sumptuous establishment in the Palais Royal (Galerie d'Orléans) may be described as the Eldorado of Dandy Dog-dom. Not only does madame make dogs' coats and fripperies generally, but she also publishes a canine fashion-book, of which an excellent notion may be gathered from the illustrations on this and the next page. These animals are stuffed specimens; all the others portrayed in this article are "from life."

But let us consider for a moment these *chic* canine fashions—which, by the way, were photographed in Paris specially for THE STRAND MAGAZINE, thanks to the courtesy of M. Henri Durand, the agent for "Spratt's Patent" in the French capital, and I must number the "models" in order that each may be briefly described.

NO. 1.—WEDDING COSTUME.

No. 1 is a splendid wedding toilet of white broché silk, trimmed with satin ribbons and orange blossom. No. 2 shows an imposing winter visiting costume with a Medici collar of chinchilla. Other furs can be had,



NO. 3.—THEATRE COSTUME.

such as sable and ermine. A gorgeous theatre dress is No. 3; it is made in rich broché velvet, with a collar trimmed with sable. Next comes the array of dainty *lingerie* (No. 4). The dog on the left, with the "mutton-chop whisker" appearance

NO. 4.—LINGERIE; HANDKERCHIEFS AND BOOTS.

(reminding one of the club waiter), is clothed in a dressing gown of thick silk, which protects him from the matutinal draughts; and his fellow-dandy is seen in a spotless *chemise de nuit*, which leaves uncovered the paws and tail. In the same group are seen

NO. 5.—MOURNING TOILET.

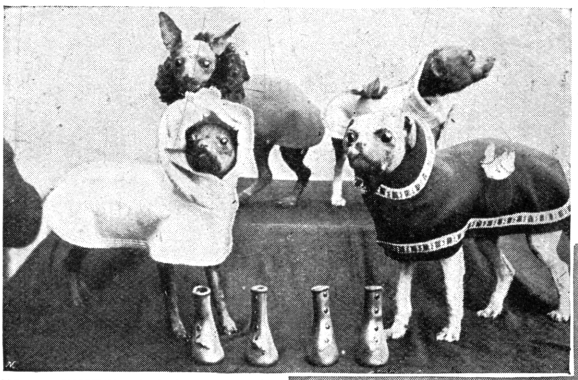
a few other assorted night-shirts in silk, gauze, and flannel, together with dogs' handkerchiefs suitable for various occasions, and india-rubber boots, laced and buttoned.

NO. 2.—WINTER VISITING DRESS.

An appropriately lugubrious mourning toilet is depicted in No. 5. This is made in black cloth, velvet, or *mousseline de soie*, with a nice full collar. Of course, the handkerchief is *en suite*. No. 6 shows a lovely yachting "gown" of navy blue cloth, with an anchor embroidered in white, red, or blue silk, matching the uniform of the crew. The name of the yacht always figures on these coats.

NO. 6.—YACHTING COSTUME.

No. 7 is a distinctly striking group. The dog behind on the left is wearing a visiting costume of green cloth trimmed with fine astrakhan. Next is seen a white flannel coat with hood, for travelling in Switzerland; then come the two dogs on the right, one of which is clad in a spring coat of light cloth, and the other in a bright red and white garment, from whose pocket peeps a silken *mouchoir*.



NO. 7.—VISITING AND TRAVELLING DRESSES, ETC.

No. 8 is a substantial travelling costume in Scotch tweed, with a pull-over collar, and pocket for railway-ticket, which latter is also shown.

NO. 8.—TWEED TRAVELLING COAT, WITH POCKET FOR RAILWAY TICKET.

Of course there are also bathing-dresses for Brighton, Dieppe, and Trouville. And it is not necessary for Madame Ledouble to measure the dog herself. You just write for patterns and fashion plates, and on choosing the outfit you receive careful instructions as to the measurement of your own pet, which instructions are carried out with surprising alacrity and splendour.

But I am running along too quickly. Let us get back to the Bond Street Toilet Club. In the photograph here shown we see a nice mild man shampooing a toy dog by means of a warm water-spray; and for this he receives his two guineas a week. The big bath seen in the background, on the right, is for more unwieldy animals, who are unfortunately apt to give a bit of trouble. It is idle to say the dogs like this kind of thing; they do not, although yolks of eggs are used instead of soap, which irritates the skin of these pampered little creatures.

SHAMPOOING AT THE DOGS' TOILET CLUB.

Occasionally an aristocratic mistress is dreadfully afraid her doggie will catch cold, leading to lung troubles and other dreadful things. Sometimes, too, the pet's owner will express a wish to "see it done"—much to the disgust of the operator, be he clipper or shampooer. For the lady will often throw herself on the dirty floor near the bath (unmindful of her own eighty-guinea dress) and keep up a running fire of oral consolation. "Now, it won't last long, Birdie." "Ah! 'oo's all dripping-wet, little darling; but 'oo'll soon be d'y." "Don't pull Birdie so, naughty man." If only the "naughty man" dared speak his mind!

Dentistry, of course, forms an important item in canine toilet clubs, both in London and Paris. Many a pet dog is to be seen in the Bois whose teeth are as false as its complexion—or rather colour; for fashionable dogs in the gay capital are frequently dyed to meet the exigencies of a passing *mode*.

During one of my visits to the interesting Bond Street institution, a Skye terrier was brought in to have two teeth extracted; the fee was half a guinea. And there is a special assistant retained for cleaning dogs' teeth—obviously as perilous a pastime as big game shooting; it is done with an ordinary tooth-brush and some table salt. I should mention, though, that some toy dogs *will* have a perfumed dentifrice used; they do not like salt.

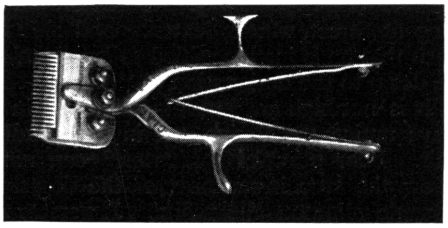
We now come to an exceedingly interesting part of the toilet club—the clipping of pet poodles. In the photograph is seen the premier dog-clipper, Mr. W. R. Brown, of Regent Street, whose dexterity and skill are such that he is justly entitled to lay claim (as he does) to the designation of "artist."

It is not high art, but it is wonderful in its way; notice the design cut in the poodle's hair. Poor peaceful "Mouton" can never know the true inwardness of the desperate struggle going on above him. It depicts the Corbett-Mitchell prize-fight that took place in New Orleans; and the English champion has apparently just received the knock-out blow. In the ordinary course of Nature, both pugilists gradually vanish—I mean the dog's hair grows; and at the end of every month (when Mouton is clipped) they either make their appearance in a fresh round, or they give place to another pattern—something pastoral, perhaps, with trees and things in it.

MR. BROWN AT WORK.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

Brown is a smart man—quite a character in his way. On the morning of a certain Derby Day he cut in the hair of his own poodle an inelegant race-horse, with a suggestion of the course and crowd, leaving underneath a fine patch of woolly hair in which the winner's name might be clipped in a few minutes. This last detail Brown procured direct from the course by special telegram; the name was instantly filled in—or cut out; and then the clever clipper, dog and all, went round the town in search of the lucky owner of the winning horse, the result being that the "pictorial" poodle—in a truly interesting condition—changed hands for £100.

The clipper, Brown, assures me he



DOG-CLIPPERS.

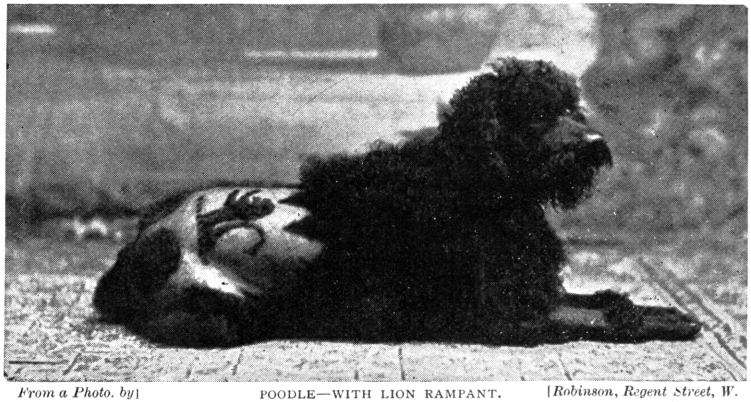
equently nas great difficulty in persuading people that these designs are actually worked in the dog's hair, or coat. Now, I have seen him at work with his battery of machine-clippers (see illustration), razors, and scissors of every shape and size. I say "shape" advisedly, because some of this "artist's" scissors are curved in queer ways, so as to get into small corners when reproducing fine lace on the poodle's back. The man will cut anything on your dog — even elaborate crests.

Let me show you "Zulu," a fine poodle belonging to Mrs. Beer, of Chesterfield Gardens —to whose courtesy I am indebted for the photograph. "Zulu" bears the crest of his master and mistress— a pelican feeding its nest of young ones with blood from its own breast. The motto is *Rien sans Peine* —probably a hint to the poodle to remain passive in the clipper's hands. By the way, the difficulty experienced in clipping a dog greatly depends on the animal's disposition. Mr. Brown and his wife have done five in a single day, but three is about the average. Like ourselves, the pet poodle is cursed with a sensitive cuticle, and its least movement has to be watched during the clipping lest it should be cut — a misfortune which would also damage the operator's artistic reputation.

THE POODLE "ZULU"—WITH CREST.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

Some of the more intricate lace patterns take two sittings to complete, and after the design is once traced, the dog has to be clipped and shaved about once a month. The charge for working out a difficult pattern or "set scene" is £2 2s.; the clipping of an involved monogram or coronet costs from 25s. to 30s.; and a sovereign is asked for "plain treatment." Brown has one canine client on his books whose owners, being Irish and rabid Home Rulers, will have nothing depicted on his back but a big shamrock; yet another poodle bears testimony to his master's patriotism by carrying about a quaint-looking thistle, the prickly part being cunningly fashioned from the animal's own stubbly bristles.

Here is a third example of Mr. Brown's peculiar art; this poodle is marked with a lion rampant—presumably representing its owner's crest. As a rule, an article from a toilet case — hair-brush or scent-bottle stopper—is sent to the clipper, and from this he copies the monogram. Mr. Brown likewise trains dogs of all breeds to perform, it being quite fashionable for these little canine swells to possess such accomplishments as *skirt dancing*, tight-rope walking, and piano playing. I need scarcely tell you that the slightest attempt at these feats suffices. And it is curious to note that the value of pet dogs is in an inverse ratio to their size. Mr. Brown recently sold a black-and-tan terrier, weigh-



From a Photo. by] POODLE—WITH LION RAMPANT. *[Robinson, Regent Street, W.*

ing exactly 200z., for £40; so let no one say that the lap-dog's outfit is more costly than the lap-dog himself.

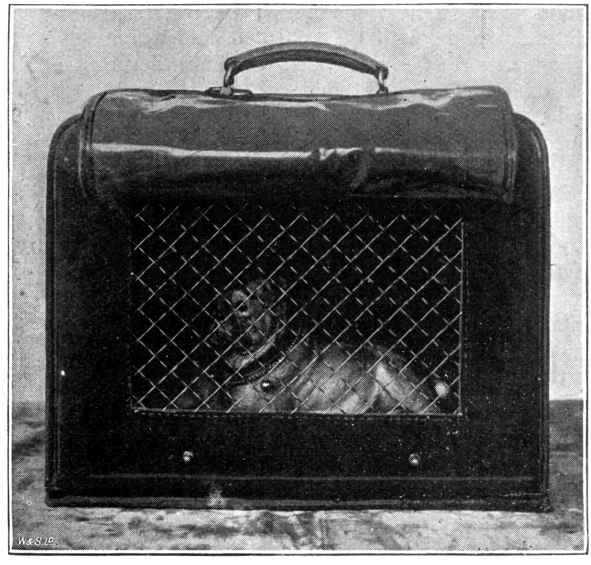
In the next photograph is seen an expert lady tailoress at work upon some stylish dog-coats. She is putting the finishing touches to the "Warwick." This is a promenade costume in fine brown cloth, shot with pink, lined with rose-coloured silk, fastened with a 15-carat gold clasp, and further ornamented with a double ruching at the neck like a lady's cape. The coat on the machine is in dull red velvet, lined with white moiré. Observe the large scent-bottles near the seamstress; for these dainty garments *must* be perfumed, otherwise the captious canines might (and do) evince a sudden dislike to the expensive garment selected.

DOGS' TAILORESS AT WORK.

But the aristocratic dog's wardrobe also contains outfits for special occasions. I have seen a yellow satin coat trimmed with Honiton, and priced at ten guineas. An old favourite, seventeen years of age, was shown to me, and on being requested to examine his coat (of fine cloth lined with costly sable) I found a small electro-magnetic appliance sewn between the cloth and the fur lining. This dog was a bit of a hypochondriac—always fancying he was ill; he did, however, occasionally suffer from pneumonia and backache.

It is absurd to suppose that all kinds of dogs wear these garments; for example, no one would think of putting a coat on a Chow-Chow. On the other hand, dachshunds are sometimes provided with warm coats, and *sealskin waistcoats also*, mainly because they are apt to run through pretty long grass, and in this way, being short-legged, get their precious little stomachs wet, thus inducing various parlous canine ills. Wedding garments are always attractive; and of course, on such festive occasions, her ladyship's pet is very much *en suite*. The little animal's interest in the function may be infinitesimal—he may even regard the whole business with fierce loathing; still, he is dressed. The Maison Ledouble turns out wedding coats in white, yellow, and crimson satins trimmed with orange blossom at the neck, and with white satin leaders; these coats cost about £5 each.

Should the newly-made bride wish to take her darling with her on the honeymoon trip, the dog-maid (no sinecure, this) swiftly changes Fido's garments, replacing the gorgeous wedding outfit with a neat travelling suit of box-cloth, complete with hood and pockets for handkerchief, railway ticket, and biscuit—the latter by way of refreshment *en route*. If you think the toy dog is hustled into the guard's van, you are grievously mistaken. He is carefully placed in a travelling kennel, such as is seen in the photograph. This is really a beautiful hand-bag of cow-hide



A TRAVELLING DOG KENNEL.

or crocodile, silver-mounted, and costing from four to ten guineas. It is well ventilated, and supplied with lambs' wool mats. The wire grating is heavily gilt, or plated; and there is a leather flap which may be let down at the dog's bed-time, or when the sun is too powerful for his eyes. Now, consider for a moment the group of costly canine trifles seen in the accompanying illustration.

SOME PARIS NOVELTIES FOR DANDY DOGS.

I will describe each briefly, commencing with the top left-hand corner: (1) dress collar of pure white ivory, in imitation of that affected by the human genus dude, it has a neat, black tie; (2) collar of different shape, with tie, gold bell, and white silk leader; (3) dainty lace-bordered dog's handkerchief of soft white silk; (4) three gold collars; (5) packet of 24 tiny hairpins, specially made for the toilet of lady poodles; (6) neat gold bracelet or bangle; (7) gold collar; (8) ditto; (9) collar of golden rings, price £15; (10) dress bracelet for lady poodle, consisting of purple satin bow with diamond buckle, valued at £45; lastly, we have a fine cambric handkerchief, and a silver collar.

These were photographed by our own artist at Barrett's, in Piccadilly—a gorgeous establishment, whose proprietors make a special feature of catering for dandy dogs. It takes a lot to surprise Mr. Henry Barrett—to whom I am indebted for several photographs.

Dogs' coats range in price from one to three guineas; collars from a sovereign to £60, some being of 18-carat gold fastened with a diamond brooch. Dogs with small heads and fat necks wear "harness." This is an elaborate arrangement of straps with gold and silver mounts, whereby the pet is led from a ring on its back. Messrs. Barrett recently carried out an order for a certain noble lady, who wanted a gold-mounted tandem and four-in-hand harness—technically perfect—so that she might "drive her (canine) team afield" down Bond Street and in the park.

The mistress does *not* carry her pet's handkerchief; this would be an unpardonable breach of canine etiquette. The perfumed cambric or silken square is coquettishly stuck in Fido's own coat-pocket, so that it may be available for use on wet days, when those low omnibuses, carts, and cabs splash so horribly.

The little Maltese here shown is called "Dandy"—appropriately enough; and he is dressed quietly and neatly, but in the best of taste—as these things go. His coat—colour photography is still a thing of the future—is of crimson velvet lined with white silk; and he has a nice curb-chain bracelet,

A MALTESE DANDY.

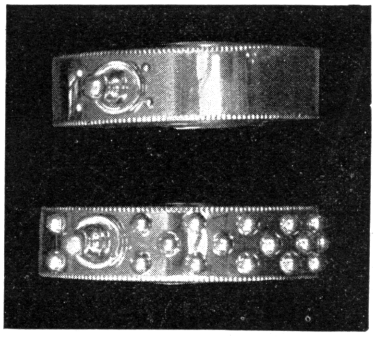
worth five guineas, on his left paw. In winter Dandy wears a fur coat; and I may say that these garments are usually lined with seal and sable, their cost ranging up to ten or fifteen guineas.

Dogs' bracelets or bangles cost, in gold, from two to ten guineas each; and in silver from 15s. to 30s. In Paris, these ornaments are frequently seen studded with precious stones, rendering the pet a most desirable piece of portable property. And the gems used vary according to the breed of dog.

Why, the very combs and brushes used on canine toilet-tables are as costly as choice of materials can make them. The hair-brushes are specially designed so that the hairs stand at a certain angle, thus facilitating the treatment of tangled (natural) coats. Three or four large brushes are first used; then come the finer kinds, and lastly the combs, which are made in steel, silver, buffalo-horn, and tortoise-shell. The brushes cost from 5s. to 10s. 6d. each (dog's name in gold or silver extra, of course); and the cheaper kind of combs are sold at Barrett's for 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.

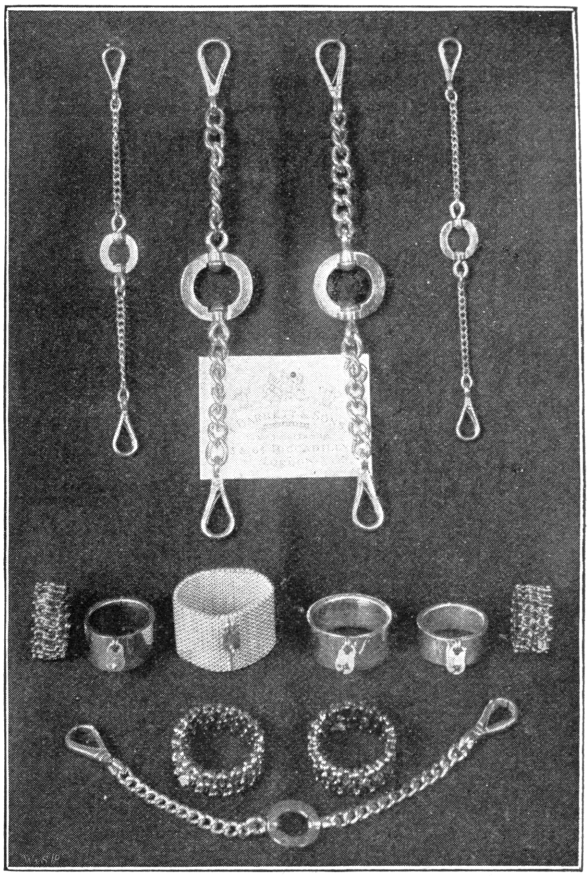
Fastidious folk sometimes design collars in silver or gold for their own dogs; and big dogs often have solid silver collars made for them; notice two of these in the next picture.

The fact is, money is literally no object where aristocratic pet dogs are concerned.



SILVER COLLARS FOR BIG DOGS.

Mr. Barrett tells me he has often made *muzzles* in gold and silver—as though such would be more tolerable than the "regulation pattern"; also leaders consisting of long chains of fine gold, and golden couples for promenading



GOLD AND SILVER COUPLES AND BRACELETS.

with pairs of dogs. A number of gold and silver couples and pretty bracelets are shown in the above illustration; it will be seen that the last-named ornaments lock on the dogs' paws, thus obviating to certain extent the annoyance of periodical loss of valuable jewellery. By the way, anyone who has seen a lady trying to lead two playful pet dogs in the West-end will at once appreciate the use of the couples.

There are fashions in ladies' dogs just as there are in dresses and millinery. The King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, once so popular, have quite lost caste in the "hupper suckles." On the other hand, a Yorkshire terrier, weighing only 2¼lb., was recently sold for eighty guineas, and was considered cheap at that.

I asked how the changes in fashionable dogs came about, and was told that in this, as in other matters, Royalty leads the way. Suppose the Princess of Wales's favourite dog, for the time being, is a Chow-Chow, and in due time that exalted animal dies. Then

Her Royal Highness will probably visit some big dog show and choose a new pet—perhaps a Japanese pug (a well-bred specimen will now fetch from fifty to 100 guineas); a small white Pomeranian (Princess Beatrice's favourite); a Spitz, or a small French bull-terrier. In any case, the Princess's choice decides the fashion in pet dogs; though, of course, other considerations also operate to work the change. Yorkshire terriers are very popular just now. The funny little dog seen in this photograph is a Yorkshire; and apart

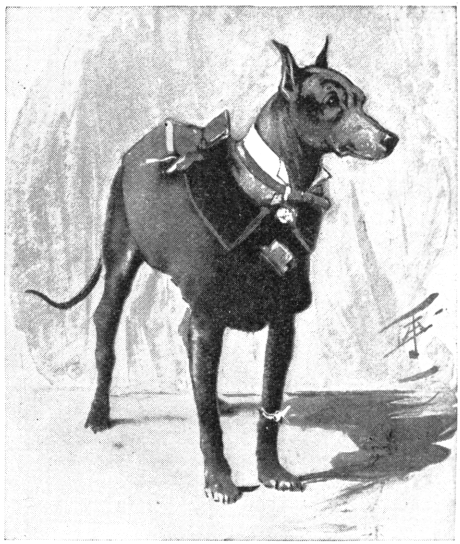
A "YORKSHIRE.

from his gorgeous velvet coat, bracelets, and brooch he is worth eighty guineas.

In the accompanying photograph is depicted a dog-basket or drawing-room lounge. It is lined with seal-skin and trimmed with bright red satin to match the decorations of the apartment. These baskets are also made by Barrett's, lined with satin, plush, and brocade. Baskets are now being ordered which can be attached to cycles, so that the mistress can take her own daily exercise and give her beloved pet an airing at one and the same time.

The well-being of these toy dogs is

DRAWING-ROOM BASKET

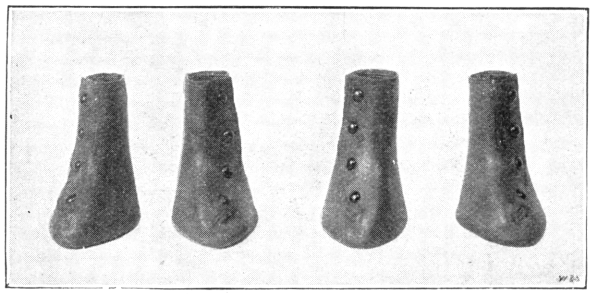


"A MORNING CALL."

studied to a truly amazing degree. What could possibly be more comical than the fully-equipped canine dandy here shown? This black-and-tan terrier is dressed for a morning call with his mistress, who will *leave her pet's card* as well as her own, this extraordinary custom being considered necessary if there happens to be a toy dog at the house about to be visited. Look at the little animal's quaint tie and collar; and his card-case, sticking out of the front of his coat. The fair Parisienne, on hearing of ordinary sober English customs, is contemptuously amused, and probably exclaims: "*Mais! c'est drôle!*" But the leaving of her dog's card on a fellow-pet during the morning drive—this she considers in no wise funny.

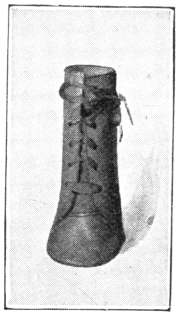
And yet this fashion is now fairly with us; and, absurd as it is, there are still more outrageous canine *modes* to follow. Here you have a good view of wet weather dogs' boots: pretty little rubber goloshes, with black studs or buttons. Our artist photo-

graphed the set at Messrs. Atloff and Norman's, in Bond Street. The boot for big occasions, however, is that shown in the next illustration; you may see the original for yourself at Barrett's, in Piccadilly. This boot is of soft brown Russia, with a nice silk lace to match; the set of four is made to measure for two guineas. The rubber goloshes are sometimes worn by rheumatic dogs; others wear them because, while in London, they suffer from a foot complaint caused by the metallic grit on the roads.



A SET OF INDIA-RUBBER DOG-BOOTS.

Now, as to diet; but in regard to this part of the article I must acknowledge my indebtedness to the well-known canine "vet.," Mr. C. Rotherham, of South Molton Street. Here is an astounding fact vouched for by my informant There is in the West-end of London a poodle for whose consumption a prime leg of mutton is cooked regularly every day, and the dog demolishes the joint. A little less startling is the case of the greyhound, who has the first and choicest cuts off the joint below stairs!



LACED DOG BOOT.

But it is when their pets are sick that ladies of high degree cast common-sense completely overboard. The fashionable canine surgeons are not easily astonished—as you may imagine. At the same time, ladies give them infinite trouble by their innumerable questions, not to mention the demonstrative agony they suffer over the ailments of their darlings. The Earl and Countess of —— burst into the very dingy surgery of an eminent "vet." one day and asked after the health of a sick pug, who lay there in a basket; the little brute was a monument of ugliness. "He is dying, my lord; dying, my lady," replied the "vet." (a most correct man), with a sympathetic catch in his voice.

Lady —— at once became hysterical; she threw herself prostrate on the dusty floor in her superb dress and sobbed aloud, commanding the dignified surgeon to kneel down and pray for the departing pug. The noble earl, too, was deeply moved, but he controlled his emotion, merely glaring at the bottles on the shelves and sniffing audibly.

It is amusing to learn that Mr. Rotherham occasionally receives letters direct from his patients; that is to say, requests for his services which purport to come from the dogs themselves. The following is a very droll example:—

—, Belgrave Square, W.,
22nd January, 1896.

DEAR DR. ROTHERHAM,—As they say in America, I feel "real sick" this morning; so mother tells me to write and ask you to call here as early as possible after receiving this. I am not at all nervous as to my not feeling well; but as poor mother is mourning the loss of my uncle "Puck," she naturally feels anxious about me. I will tell you how I feel, so that you may in some measure be guided in your treatment of my indisposition. You must promise not to tell mother, but she gave a dinner last evening, and I *did* enjoy myself. I had *such* a lot of nice things! Do you think it is possible for them to have made me feel as I do? I was in great pain during the night, so that poor mother and myself did not have a wink of sleep. At eight o'clock this morning I was dreadfully sick, and my poor head is terribly hot, and difficult to hold up. My eyes will not keep open; and my lovely tail, which you have admired so often, is a disgrace to me; it hangs straight down, and will not curl a wee bit. I am quite ashamed of it. Do come soon, and be the good doctor you have always been.

Your grateful patient,
NIGGY.

When sick dogs "lie up" at home, they are constantly fed with the breasts of pheasants, served on silver. Old "Noble," the Queen's collie, was once found suffering from indigestion, brought on by a too plentiful supply of the above-named delicacy. Canine invalids in hospital are usually visited at least once a day by their mistresses, who will probably produce from the carriage whole roast partridges, hares' tongues, or sweetbreads; and Mr. Rotherham knows of one little pampered brute whose jaded palate would reject everything save ptarmigan.

But could anything be more ludicrous than this coated, booted, and generally weather-

protected pug? The umbrella was actually made by Messrs. Barrett in such a way that it could not be dislodged, no matter how obnoxious it became to the wearer. It opened the moment it was pressed down on to the pug's back; and it cost five guineas.

"BEASTLY WEATHER.

But to return to the sick pets. Some doting mistresses send their suffering dogs to the "vet.'s" house to be boarded there under the surgeon's constant care. Now and then the latter is obliged to intercept the extravagant dainties brought for his patient, and substitute plain, wholesome food.

Here is a funny story in this connection. One of the leading canine specialists was sent for by a titled lady to see her poodle, who was in a bad way. The moment the animal came into the drawing-room, the dog-doctor knew it was a case of over-feeding; so "Jacko" was sent with tremendous pomp to the surgeon's house to be treated. His anxious mistress did not neglect him, though. Twice a day, a splendid carriage drove up, and a footman brought round to the surgeon's man a massive silver dish, whereon reposed some succulent bird. "How is Jacko to-day?" the footman would ask, according to instructions. "Well, a little better, James; but still poorly," the other would reply. The surgeon's man would then take the tempting meal round to the stables, eat it with immense relish, and then clean and polish the silver ready for the exchange dish, which he knew would be brought along in a few hours. For many days this went on, till at last the surgeon remarked to his man: "I shall have to be sending Jacko home soon." "Don't do it yet, sir," was the earnest and unexpected reply; "I never lived so well in my life."

Another really clever canine "vet." with a lucrative practice told me he had a simple way of treating ladies' pampered pets. On receiving an over-fed toy dog, he would put him into a disused brick oven with a crust of bread, an onion, and an old boot. When the dog gnawed the bread, the surgeon wrote to the mistress that the dear little thing was "doing nicely." When it commenced operations on the onion, word was sent that the pet was "decidedly better"; but when the animal tackled the boot, the lady was respectfully informed that her darling was "ready to be removed" — a rational, if drastic, cure. Beyond question, the finest canine hospital in Europe is Spratt's Sanatorium at Beddington, which is under the supervision of Mr. Alfred Sewell, the famous canine surgeon. This institution has numbered among its in-patients the *crême de la crême* of Dandy Dog-dom; and the perfection of the scientific arrangements must be seen to be believed.

It is not unusual for dogs to be ordered to Brighton, Bournemouth, and other resorts on the south coast, for a change of air—especially if the complaint is a troublesome cough. Many a canine invalid, too, has been specially taken all the way to the Riviera—Nice, Mentone, Hyères, Biarritz, Monte Carlo—solely for the benefit of its health. And, of course, it would be wrapped in swansdown *en route*, and not left out of sight, lest those horrid railway porters should treat the precious darling harshly. Mr. Alfred Sewell, the eminent canine specialist, living in the vicinity of Eaton Square, was once telegraphed for from Oxford, a pet dog having broken its leg through a fall downstairs. It was, however, so late at night that Mr. Sewell wired back, "Last train gone." The next message from the dog's mistress read, "Take special." He did, and it cost £20.

In large and fashionable houses the dogs (two or three is the usual number kept) have a special servant to minister unto their countless wants; and the position of dog-

maid, as I have hinted elsewhere, is one of grave responsibility. Her charges must be laid to rest in their sumptuous little beds at a certain hour; they must be up early for their bath, and then taken out for a walk or a drive. Or perhaps a manservant is retained at £60 a year to perform these offices. In that case a specially fitted bath would be installed in the house, together with a complete outfit of expensive toilet articles. Thus the actual cost of the canine *ménage*—having in mind the extensive wardrobe necessary, not to speak of the jewellery—can safely be computed at hundreds of pounds a year.

And yet, with all this, dandy dogs die like their humbler brethren — probably much sooner. Then comes the funeral, with its flowers, carriages, and marble monuments. I am not jesting. An illustrated article has already appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE on the Dogs' Cemetery, situated, appropriately, in Hyde Park. Mr. Rotherham, the canine specialist, has an extensive burying-ground of the same kind on his property at Neasden.

Mr. Kenyon, the gentle, sympathetic undertaker of Edgware Road, tells me he was sent for in hot haste one Saturday afternoon. He was out at the time, but he called on the Sunday — thinking, of course, that he was required to take an order for the burial of an ordinary Christian. It was not so. The deceased was a pet dog that had met with a tragic death in the street beneath a coal cart. The lady tearfully explained that she wanted the body embalmed, and then placed in a glass coffin, so that she could have poor dear "Friskie" with her all days—even to the consummation of her own; the two would then be interred together. Mr. Kenyon thought this might be magnificent, but it was not business; so he declined the commission.

Mr. Rotherham knows of dozens of cases in which toy dogs have had costly funerals. Pets that die in town are usually buried at the country seat of the family. In this surgeon's canine cemetery lies one dog that was brought from France. But here is a poetic funeral card that speaks for itself; note that it contains hopeful hints of a canine hereafter — "another place," as they say in Parliament.

But listen to Mr. Rotherham's record case. "A year or two ago I was called to the Grosvenor Hotel to see a dog. When I entered the room I saw a young man stretched on the hearth-rug. I thought I had been called to see *him;* but I found I was mistaken. The dog was dead, the circumstances being these: The gentleman had occasion to go out, so he shut his dog in the sitting-room. The dog protested strongly in his absence — mainly by disfiguring the door, and driving several other visitors nearly crazy with continuous howls. When the master returned, the hotel people complained, whereupon the young gentleman proceeded to chastise his demonstrative pet—which chastisement took the form of a running kick that ended the dog's days.

IN MEMORY OF DON CARLO,

Born in Guernsey, September, 1875,
Died in London, 19th May, 1888.

My trusty friend in lonely years
Thy little life is o'er,
And thou art laid in mother earth
Amid the City's roar
I watched thee weak and weaker grow
And dim and glazed thine eye,
And though thou only wert a dog,
I wept to see thee die.

While tending thee with loving hand
Thy latest glance was mine,
I have found love in human hearts,
But not such love as thine.
And oft at evenings social hour
I sit in solitude,
And think on all thy blameless life,
So gentle and so good.

Another Dog they brought to me,
Of birth and lineage true,
But in my grief I failed to trace
The virtues found in you.
Companion of my merry moods
And soother of my woes,
The only grief thy life did cause
Was when that life did close.

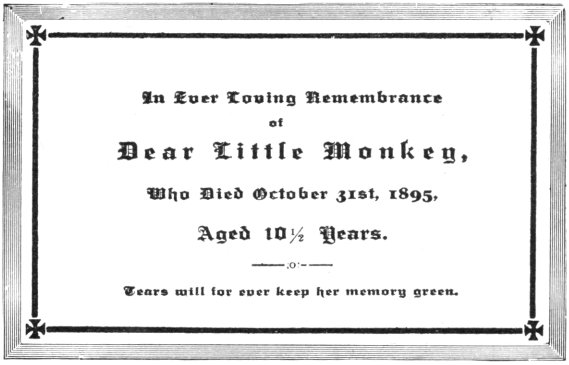
And mankind's cold and selfish creed
Denies when life shall end,
A compensating future state
For you my faithful friend
But when I reach the other shore,
And walk the golden street,
May I 'mongst loved and lost ones find
You sitting at their feet.

E. MACKAY.

A CANINE OBITUARY.

"The remorseful man's reparation resolved itself into a gorgeous funeral. There was a purple velvet pall, two broughams (one for the coffin and one for the mourners), and three guineas' worth of flowers—chiefly lilies of the valley. A leaden shell was made and inclosed in a polished mahogany coffin, with silver fittings and name-plate. A touch of romance was given to this unique function

when, just as the leaden shell was about to be sealed up, the impetuous young fellow was seen to put in with the dog's remains a packet of letters and a gold locket containing hair. I imagine the dog must have belonged to the chief mourner's deceased lady-love."



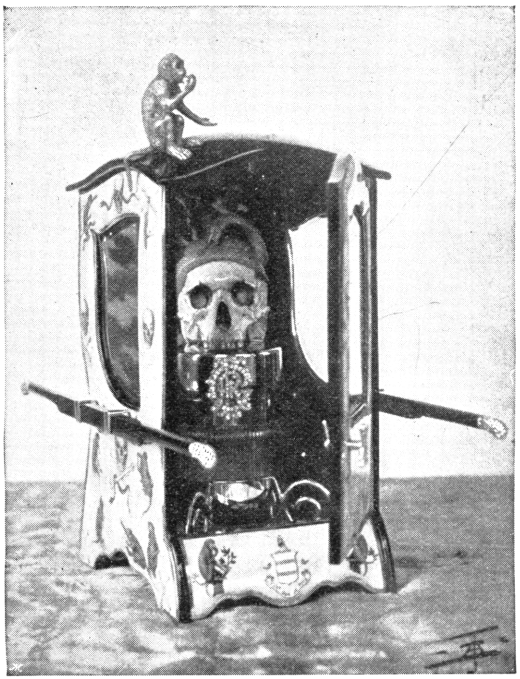
DOG'S FUNERAL CARD.

This funeral, Mr. Rotherham assures me, cost £30 or £40; and the funniest thing about it was that the surgeon himself was requested to "follow." He consented to do this, and was forthwith provided with a white silk sash and a satin rosette. Another very interesting dog's funeral was one carried out by a London undertaker, although the remains were to be interred in the tomb of the sorrowing master's ancestors in Sicily. The dog's body was, of course, embalmed; and the headstone was sent with it.

A typical dog's funeral-card is reproduced here. "Monkey" was a quaint little Yorkshire; and his mistress — an enormously rich woman, and a great believer in Sir Henry Thompson — had his remains cremated. "Monkey's" cinerary urn, shown in the accompanying photograph, probably represents the very highest pinnacle of (deceased) Dandy Dog-dom. It cost *six hundred guineas*, being in the form of a solid tortoise-shell sedan chair, enamelled all over the front and sides in the most costly manner, and inlaid with brilliants, rubies, emeralds, and pearls; the extremities of the handles are simply incrusted with jewels.

Inside is a gold-mounted crystal jar, with a monogram in diamonds; this contains the ashes. It is surmounted by a skull. The name of the departed pet is perpetuated by the monkey seen on top of the casket; and in his paw he holds a fine pearl. This casket was made by Messrs. A. Barrett and Sons, of 63 and 64, Piccadilly; of course, it was an exceptional order, but Mr. H. Barrett tells me that the firm ordinarily make cinerary urns, ranging in price from £10 to £250, for holding the ashes of cremated pet dogs.

In conclusion it may be said that pet dogs are treated by their mistresses almost precisely as though they were human members of the family; the only discrepancy in the analogy being that it is horribly bad form for a lady to drive in the park with her baby by her side, while the presence of a pompous pug or a toy terrier is irreproachably correct.



"MONKEY'S" CINERARY URN, WHICH COST 600 GUINEAS.

Her Majesty's Judges.

II.

By E.

WHEN I announced my intention of writing these "Notes" to a somewhat eminent member of the Bar, he emphatically advised me not to make the attempt, and when I asked him "Why?" he replied that all the good stories about the judges were either unprintable or else so old as to partake of the nature of that pest of civilization — the "chestnut." At the time, I perceived there was some reason in what he said, but subsequent reflection showed me that "notes" are not necessarily "anecdotes," and herewith I begin the second instalment of these slightly discursive remarks.

And yet another difficulty beset me, which may be stated thus :—

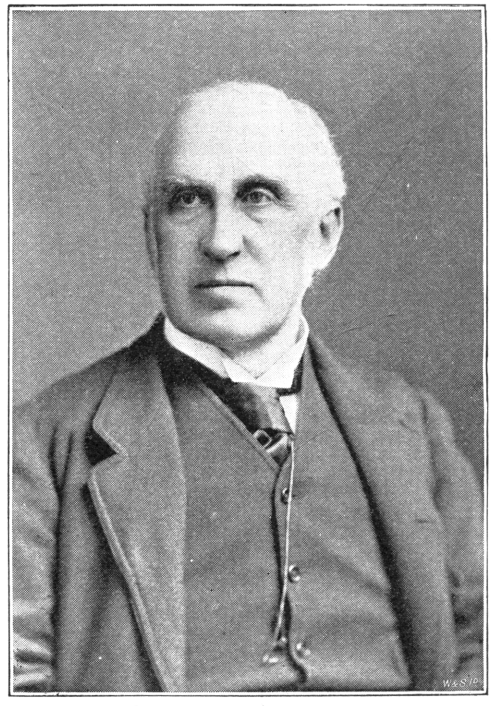
I had asked one learned judge to give me his autograph, and the request had been granted. Some time after he asked me to dinner, and to dinner I went, and it was then that he warned me against the consequences of infringing the State regulations as to libel. I assured him that my native respect for those before whom my daily bread was earned would not allow me to be libellous. And then he smiled, sadly it might have been, and answered :—

"I see ; and so your descriptions will be more or less fanciful?"

There was humour in the dictum, but it stated a difficulty that had to be avoided somehow. I think I have succeeded in avoiding it, but still I am not sure. The candid man is generally dubbed hypocrite, and the sneak a straightforward man of business ; so I have made no profession, but have dealt with my subjects freely, and, if unjustly, I am sorry for it. That is all, in the circumstances, I can say, and that is surely sufficient.

One word more in explanation of any mistakes I may have inadvertently committed. At the outset I resolved to tell no antique anecdotes, and this fact must go a long way to account for the paucity of anecdotes in these pages. There is nothing so irritating to me as a twice-told jest, and actuated by the modest egoism that pervades each one of us, I naturally think my views are everyone's opinions—and so to continue on my appropriate path !

Probably in the whole history of the English Bar there never has been a greater advocate than Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, whose only possible rival is the present Lord Chancellor. Far and away the best commercial lawyer of our time, his skill in conducting "Short Delivery" and "Charter Party" cases, *et hoc genus omne*, was only rivalled by his ability in defending prisoners, and the acumen and sound sense he brought to bear on so-called "sensational" cases.



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.
(Lord Chief Justice of England.)
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

In these "notes" it is my province to air opinions only, otherwise I should have been tempted to deal with the fascinating career of the subject of these remarks. It would have been pleasant to trace the rise of the local junior of the northern circuit to his present lofty position, to discuss the great oratorical effort he made on behalf of Carey's murderer — O'Donnell ; and analyze the speech he made before the Parnell Commission — a speech which one of the Commissioners declared surpassed in pathos and solemnity anything he had ever imagined.

But it cannot be: space has its exigencies, and they are necessarily intractable. As a judge, Lord Russell of Killowen has proved a disagreeable surprise to those who assert that the same man cannot be both a good speaker and a good lawyer.

This old-world superstition, derived from the recesses of Chancery prejudice, is dying hard, but it took a Halsbury and a Russell to strike the death-blow. That it is dying at all is satisfactory, and it is to be hoped its complete dissolution is near at hand.

Now, I can understand many stupidities and appreciate follies innumerable, but I cannot, for the life of me, see why a barrister who cannot properly give utterance to his thoughts should be assumed to be a great lawyer, and why, *e converso*, a great lawyer should be deemed incapable of making a good speech. But because I fail to grasp the reason, it does not follow that there are not very many legal people who not only grasp it, but make it the basis of their conduct.

Over and over again have I witnessed the agonized struggles of a barrister desirous of making a single statement to the Court, and when he has sunk worn out and unsuccessful to his seat, I have heard barristers and solicitors, with an approving nod, say: "Not much of a speaker, but a capital lawyer." On the other hand, I have heard brilliant advocates described as "only fit to address juries," and I have also had the pleasure of seeing Lord Russell in his judicial chair bowl over some of his former stuttering critics.

But as I have already said, the superstition is dying, hard it is true, but nevertheless dying, and it will long predecease the equally ridiculous theory that no man can be good-hearted unless he behaves himself like an ill-tempered savage.

Some day or other, after middle-age cares have departed, I may write of "Some Distorted Views," but until then I fear I can do little but wonder—wonder at the curiosities of human thought. When he was at the Bar, the present Lord Chief Justice was said to be—well, let me say, rather severe to his brother barristers, but this was far from being the case.

He very properly held his own, and let certain Queen's Counsel and ancient "juniors" know that he was not a man to be trifled with, but to the inexperienced and youthful he was invariably kind. This example it were well if many I could name, had I the inclination, would follow; but, unfortunately, a gross subservience to those who sit in high places, and an intolerant rudeness to the lowly, are the characteristics more often developed in the ordinary "man of standing." The reproofs which Sir Charles used to administer to the discourteous are, indeed, sadly missed, and more than one Queen's Counsel is in dire need of a corrective snub. As he was at the Bar, so he is on the Bench.

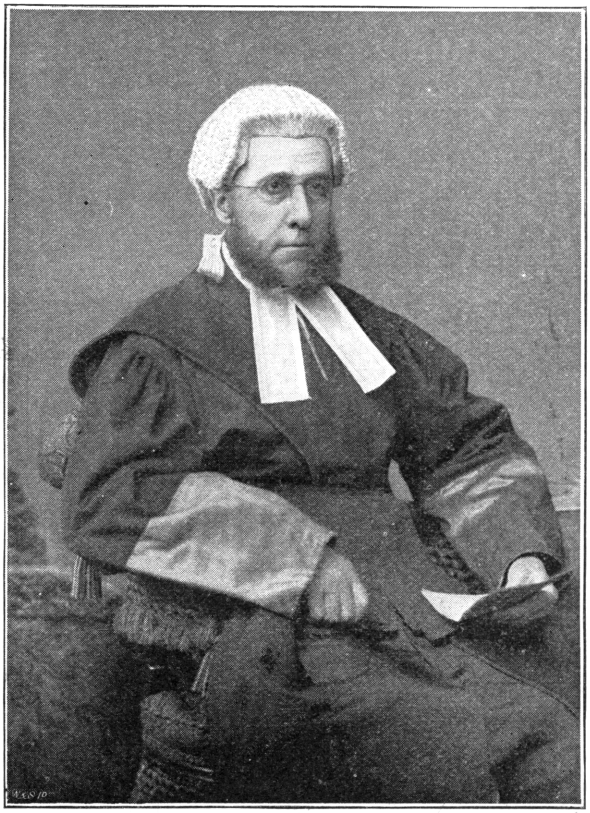
Fittingly precise in his methods, he makes an admirable President of the "Chief's" Court, and as a Divisional Judge consistently shows how thoroughly well up he is in the rules of practice and other legal *minutiæ*. I have never been before him in a criminal court, but I understand he deals firmly yet sensibly with criminals, and this is just what I should have expected. "A great lawyer, a great advocate, a citizen of the world, masterful to a degree, and withal chivalrous," is an accurate description of Lord Russell of Killowen.

If Mr. Justice Day is not sufficiently designated by the phrase *Suaviter in modo*, that of *Fortiter in re* is a compendious mode of expressing his most salient characteristics.

And this contention, I imagine, the misguided Lancashire gentlemen who adopted "garrotting" as a means of earning a dishonest livelihood, and were tried before our judge, would heartily support. At the time when Mr. Justice Day arrived in Liverpool to commence his famous series of assizes, lawlessness of the most terrible character had attained an almost incredible pitch, and "robbery with violence" was the terror of all respectable citizens, and the darling of the criminal class in that town. As a result of the fostering care of the Recorder, with his absurd light sentence system, the streets of Liverpool were flooded with habitual miscreants who, while endeavouring to keep within the scope of offences triable by the Recorder, were by the spirit of success egged on to the commission of the most horrible crimes. Law-abiding citizens were almost panic-stricken; in broad daylight the most brutal offences against the person were committed; the police were rendered powerless by the system in vogue at the sessions; when Mr. Justice Day arrived to try prisoners—and to stay.

And then the change began: the cowardly ruffians who were brought before him speedily awoke to the difference between the Judge of Assize and the Recorder on whose bosom they had wept tears of hypocritical baseness.

Their day had gone: no longer could they beat, wound, and rob people with impunity, and be treated as poor, erring children, who, in ignorance, had turned down the wrong road, and should be lovingly restored to the right path. In one year the reign of terror was at an end, and all credit is due to Mr. Justice Day for having effected this desirable consummation. His methods were entirely admirable. In the first place, he sent the habitual criminals to long terms of imprisonment, and so broke up the gangs which had so long infested Liverpool and converted its streets into a seething caldron of crime. Then, he unsparingly used the "cat"; and although this species of torture should be only resorted to when it is absolutely necessary, in this case it was necessary that it should be used without fear and without flinching.



MR. JUSTICE DAY.
From a Photo. by Whitlock, Birmingham.

Luckily for society, Mr. Justice Day disregarded the shrieks of those who, in their hysterical ignorance, rave about the dignity of manhood, and as a result "robbery with violence" is no longer the pet method of obtaining money with the Liverpool criminals. What this judge did for Liverpool, the judges at the Old Bailey are doing for London; and the work of stamping out this most detestable of all crimes is nearly accomplished.

But *generally*, Mr. Justice Day is blamed for giving too heavy sentences, and I am bound to admit that there is a good deal of reason in the complaint. On occasions punishment should be severe, but an indiscriminate severity is radically bad. It seems to me that, able judge as he is, he does not practically grasp the essential distinction between crimes against the person and those against property, and this is a fault which he shares with the large majority of the judges. True, I have been told on reliable authority that the severe sentences he announces in public are materially reduced by him in private, but on this matter I cannot speak with any certainty. Anyhow, every judge should remember that it is his duty to award only just enough punishment to deter the criminal and other intending offenders from future wrong-doing.

In civil cases, or as they are technically termed "causes," Mr. Justice Day is distinguished by a flow of humour which, if disconcerting at times, is generally welcome. Unlike many of his brethren, he makes good jokes, and one laughs, not out of compliment, but because one cannot help it.

He has been known to do his assize travelling on horseback, and I suppose in the near future we may expect to see the bicycle utilized for this purpose. The time cannot be far distant when we shall read of Mr. Justice Blank and his marshal entering an assize town on their bicycles. If ever that does happen, then, indeed, will it be apparent that the age of dignity has gone.

When Mr. Justice Wright was at the Bar, he used to smoke a pipe at "consultations," and now that he is on the Bench, and has no such vanities as consultations to trouble him, he smokes big cigars out of doors, and,

mayhap, the humble, or more nerve-shaking, pipe at home.

No human being was ever more completely destitute of what is so inaptly termed "side" than this most erudite judge, and it would hardly surprise any of his friends to learn that he had been seen smoking a "clay" in Bond Street.

When he was appointed a High Court Judge he protested—at least, so it was said—against the ludicrous customary rule which generally compels Her Majesty's judges to be knighted, and only yielded to the infliction of a "Sir" after a prolonged struggle, which reminded one of the story of the unwarlike individual who was *compelled* to become a *Volunteer*.

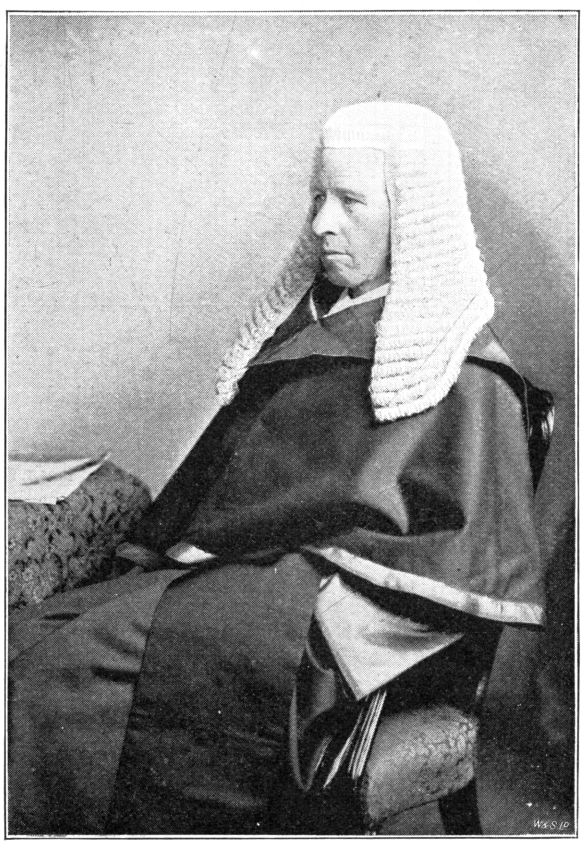
But, really, it is too absurd that in order to dispense justice to Her Majesty's subjects a distinguished barrister must descend to the level of those who have deserved honourable distinction by serving as sheriff of the City of London or acting the highly intellectual part of mayor of a small provincial town. It may be that my mind is not capable of appreciating the subtle niceties of the position, but whether that is so or not, I remain fixed in my opinion.

Some time ago, in the Jubilee year, a certain mayor of a very archaic yet unimportant town was disappointed at not being knighted. It was indeed a great blow to him; he had felt quite sure that the honour—which was so liberally dispensed at that time—would be his, and he had even invited tenders for the banquet which he intended that the corporation should give him when he became "Sir" something or other. His wife also felt the blow, became very ill, and visited her wrath on the wretched mayor, whom she declared she would not live with in the future. One day, after she had partially recovered from her illness, I met her, and she immediately began to pour forth her troubles.

"You see, if it was *anything*, which it wasn't, I wouldn't have minded; but, there, —— had only to ask and he would have got it. But not he, he wouldn't even spend a stamp for an application; he's *that* mean." I endeavoured to soothe her, but she would have none of it.

"Don't tell me," she said, "it isn't that I want —— to be a knight; if they had offered it, he shouldn't have taken the common thing; but they might have passed the compliment of asking him, mightn't they? To be kept out of a thing anybody can have for the asking!" she concluded, angrily, and departed without a good-bye.

Now, the moral of this story is obvious, and explains the irritation I feel when I reflect that Her Majesty's judges have the honour (?) forced upon them. Mr. Justice Wright was wise in protesting, although the issue was unsuccessful, and I trust in the future that other barristers who are raised to the Bench will follow his good example, and that such a measure of success will attend their efforts as attended those of the late Mr. Justice Denman. But I find I have run a little off the line of my subject, and must return to it. In his knowledge of practice and the technique of the law Mr. Justice Wright has no rival, and it is a real intellectual pleasure to argue a point before him in the Divi-



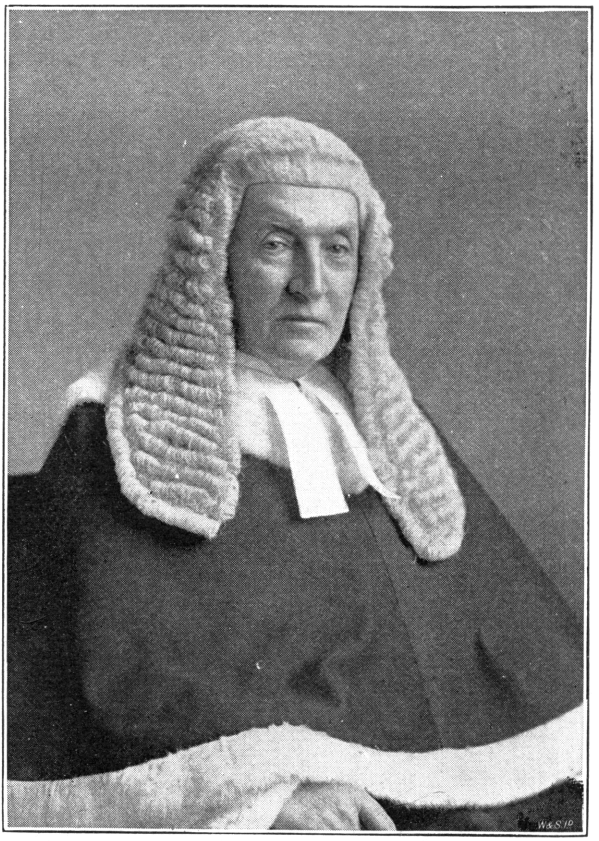
MR. JUSTICE WRIGHT.
From a Photo. by Whitlock, Birmingham.

sional Court. I have heard one or two barristers complain that he is too quick ; but can that be termed a fault in these days when the law's delay is a universal grievance ? For my own part, I don't see how a judge can be too quick, since even injustice speedily dealt out is preferable, in the interests of the community, to tardy justice ; and this learned judge is both rapid and just. If one were to criticise such an excellent judge as he, one might say that in the generality of cases he takes a too merciful view of a prisoner's misdoings. In other words, he inclines rather to the defence than to the prosecution.

I am far from saying that this is a fault at all, for I know to what ghastly extremes some judges go in the other direction, and any sane man must admit that punishment in so far as it is anything more than deterrent is bad and unjustifiable.

Further, the influence of such judges as Mr. Justice Wright is all for the best, and the habit of awarding long terms of penal servitude for trifling offences is rapidly going out, except, of course, at the Middlesex Sessions and other places where silly amateurs and legal failures disport themselves.

At Nisi Prius also, Mr. Justice Wright is more than merely satisfactory, and there is no doubt that this consummate lawyer will attain a very high position in our judiciary. The appointment of the Radical "Treasury Devil" by a Conservative Government was in itself a singularly effective tribute to Lord Halsbury. There never was a better appointment, and never was one more gracefully made.



MR. JUSTICE MATHEW.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Justice Mathew is the president of the tribunal which, to the gratification of both lawyer and layman, has succeeded admirably, under the name of the "Commercial Court."

A clever lawyer, possessed of a detailed knowledge of the law affecting mercantile transactions, endowed with a keen sense of humour, and an unlimited capacity for putting down the impertinent, this judge is reckoned both "jovial" and "strong"—and "strong," it should be explained, in legal phraseology, stands for the antithesis of "irresolute" and "wavering."

Probably no higher compliment could be paid by a member of the Bar to a judge than to say he is "strong." For there is nothing so unpleasant as a judge who either does not know his own mind, or, knowing it, flits through a variety of modes before announcing it.

But to return to our subject : Mr. Justice Mathew is, as I have already suggested, an eminently satisfactory judge, and it is but rarely that the Court of Appeal interferes with his decisions. It has been said—by those whom criticism could scarcely affect—that in the Commercial Court he habitually disregards the ordinary rules of evidence, but this is not so.

True, he allows a little more latitude to an examining counsel than is generally done, but that is the extent of his innovation, and his judgments are based upon facts sufficiently powerful to withstand the assaults of No. 1 Court of Appeal. It might be well, however, if he were not to restrict the operations of his Court by practically treating only charter

party and insurance cases as its appropriate subjects; but that is a moot point, on which I am not going to adjudicate. The Commercial Court is an assured success, and already the Arbitration Clause—much dreaded of lawyers—is gradually disappearing from documents recording contracts.

As a criminal judge I have not had any experience of him, as he has not "gone" my circuit since I joined the Bar; but I have heard men wax eloquent about his doings, and I am quite content to adopt the view of those who, by reason of greater experience, are even better qualified than I am to form a critical estimate.

Among other honorary positions, Mr. Justice Mathew filled till lately that of vice-chairman of the Council of Legal Education, and in that capacity he took part in promoting a series of important reforms, some of which have already turned out well. But with regard to the eventual success of at least one of these reforms, I am decidedly sceptical.

For I myself doubt the wisdom of admitting the public to hear the Council's lecturers, and I think that reform should be re-reformed, and the public rigidly excluded from the doubtful benefits attendance at the lectures might produce.

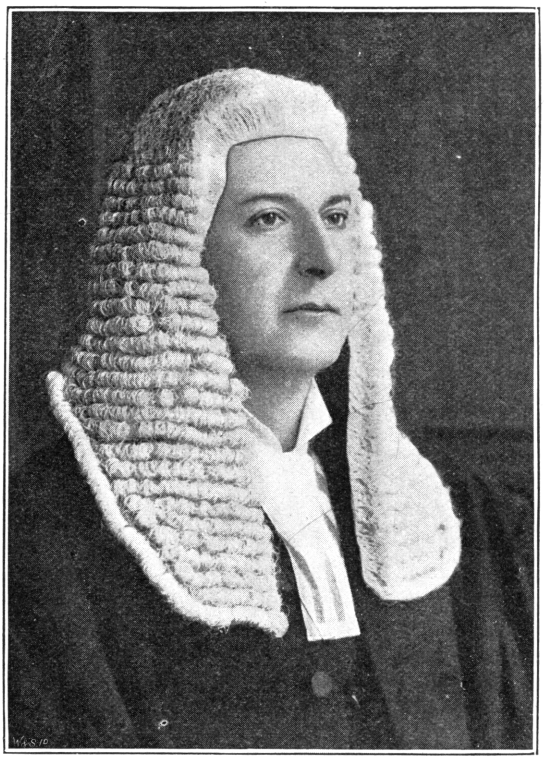
I say "doubtful," because the truth that a little learning is a dangerous thing is nowhere better illustrated than in the domain of law.

Indeed, in these days of over-population, over-competition, and consequent trade depression, the Bar owes a great deal to the popular law-books, the study of which hurries thousands of people into the courts.

If it were not for the mistakes that these said books produce in the lay mind, the formation of another Embankment would be necessary to provide the means of livelihood for a multitude of no-work-to-do counsel. As a member of the Bar, I am deeply grateful for those books and other litigious influences; still, the interests of the Bar cannot, and should not, be preferred to those of the public. However, there are one or two clever men — one learned judge in their number — on the Council, and there must be some reason for this particular reform, only what that reason is does not plainly appear.

Still, it is useless to criticise unless the critic is in possession of all the facts—and, therefore, I will say no more on the subject—at present.

Mr. Justice Mathew is an Irishman and a Home Ruler, but if this Government overlooks that fact and appoints him to the post, when vacant, which he was marked out for when a Liberal Administration ruled the roast, I dare be sworn that the appointment would be as popular with lawyers as it would be well merited.



MR. JUSTICE ROMER.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Other judges have used an eyeglass, but, as far as my personal experience goes, Mr. Justice Romer is the only judge who has personally identified himself with that strangely attractive piece of opacity. It is not impossible, metaphysicians tell us in their peculiar jargon, to conceive a limit to space. It is not impossible mentally to anticipate an era of nothingness—but I firmly and finally believe that it would be impossible for the most refined idealist or the profoundest devotee of speculative occultism (unless he be a photographer) to conceive Mr. Justice Romer *without his eyeglass*, and the reason of it is that it has

become an integral portion of his own individuality. Now, whether it is the fault of the eyeglass or of his own great ability, this learned judge has made for himself a reputation second to none in the Chancery Division, and while Common Law men cheerfully admit his claims to professional distinction, Chancery men positively rave with enthusiasm when they speak of—I beg pardon, but it must be said—"Bob" Romer; and this fact is sufficiently significant of the virtue of our judge.

As a rule, Chancery counsel are denoted by a straggling beard, baggy trousers, and a stutter. They know nothing of the more material pleasures of life. They regard a joke as a piece of unmeaning vulgarity, and always use a five-syllable word—when they know one. Unlike the "Divorce" man, they are neither gentle nor self-effacing, but on the contrary are generally combative and particularly assertive.

They suspect the wearer of a silk hat that is not brushed the wrong way; they gorge themselves on luncheons of ham sandwiches and milk and soda-water; and, if they became heathens, would probably worship a sawdust doll, or something equally unromantic and offensively respectable.

They are an uninteresting race, who generally belong to a musical society, and frequently attach themselves to a "Social Evenings' Mission." A few have taken to fishing, and at least one has been known to play golf.

Now, in the main, Chancery men trouble me but little. If I go into their courts they are icily—*i.e*, becomingly—civil. If I meet them "out," we nod to each other. They are a thing apart from the Common Law Bar, a society unto themselves.

In fact, I have always regarded them as forming a species of forensic lotus-eater—men who, having attended in court during one "motion" day, have tasted of the drowsy pleasures of *ennui*, and abandoned themselves to its irresistible influence.

Yes, the Chancery Bar are indeed children of Dust and Dulness! Their characters will bear an analytical examination, but their moral strength cannot support the weight of an oath; and yet, despite all this, I have known a Chancery man to evince distinct signs of the possession of an interest in something outside himself; indeed, I have even seen his eye dart forth fire, and his beard tremble vividly when he has been discussing his revered late "leader!"

"I tell you," a certain one—whom I had ever looked upon as of the extra selfish brand, and whose violence considerably startled me—once thundered, "the best judge on the Bench is Romer"; and, with a bang on the table, "He is the *only* judge!" I was afraid to argue, and if I had done so, I should only have taken exception to the universality of his statement; but the flashing eye of my antiquated companion brought home to me and the affrighted waitresses in that pleasing summer resort, the Law Courts' Tea Room, the conviction that the Chancery Bar would do great things in praise and support of their judge. I pursued the subject no farther, but I afterwards pondered how much a judge is worth who is so highly thought of by the men who practise before him. But, speaking apart from the Chancery Bar and its attendant circumstances, it is undoubted that, as a clear, hard-headed, able judge, Mr. Justice Romer is not excelled by anyone on the Bench. He is both clever and practical, and highly popular withal.

And here I may mention one grievous fault of the Chancery Bar.

It is undoubted that it introduced the fashion of beards and other outrageous devices in hair, and this in the teeth of the excellent tradition that barristers should be clean shaven.

But while blaming the Chancery men, I do not forget that the Common Law men followed their lead, and now such abominations as moustaches and Cavalier beards are to be seen daily in the Queen's Bench Division and Criminal Courts. If a counsel appears in court in a light coat or a gaudy waistcoat, the Court refuses to "see" him until he has changed it for a garment of a more sombre hue.

Why should it not extend the principle to the case of what are journalistically termed "hirsute appendages"?

Why, indeed? Unless it be that some of the judges themselves are offenders in this respect.

There is nothing more incongruous than a combination of wig and moustache, and it is to be hoped that the rising generation will redress the errors of their immediate forebears, and adopt the habits which by long—though recently interrupted—usage have been decreed as a tradition of the Bar.

Mr. Justice Wills is, among other things, an active member of the Alpine Club, and such is his vigour that it would not surprise me to hear that he had established a "record" in the bicycle world. Certainly he is uncommonly

hale, and affords a splendid object-lesson to the youth who delight to be called "gilded," but whose appropriate epithet is the comprehensive "asinine."

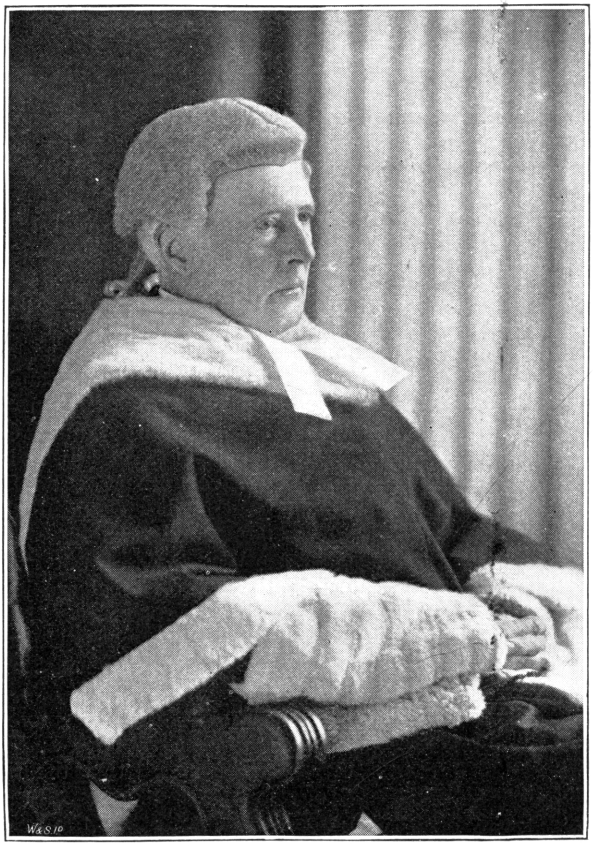
One watches him at work with admiring wonder. He is so fresh, so—may I be pardoned for saying it!—cherubic, so altogether unlike the lantern-jawed, plaster-of-paris toy bogey who popularly passes as *the* type of a man of the law! And yet, in spite of these physical characteristics, Mr. Justice Wills is a highly satisfactory judge, whose one fault consists in his inability to practically distinguish between law and morality.

There are one or two other judges who also labour under this difficulty, and it is sad it should be so.

In ascertaining the amount of punishment necessary in the interests of the community—and that should be the sole consideration—judges should not act vindictively, and should not regard the scope of the law as properly punitive. It is the duty of a judge to administer the law; it is not his duty to air his own particular views of what should be the law. Deterrence of crime, and not the vindication of a moral principle, is the true end of the criminal law.

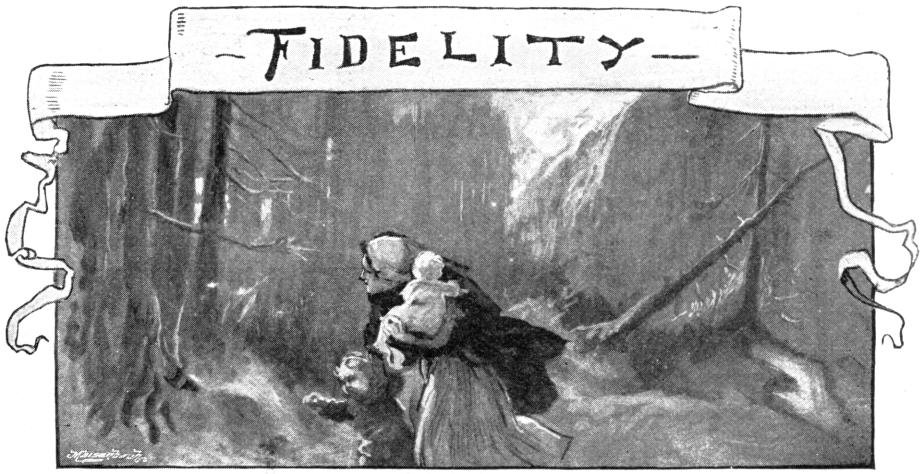
But judges are apt to forget this fact, and to wield their tremendous powers for the purpose of inflicting pain on the offender merely because he has offended. They would, if tackled, probably deny this allegation; but deny they never so strenuously, it is true, lamentably true. But this apart: Mr. Justice Wills is a strong and a good judge, and is also courteous; a long list of virtues to atone for one failing!

Lord Justice Lopes, whose portrait appeared in last month's issue, has latterly taken to sit in a specially constituted Divorce Court, from which vantage point he cracks jokes and hurries up the gentlemen who habitually concern themselves with matrimonial causes. He is a very shrewd and pleasant judge, whose usual place is in the Court of Appeal; but so great is his success in the Divorce Court, that it seems a pity he does not sit more regularly to try its appropriate cases. In the Court of Appeal he asks many questions, and delivers lengthy judgments which invariably contain much good sense. I have never known this learned judge to say an unkind thing, and I have never heard that his consideration has been abused.



MR. JUSTICE WILLS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

(To be continued.)



By Carmen Sylva. Translated by Alys Hallard.

IN the northern part of Moldavia there is an immense Royal forest called Brotschéni, in many parts of which the woodman's axe has never been heard, and the foot of man has never trod.

In the year 1538 the country round was not as beautiful as it is now, neither was it so peaceful. The sound of weapons was frequently to be heard in the valleys. The women and children used to fly to the densest parts of the woods, for the terrible words, "The Turks are coming!" were constantly being passed on from village to village.

The Sultan Soliman was bent on devastating Moldavia, and in spite of his most valiant efforts Prince Petru Raresch had been conquered several times by the enemy. Sutschawa, his capital, was in the hands of the Turks, who, on their march to Piatra, were burning, pillaging, and massacring all they could lay hands on. Poor Moldavia was being ravaged in the most terrible manner, and all that could not be transported was ruined by the invaders.

The Turks knew neither pity nor mercy; they strangled the children and massacred all the women they did not wish to carry off, and, indeed, death was far preferable to the poor women than slavery under the Mussulman. The whole country presented a pitiable aspect; no domestic animals were to be seen, and there was neither corn nor hay anywhere.

With the remnant of his conquered army, Petru Raresch had to leave Piatra and get to Jesle by the Bistritza, as he knew that there would be provisions there for the soldiers and horses. The Prince had sent his three children to the fortress of Ciceu, but the Princess Helena had refused to be separated from him.

"The Turks will not take me," she said, "and I shall not leave you unless my presence should prove dangerous for you."

A little farther on than Hangu, in the church of Calugareni, they had taken refuge. This little church is sheltered by a colossal rock which, so the legend runs, the devil once took from the summit of the Tschachlau, intending to stop the course of the Bistritza with it. Just as he had lifted the great rock and was about to hurl it into the river, the cock began to crow, and the Evil Spirit, fearing the daylight, turned to fly, and the rock fell from his hand into the place where it now stands. Under the shadow of this huge rock, then, the Princess Helena was waiting, all eyes and ears for any news. Her delicate face changed colour frequently, and her nostrils quivered with excitement and anxiety. "Oh! what a disgrace it is to be conquered!" she exclaimed to the old monk with the snow-white beard, who had approached her.

"There is nothing irreparable save death," he replied, calmly.

"Nothing irreparable!" repeated the young wife, violently, "when we are completely lost! Why, perhaps this very day, old man as you are, you may be pierced through the heart with a yatagan!"

"That is quite possible!" was the quiet reply.

The gallop of a body of horse was heard on the rocky slope, and in another minute Raresch appeared, tearing along at full speed,

a handful of horsemen just behind him. He stopped just long enough to lift his wife up into his saddle, and then, without uttering a word, continued his desperate flight along the bank of the stream. The Turks were following close behind, but suddenly, in the very narrowest part of the ravine, the old monk appeared in front of them, and their horses reared with fright at his apparition.

"Halt!" he cried out. "What is it that you want here?"

"We want Raresch! A hundred gold pieces are offered for his head. Show us where he is hiding or you are a dead man!"

The monk nodded his head, and turning, led the way up a narrow path between the rocks, and with great trunks of trees projecting here and there. He went on and on, and the path grew steeper and steeper, until at last they came to an inpenetrable wood. For a long time the horsemen followed him, and their poor beasts had to climb like cats. At last, however, they found they could go no farther; there was no way out of the dense wood, and in a perfect fury they turned on the old monk. They tore his clothes, nailed his hands and feet to a fallen tree, and then went away leaving him thus to his fate. The old man's lips turned blue with anguish, but he murmured:—

"I am nailed down, although not on the cross. And if it be not for the sake of humanity, it is at any rate for the sake of my country!"

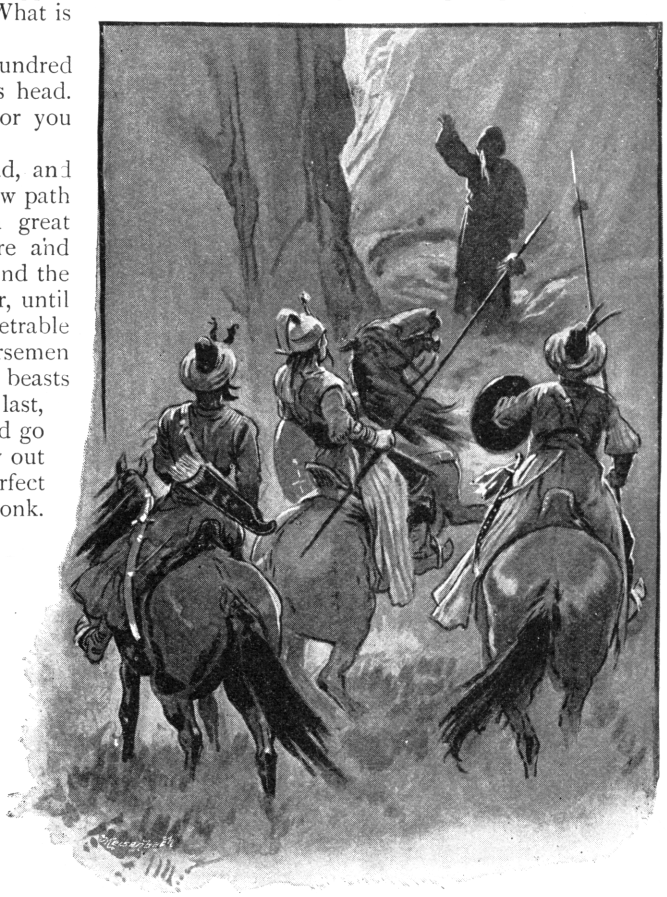
He then closed his eyes, and without a murmur resigned himself to this slow, agonizing death. The fugitives meanwhile had taken a narrow path which led to the Forest of Brotschéni. When once they were there their road was very difficult, and it was necessary to know the fords well in order to cross the river so many times. If, however, they succeeded in doing this the enemy would completely lose track of them.

The Prince's horse was beginning to give way under his double burden, and only answered to the spurs by a quiver like a spasm passing through its frame.

"If your Highness will take my horse," said one of the men to the Princess, "I will dismount."

"But what about you?"

"We must not lose a moment, or it may be too late!" was the only answer, and lifting the Princess quickly from her husband's arms the man placed her on his own horse, and then disappeared quickly amongst the trees without waiting for any thanks. On, on they went, leaving the banks of the Bistritza and ascending the steep slope where at the present time a monastery commemorates the flight of Petru Raresch.



"'HALT!' HE CRIED."

From afar the two rocky summits looked like the towers of a church. There was a cavern in the rock where anyone could very well hide, for it was surrounded by a dense wood, and on the trees which had fallen new shoots had sprung up, and were now giants in their turn. At almost every step the thick, mossy carpet gave way, and the horse's hoofs would sink in the rotten wood of a dead tree, which would crumble to pieces on the soil.

Suddenly, just in front of them, they heard a terrible crackling sound and heavy breath-

ing, and there, just by Helena's side, an auroch appeared with his horns lowered. The next instant he had run his terrible horns into her horse, and was preparing to make a second charge at Helena, but Raresch was too quick for him, and seizing the two horns—all covered with blood as they were—with almost supernatural strength, he twisted the monster's head so that his neck broke.* He then freed Helena from her horse and set her on her feet.

"Can you walk?" he asked, gently, just as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

Helena clung to him for a moment, and then answered bravely:—

"Yes, I could walk to the end of the world," but the deadly pallor of her cheeks betrayed her weakness.

"Then we will give up our horses, for they will be more trouble than help in these parts; and in order to throw our pursuers off the scent, we must separate. I must get to Ciceu, and I shall not be long before I am there, even though it is some distance by the mountains. Stefanitza, take the Princess to the cavern, and stay there with her until I come back. You could not very well walk to the end of the world after all," he added, turning to his wife and throwing his arm round her.

"But must you leave me?" she asked.

"Not for long. . . . Listen, though, do you hear the Turks in the valley? Quick, there is not a moment to lose!"

He stooped down and kissed her, and then with whips and stones they drove the horses away in all directions, and Raresch bid farewell to his young wife, whom he was obliged to leave in the midst of this desolate wood, though under good protection.

She watched him as he strode quickly away, and she could not help owning to herself that she could not have accompanied him any farther without endangering both their lives. She stood there so long, looking out in the direction which her husband had taken, that, at last, Stefanitza was obliged to remind her of her own peril.

Helena then started to walk in the direction of the two mountain-tops which looked like two vast domes. The ascent was difficult, and although the air was laden with the perfume of wild flowers, the Princess, fond though she was of every kind of flower, never noticed them at all. At length, a feeling of utter exhaustion came over her, and standing still, and supporting herself against a tree, she pressed her hand to her heart and listened for a moment to the wild cries which came up from the valley.

"Stefanitza!" she said, "I want you to take a solemn oath."

"What does your Highness wish me to promise?"

"It is more than a promise that I want. You must swear to me by all you hold sacred

"YOU MUST SWEAR TO ME."

that you will not let me fall into the hands of the infidels! I would rather have your sword plunged into my breast than the hand of a Mussulman on my shoulder."

Stefanitza met her earnest gaze without flinching.

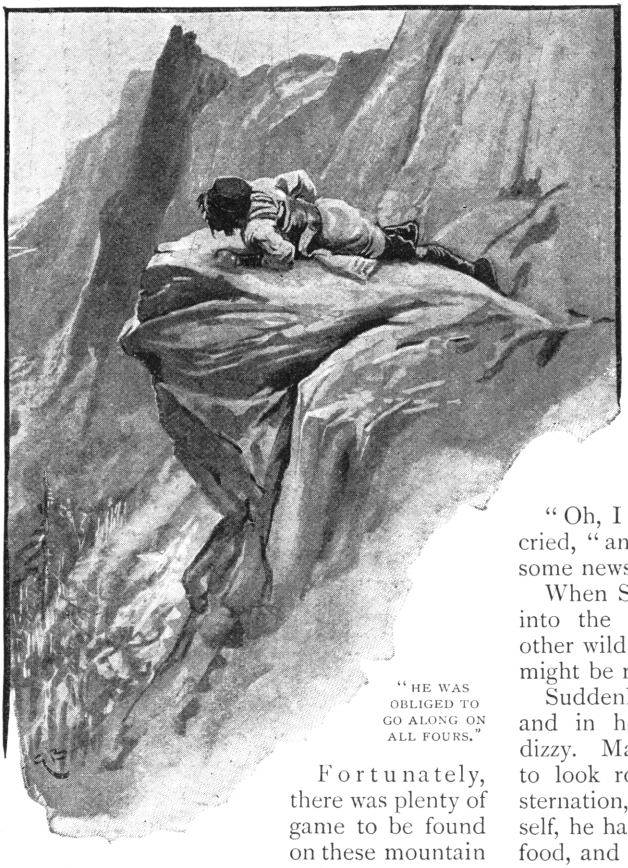
* The spot where the beast fell is marked to-day by a huge rock, called the Piatra Zimbulei, or the Auroch's Stone.

"I had already thought of that!" he answered, simply.

"Then I am not afraid, come what may!" exclaimed Helena, with a sigh of relief.

Then, making a desperate effort, she started once more on the difficult journey up the mountain. Finally they reached the huge cavern which was their destination. "Saved!" murmured Helena, as she fell on her knees and prayed to Heaven for her husband, who was now being hunted like some wild animal, and who would have to continue his dangerous and difficult journey.

The Princess was astonished to find that she was so hungry, for she had imagined that she could live without food as long as her husband's life was in danger. Stefanitza was delighted to see the colour return to her cheeks, and when he brought her a large leaf full of wild strawberries, he felt rewarded for all his trouble by her smiles and thanks.



"HE WAS OBLIGED TO GO ALONG ON ALL FOURS."

Fortunately, there was plenty of game to be found on these mountain summits where no human beings ever came. Once Stefanitza climbed to the extreme edge of the rock, but he was obliged to go along on all fours. From this point there was a magnificent view: Moldavia, Bukovina, and Siebenburgen all lay stretched out before him, while Mount Caliman could be seen in all its glory.

It was a magnificent panorama certainly, but Stefanitza paid little heed to the grandeur of it all. He shook his head sadly as he slipped down the rock again, for the vast plain was just as calm and peaceful-looking in the bright sunshine as though no such thing as war, with all its horrors, existed, and the immutable rocks in their stony tranquillity did not tell him whether Petru Raresch had safely accomplished his dangerous enterprise. The Princess was naturally very sad and anxious, but by the second day she had begun to get accustomed to her new surroundings.

She covered the damp walls and the floor of the cavern with moss, and she washed her clothes in the streamlet and spread them to dry on the bushes. Then she arranged a little pantry in one of the corners of the cavern for their provisions, and dried wood for kindling a fire.

The want of bread was their greatest hardship, and, indeed, a few ears of wheat would have been more precious to the two fugitives than all the treasures in the world. Stefanitza decided to go down to the valley one day and bring back some wheat and salt, and also see if he could hear any news. He lighted the fire before starting, and advised the Princess, in case of any danger threatening her, not to take refuge in the cavern, but to go into the forest, or else climb up to the summit of the rock.

"Oh, I am not afraid of anything!" she cried, "and I would risk everything to have some news!"

When Stefanitza had gone, Helena set out into the wood to gather strawberries and other wild fruit, so that her faithful protector might be refreshed on his return.

Suddenly she heard some strange sounds, and in her terror she felt herself growing dizzy. Making a supreme effort she ventured to look round, and then, to her great consternation, she saw a huge bear. Like herself, he had come into the wood in search of food, and he had not yet caught sight of her.

Terrified though she was, she did not forget Stefanitza's advice, but turned and fled towards the summit of the rock. The long brambles kept catching on to her dress and

holding her fast, so that she had to keep stopping to free herself. At length she got safely out of the wood, and not daring to turn her head, she started on her upward path. The great stones were scorching hot and burnt her hands as she clutched them. The rock she had to climb was slippery, and her dress impeded her progress.

Fear, however, lends strength, and she struggled courageously on, until at last she reached the top of the almost perpendicular rock.

When once there she remained kneeling, for she dared not stir; the terrible precipice below made her so giddy that she could not venture to stand up. She now looked down into the wood to see what the bear was doing.

First he went into the cavern and devoured all the provisions he found there, and then he roamed about for nearly an hour, and finally disappeared again within the cavern. Helena felt thankful that she had followed Stefanitza's advice, and not attempted to take refuge there. The time seemed to pass very slowly, and the sun shed its perpendicular rays on Helena, who was still kneeling and resting herself on her hands. She was nearly mad with thirst, and her eyes were burning most painfully. As she looked down on to the plain below her a new fear seized her.

When Stefanitza came back, how was she to warn him of the danger? And what was she to do if he did not come back? He had been such a long time away!

Despair at last began to take the place of her courage, and in her anguish of mind she would certainly have fallen from the rock, if her anxiety for her brave protector had not prompted her to hold on to the very last in hope of being able to warn him. An eagle was now describing circles around the peak of the rock, and with that exception there was the most intense stillness and silence all around. The sun was getting lower in the horizon, and the shadows of the trees were lengthening. Supposing he did not return before night-fall! Suddenly she saw a movement under the trees, and in another moment Stefanitza appeared holding in his hand a sheaf of corn.

Helena waved her handkerchief, but, alas! he did not look up. She shouted to him as loud as she could, but in vain: he continued his way tranquilly towards the cavern. He was just at the opening and was about to enter, when she saw him start back, throw down his sheaf, and draw his sword.

It was as though a mist came before Helena's eyes, but the next minute she saw the bear advance towards Stefanitza. The wild beast rose up on his hind legs with a furious growl, but the man stood his ground and thrust his sword into the bear's throat up to the hilt.

The next instant man and beast had fallen together to the ground. Wild with terror, Helena slipped down the rock and darted like a flash of lightning to the cavern. Stefanitza had disengaged himself from the bear's grip and had risen from the ground.

In spite of the pain he was suffering, he uttered an exclamation of joy as he saw the Princess standing before him.

He had feared that she was dead, for he had seen that the bear's mouth was covered with blood. At first he refused to own that he was hurt, but Helena was sure he was in pain, and insisted on binding up his wounded arm.

"The Prince is safe and has reached Ciceu. He is getting an army together, and in a few days will be here for us," Stefanitza announced.

"Do you know what became of poor Toma, who gave up his horse to me?" Helena asked.

"He is dead," replied Stefanitza, quite calmly.

"Dead!" exclaimed the Princess, her eyes dilating with horror; "dead, and for my sake!"

Stefanitza muttered something which Helena could not catch; she only distinguished the word "happiness."

"But how did they take him, the Turks?"

"He let himself be taken purposely."

"But why—whatever for?"

"He made the Turks believe that he was the Prince, and they turned back, taking him with them as a prisoner. They had gone some distance when the idiotic peasants, who can never keep their tongues still, must needs let the Turks know that they were being deceived. They were naturally furious, and in their anger they tortured the poor fellow and put him to death."

Helena shuddered as she thought of the ghastly cruelty which her poor countryman had doubtless suffered at the hands of the enemy.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, with tears in her eyes.

"What did it matter as long as your Highness was saved?" exclaimed Stefanitza, warmly.

The wound which he had treated as of no

consequence proved to be very serious, and during the next few days he was feverish and even delirious. When he was unconscious he talked all the time of the Princess. She had a hard time of it, for, beside nursing her patient, she had to go out to get food. Fruit was not enough to sustain them, and at last, in desperation, she started out in search of game.

For another day or two they went on like this, and at last the feverishness left Stefanitza and he fell into a peaceful sleep. It was late in the afternoon, when he was roused by a piercing scream. He sprang up and looked for his weapons, but found nothing except his lance. He rushed out of the cavern, and there he saw the Princess defending herself with his sword against two Turks. Stefanitza forgot his weakness, and with one bound was at her side and ran his lance through the aggressor's body. The second Turk tried to make off, but he was caught and strangled with his own scarf.

"Are there any more on the way here?" asked Stefanitza.

The dying man only rolled his head from side to side. He either did not understand or he would not answer. Helena, her face as pale as death, was leaning against a rock, for now that the danger was over her strength had given way.

Stefanitza tried to drag the two corpses away, but he had forgotten how weak he was, and he was obliged to sit down on the ground while Helena fetched him some water with which to moisten his parched lips.

"What shall I do now?" she asked, simply.

He pointed to the dead bodies.

"Either they or us. . . . We cannot stop here like this."

"Let us go away!" she exclaimed, eagerly.

He looked at her earnestly and sighed.

"But you could not walk," she continued; "you are far too weak to undertake the journey to Ciceu."

"Oh! yes, I can walk," he replied.

Helena collected the provisions together, and took up the bear's skin with which Stefanitza had covered her mossy couch. When night came on she threw it over the wounded man as he lay, weak and almost helpless, under a tree, and then, taking up his sword, she mounted guard. Stefanitza had received a fresh wound in his combat with the Turks, but he had not breathed a word of it to her, and she was horrified to see the blood flowing from it when he was asleep. She had nothing with which she could bind it up, so was obliged to staunch it with some large leaves. With bare feet and her long hair hanging down over her cloak, she watched, sword in hand, by this man who had risked his life for her. By the light of the moon through the trees she could see how ghastly wan and pale his face looked, and in her despair she wondered if he were dying.

"Oh, what will become of her if I should die?" murmured the sick man; and then, turning his head restlessly from side to side, he added, "If only I could have one lock of her hair to carry with me to my grave!"

"STEFANITZA RAN HIS LANCE THROUGH THE AGGRESSOR'S BODY."

Helena placed some more leaves which she had dipped in water on his forehead and on his wounds, and then, cutting a tress of her beautiful, fair hair from her head with the sword, she put it into his hands. His fingers

closed tightly over it, and he went to sleep again, while she continued her lonely watch.

Suddenly it seemed to her that she heard some horses coming along the very road that she and Stefanitza had taken. She stood up, and, holding her breath, tried to still the beating of her heart, which seemed to prevent her hearing anything else.

Supposing that the two dead Turks had only been the forerunners of a whole troop of the enemy! She gazed at the cold, glittering sword in her hand, and her youth revolted against the horrible death which she had resolved to inflict on herself rather than demand this supreme service from her faithful attendant.

She listened. Yes, there was no mistake about it, horses were coming along the road, and she could even hear voices coming nearer and nearer. A cloud passed before the moon; when that had disappeared and she caught sight of the first Turk, she would thrust the sword through her heart. The sounds came nearer, but, thanks to the cloud, the horses had been reined in, and were coming more slowly. A silvery light edged the cloud now, and the rays of the moon appeared again.

"Stefanitza, they are here—upon us!" cried the young Princess, in a tone of anguish. She had pointed the sword against her breast, but her hand trembled violently.

"Give me the sword!" he exclaimed, a look of agony in his eyes. He took it from her hands and stood right in front of her, pale and stern, like the Angel of Death.

"I will keep my word faithfully," he said, "and the same sword shall release me afterwards."

The horses came nearer. Stefanitza lifted his arm, and Helena closed her eyes awaiting the supreme moment. Suddenly Stefanitza's arm fell and his face lighted up.

"They are Roumanians!" he exclaimed, and then, raising his voice, he called out: "This way, this way, here is the Princess!"

A loud "Hurrah!" was the reply.

"This way, forward, your Highness!" was the shout that resounded through the dense wood, and in another minute the horsemen arrived on the spot, their horses neighing, and Helena fell fainting into her husband's arms.

Everyone gathered round her, giving what help they could. Stefanitza alone stood back leaning against a tree, and gazing earnestly at her sweet, pale face.

When she came to herself again, her first question was about her children.

"They are safe, and waiting for you, my poor darling," replied her husband, kissing her as he lifted her in his arms on to his own horse.

"And were you trying to walk like this?" he asked, as he caught sight of her poor, bare feet.

"I was on my way to you," said Helena, endeavouring to smile.

Stefanitza was then lifted on to a horse and a soldier walked at his side, for he was too weak to sit up unsupported. A blast was then blown on the horn, and when the whole troop was assembled, they all set out together through the silent woods.

Several weeks later a raft sheltered from the sun by a bower of leaves and flowers, and with flags flying, came down the Bistritza. The Princess Helena was seated in state under the leafy awning, and with her were her three little children. Stefanitza was there too. He was quite well again, but was strangely serious as he listened to the propositions of the Prince.

"Do stay with us," urged Petru Raresch; "you will be cared for and respected in our home as though you were one of our family."

"No, your Highness, do not ask me to do this. When there is a battle to be fought I shall always be at your side, but Court life is not in my way."

He was true to his word. Many were the fierce battles that were waged before the country was free from the Turks, and in each one Stefanitza was always in the thickest of the fight. It was as though he bore a charmed life, though, for indifferent as he ever was to danger, he always came out unscathed, and, reckless as he was of his life, it was preserved for many long years.

At home he was very lonely and desolate, and day by day grew more and more grave and taciturn. He lived to be a very old man, and at his death it was found that he wore next his heart a long, silky tress of fair hair.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXVIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE NEW MEMBER.

NEW members are slowly learning the pitfalls that lie in the pathway along the innocent-looking floor of the House of Commons. In the early days of their changed existence they showed the customary passion for walking out to a division with their hats on. Few things, in a small way, are so comical as to see the new member thus offending turn round, on hearing the stern cry of "Order! order!" from the Speaker or Chairman of Committees, and look about to see who it may be that is misconducting himself. When the truth dawns upon him, or is brought home to him by peremptory action on the part of neighbours, the condition of the new member is pathetically pitiful. He clutches at the offending hat, and makes off at quickened pace to the grateful obscurity of the division lobby.

"ORDER! ORDER!"

HOWLED AT.

Another familiar incident in the early life of the new member is his irresistible tendency to stroll between the Chair and an honourable gentleman on his legs addressing it. That, according to Parliamentary etiquette, is an offence second only to the enormity of manslaughter in the eye of the criminal law. The circumstances under which it usually takes place add considerably to the sensation of the moment. The new member enters the House and finds it moderately full, listening to a gentleman addressing the Speaker from a bench below the gangway. He stands at the bar a few minutes. Then he thinks he may as well take his place, approachable by the gangway that midway divides the benches. He steps down the floor, bowing with easy grace to the Speaker, turns to the left and begins to saunter up the gangway, when he is startled by an outburst of fierce cries of "Order! Order!" Members near him are shouting, too, glaring upon him like tigers deprived of their whelps. He perceives as in a lurid flash of lightning what is the matter. He is passing between the Chair and the honourable member addressing it. The anguish of the situation suddenly revealed is added to by the difficulty of deciding what to do. If he goes back he will have to walk crestfallen to the door, under the mocking gaze of a crowded House. If he goes forward he will be heaping up the enormity of his guilt. What he generally does is to stand stock-still for a moment, his knees trembling, his face recalling the look in the eyes of a hunted hare. Gradually he stoops down with hands on knees almost touching the floor, and so, making his way up the gangway, slinks into his seat. Then the House, thoroughly refreshed by the sport, turns to further consider the argument of the member who was addressing it.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

At one time, during the existence of the Salisbury Parliament, the House, bent on enjoyment of this time-honoured game, caught a Tartar. An Irish member was continuing debate from the second bench below the gangway. Lord Tweedmouth (then Mr. Marjoribanks and one of the Opposition Whips) rose from the front bench and strolled towards the door. On the way he necessarily passed between the Irish member and the Chair, whereat there burst forth a roar of "Order! Order!" the more jubilant since the offender was an old and popular member. To the general surprise, Mr. Marjoribanks did not go down on his hands or knees, or otherwise show himself perturbed. On the contrary, he raised himself to fuller height, shortened his pace, and defiantly regarded the shouting members. Worse still, when he reached the bar he turned round, and walked back again slower than ever as he passed between the orator and the Speaker.

There was evidently something wrong somewhere, and it did not appear to rest with Mr. Marjoribanks. He was not committing a breach of order, or his defiant procedure would have drawn forth reproof from the Speaker. This conclusion was correct. The member on his legs at the moment spoke from the second bench, which is raised a step from the floor. The assumption—not quite safe in the case of a man of Lord Tweedmouth's inches—therefore, was that no obstacle interposed between the line of sight of the member thus elevated and the Chair. The gangway step made all the difference. Had the member speaking stood on the floor by the front bench below the gangway, Mr. Marjoribanks sauntering down to the door would have called upon himself the reproof of the Speaker. But he is too old a Parliamentary hand to have committed so unpardonable an offence.

THE PERIL OF ASIDES.

A far more subtle intricacy of procedure is that which determines what exactly is a speech. Even before he takes his seat the new member has learned the fundamental rule that he may, when the Speaker is in the Chair, make only one contribution to debate. In Committee, where it is assumed, often with fatal lack of foundation, that members do not orate but converse, opportunity of speech-making is untrammelled.

Early in the present Session a Bill was introduced extending to Ireland the priceless advantage enjoyed by "the predominant partner" of allowing women to sit on Boards of Guardians. Mr. Farrell, newly-elected for West Cavan, held strong views on the point. These were, indeed, so strong that when proposal was formally made to read the Bill a second time, he cried out, "I object." It not being after midnight there was in this protest nothing beyond the moral weight conveyed by the opinion of an esteemed member. Apparently no notice was taken of the remark, and the debate continued. Mr. Farrell sat attentive, adding to the speech he had prepared in the retirement of his study various convincing points suggested by members taking part in the debate.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S HAT TRICK.

At length he thought the time had come when he would do well to interpose and settle the matter. Rising to his full height, he said, "Mr. Speaker, sir."

"Order, order!" cried the Speaker. "The hon. member for West Cavan has already spoken."

The present House of Commons is happily endowed with the presence of two Farrells. James Patrick represents West Cavan. Thomas G. sits for South Kerry. This mistake of the Speaker was quite natural. Indeed, James Patrick often wondered how, dealing with six hundred and seventy gentlemen, he was so unfailingly accurate in identifying them. Now, he had made a mistake, mixing up two Irish members, both bearing the name of Farrell. The member for West Cavan was not disposed to be hard upon him. So, gently shaking his head, with seductive smile, he said, "No, Mr. Speaker, I did not."

"At the beginning of the discussion," said the Speaker, "the honourable member observed 'I object.'"

Mr. Farrell dropped into his seat as if the Speaker's quietly-uttered remark had been a well-aimed pistol-shot.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

This is the most striking illustration I remember of a well-known rule, a remarkable proof of Mr. Gully's watchfulness and presence of mind. There is under this same rule a custom by no means uncommon. A member, whether in charge of a motion or desiring to second it, may do so by simply raising his hat, reserving ordered speech to a later stage of the debate. Sir Wilfrid Lawson was the first to reduce this to a system. When he brought forward his annual Bill on the Temperance Question, the occasion was inevitably a Wednesday afternoon. The House was usually empty when, shortly after the Speaker took the chair at noon, Sir Wilfrid was called upon. To waste his impromptus on empty benches was an experience too depressing, even for a habitual water-drinker. Sir Wilfrid accordingly lifted his hat. The hapless seconder of the motion

delivered his speech to empty benches, Sir Wilfrid coming on about four o'clock, when the House was full.

Herein he was strictly in order. Other members, noting the success of the manœuvre and desiring to adopt it, have been occasionally surprised when they have risen to make their cherished speech by hearing from the Speaker that they have already spoken. What happened was that in raising their hat they said either "I beg to move that the Bill be now read a second time," or, "I beg to second the motion," according to the place assigned to them. Either of these innocent remarks, like Mr. Farrell's still briefer, "I object," is in Parliamentary law a speech, and is treated as such.

A LAW-BREAKING LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Now, as in Pope's time, gentle dulness ever loves a joke, and the House of Lords has much chuckled over the slip made by Lord Russell of Killowen. At the opening of a new Parliament, noble lords, like ordinary commoners, are sworn in. There is a statute, passed so recently as 1866, wherein members of the House of Lords sitting or joining in debate before taking the oath are subject to a penalty of £500 for each offence. This Act was passed in substitution of a much more drastic ordinance. It dated from the year 1714, and in addition to the fine of £500, disabled the offender from suing in any court of law, forbade him to hold any office within the realm, to assume the guardianship of a child, to be an executor under a will or other deed, or himself to receive a legacy.

The severity of this enactment shows that at this epoch the offence guarded against was regarded as one of real importance, evidently worth somebody's while to attempt its accomplishment. Now it is the result of inadvertence, and is perhaps more common and freer from detection than is generally known. During the prolonged debates round Mr. Bradlaugh's body in the Parliament of 1885, a member of the House of Commons confided to me the secret that he had never taken the oath. He approached the table with that honest intent, and stood with the crowd waiting for opportunity to take the Book in hand. Happening to be near the corner of the table by the brass box, the Clerk, under the impression that he had taken the oath, motioned him to fall in with the *queue* passing on to sign the Roll of Parliament. Being a man of docile temperament, indisposed to wrangle with authority, even when it is in the wrong, he fell in, and in due order signed the Roll.

The peculiar humour of the situation in the case of Lord Russell of Killowen is that the law should have been broken by no less a personage than the Lord Chief Justice of England. Oddly enough, the preceding time when discovery was made of a similar oversight, the guilty personage was almost equally highly placed. It was Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, who, shortly after the Act of 1866 had been placed on the Statute Book, remembered to make a speech from his place in the House of Lords, whilst he had forgotten to take the oath. It was thought necessary to pass an Act of Indemnity relieving his Grace from the overhanging penalty of a fine of £500.

The secret of Lord Russell of Killowen's guilt in this matter might have remained locked in his breast, but for the accidental prominence of his illegal intervention in debate. The Lord Chancellor, some days earlier, brought in a Bill amending the law of criminal evidence. The Lord Chief Justice not only moved an amendment, but carried it. This was an incident that could not be forgotten by the almost paralyzed peers, who a little later beheld the embodiment of the law, the chief ornament and authority of the judicial Bench, approach the table and blandly take the oath.

TWO LEGAL DROMIOS.

Throughout the last Session of the late Parliament embarrassment occasionally arose, distributed between two members of Her Majesty's Government, owing to similarity of their address. There were then, as now, a trinity of Solicitor-Generals—one for England, one for Scotland, and one for Ireland. Nevertheless, for each of the separate countries there are not three Solicitor-Generals, but one Solicitor-General. Happily for the learned gentlemen concerned, the Solicitor-General for Ireland had not last year a seat in the House of Commons, and to that extent the difficulty was reduced. But as Scotchmen writing to Mr. Shaw (Solicitor-General for Scotland in Lord Rosebery's Ministry) always addressed him *tout court* as "The Solicitor-General," and as for English correspondents Sir Frank Lockwood was the only Solicitor-General, correspondence reaching them at the House of Commons constantly got mixed.

Sir Frank Lockwood, a man of resource, full of ideas, suggested that his esteemed and learned colleague from the Scotch Law Office should bear a sign and token which,

adopted by his correspondents, would obviate a growing difficulty. To save trouble and expedite matters, Sir Frank drew a design which, stamped on letters and papers passing through the post intended for the hand of the Solicitor-General for Scotland, would be safely delivered. Sir Frank has been good enough to give me a copy of the design, which is here produced. With this stamped on the envelope, and underneath the address, "The Solicitor-General, M.P., House of Commons, Westminster, S.W.," Mr. Shaw would have been assured of coming by his own. Before the design could be engraved and utilized, the General Election changed everything, rendering this particular precaution unnecessary.

SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD'S DESIGN.

DUPLICATES, TRIPLICATES, AND WORSE.

The duplication, even triplication, of surnames amongst members of the House of Commons leads to constant complication in the matter of letters delivered at the House. To begin with, there are two Abrahams, and both being christened William it is inevitable that letters addressed to either should occasionally find a place in the wrong bosom. There are Allen and Allan, the latter particularly anxious for it to be known that his name is spelt with an *a*. Oddly enough, analogous anxiety is displayed by the member for Newcastle-under-Lyne, who wishes it to be known that his name is spelt with an *e*.

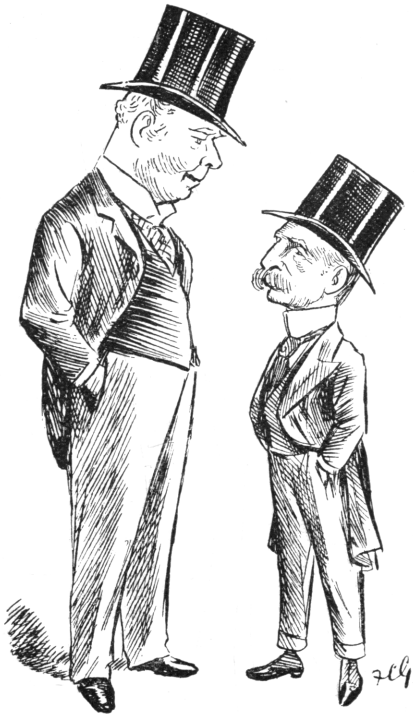
In the last Parliament there were two Allsopps, distinguished in the House as X and XX. That, of course, is a distinction unknown to chance outsiders. Now there is one. There are not fewer than three Ambroses, none having blood connection with the other. Two Austins represent between them a Yorkshire division and a division of Limerick. There are three Barrys, the member for South Huntingdon having the advantage of the hyphen prefix Smith.

THE ONLY BROWN.

In the last Parliament two Bayleys occasionally got each other's correspondence, the one representing Camberwell, the other the Chesterfield division of Derbyshire. After a while this branch of the difficulty was increased by the appearance on the scene of a Mr. Bailey.

There are two Bowles's, one a silent member, "Tommy" making up the average in this respect. Just now the House has only one Brown, and five Smiths against a muster of eight in the last Parliament. The Jones family have also fallen off as compared with the gathering of the clan in the Home Rule Parliament. Then there were four; now there are two. The Robinsons have suffered in exactly the same proportion, their former two being reduced by one-half. Of Chamberlains there are two; Austen, the popular Secretary to the Admiralty, and the statesman to whom he occasionally distantly alludes as "my right honourable relative."

There are two Cooks in the House, one dressing his name, so to speak, with a final *e*. There are three Davies's, two representing Welsh counties; two Ellis's, one the Liberal Whip; three Fergussons, one with the prefix Munro, known among the chieftains of Scotland as Novar; three Fosters, one a baronet, one a Colonel, and the other Harry Seymour; two Fowlers, one the ex-Secretary of State for India; two Gibbs, the "Sons" of a famous City firm; two Goschens, father and son; three Healys (Tim himself counts as only one, whereas he is a match for six); three Hills, of various altitudes, one being over six feet high and a lord; two Hoares; two Johnstons, one of Ballykilbeg; two Kennys, both representing Dublin (one College Green, the other St. Stephen's Green); two Lawrences, two Lawsons, two Llewellyns, two Lockwoods ("Uncle Frank," Colonel Mark calls the learned ex-Solicitor-



UNCLE FRANK AND COLONEL LOCKWOOD.

General); two Longs, two Lowthers, three M'Calmonts, two M'Hughs, both from Ireland; two Mellors, one happy in his deliverance from the chair of Committees; two Montagus (no Capulets); no fewer than four Morgans, all from Wales; three Murrays, three O'Briens, as many O'Connors, two Palmers, four Peases (quite a pod); two Penders, two Redmonds, two Roberts's, as many Robertsons, three Russells, two Samuels, three Shaws, three Sidebottoms, the member for Hyde introducing a variety in the termination; three Stanleys, including Henry M.; two Sullivans, three Thomas's, two Wallaces, two Websters, and three Williams's. For proportional representation, the Wilson family take the cake in the House of Commons, there being no fewer than eight of them, not to mention Wilson-Todd, the gallant Captain who represents a division of Yorkshire.

AN AWKWARD INCIDENT.

It will be seen from this concatenation of circumstances that Mr. Pyke, most efficient of postmasters, has occasionally some trouble in properly distributing the sacks full of letters daily delivered at the office in the lobby. Mistakes occur even in the best regulated post-offices. Perhaps the most embarrassing incident of the kind befell Mr. Arthur Balfour, on a recent recess visit to the Continent. At an hotel in the North of Italy, he found himself in company with Mr. J. B. Balfour, some time Lord Advocate, who was accompanied by his wife. Mr. J. B. Balfour is blessed, inasmuch as he "has his quiver full of them." There had been an addition to the family some short time before the holiday was undertaken, and there was, naturally, anxiety in the parental breast to know how the little one was getting on. Arrangements were accordingly made whereby the nurse sent a daily bulletin.

Though on giving pleasure bent, the nurse was of a frugal mind, and, following an illustrious example, used post-cards for her communications. One morning Mr. Arthur Balfour was startled by finding amongst his correspondence a post-card conveying the following news: "Baby going on nicely. I do think she's grown since you've left." Turning over the card, he found it was addressed to the Right Hon. J. B. Balfour, M.P., and the matter was speedily put right.

That was bad enough, but there was worse to follow. The two right hon. gentlemen left the hotel about the same time and went their various ways, leaving with the landlord their addresses for the forwarding of letters that might arrive after their departure. On the second day of settling in his new home, Mr. Arthur Balfour received another post-card: "Baby a little restless in the night, but quite fresh this morning. Sends her love to papa."

For the landlord there was only one Right Hon. Balfour, M.P. It

THE PEASE-POD.

was the famous Chief Secretary, the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons then sitting. A difference in an initial was nothing to him. But, in view of his happy state of bachelorhood, it was a good deal to Mr. Arthur Balfour.

THE QUEEN AND THE COMMONS.

Early in the Session the House of Commons was shocked by discovery that whilst all members, new and old, uncovered when the Speaker, returned from the House of Lords, read the Queen's Speech from the Throne, one occupant of the Front Opposition Bench sturdily kept on his hat. The fact that the dissentient was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a Privy Councillor, an ex-Cabinet Minister, and, it is understood, a particularly welcome guest at Balmoral when sojourning there as Minister in attendance on the Queen, made the matter the more marvellous. In elder days, when the Irish members under the leadership of Mr. Parnell habitually and systematically bearded the Speaker in the Chair, it was a common thing for them to refuse to join in the movement of respect when a message from the Queen was read. Thus it came to pass that wearing the hat in such circumstances is regarded as an overt act of disloyalty.

According to the unwritten but clearly defined customs of the House, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was on this occasion right, the rest of the members erring on the side of excessive sensibility to the proximity of loyalty. The rule governing such cases is that when the Queen directly, through a State-appointed emissary, addresses the House, members should uncover to listen. Such occasions present themselves several times through a Session when Her Majesty replies to an Address to the Crown passed by the House. In the last Parliament the House was frequently cheered by the spectacle of Mr. "Bobby" Spencer standing at the Bar with the white wand of the Vice-Chamberlain in his hand, all the fine points of his slim, graceful figure brought out by Court uniform. As he advanced towards the table bowing to the Mace thrice with happy mixture of hauteur and friendly condescension, members uncovered and sat bareheaded while he read aloud the Queen's gracious message.

"BOBBY" SPENCER.

In the case where Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was accused of *lesè-majesté* a fine distinction is perceptible. The Queen's Speech is, we must believe, couched "in her own words," for in reading it in the House of Peers the Lord Chancellor prefaces it with a solemn affirmation to that effect. But when it reaches the Speaker and is read by him it is at second hand, a mere copy of a message formally addressed to and, in the first instance, read to both Houses of Parliament, assembled in another place. Therefore, so purists have ruled, it is no more necessary for members to uncover when they hear a copy of the Speech read by the Speaker than it would be if they came across Mr. Gully seated in the library reading the Speech in an early copy of the *Westminster Gazette*.

It is probably due to the action of the Irish members that the custom has been unnecessarily extended. The large majority of members were so anxious to dissociate themselves from Mr. Biggar and his friends in their bearing towards the Queen, that they were careful to pay her reverence even when there was no call for the tribute. But the *vieille école* of Parliamentarians kept their hats as well as their heads. Mr. Gladstone was not accustomed, with the exception of a brief interval after the General Election of 1874, to bring his hat into the House with him. Therefore he was not put to the test when the question presented itself. Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Lowe, careful to uncover when a message from the Queen was read at the table by the Vice-Chamberlain or Controller of the Household, sat with their hats on whilst on the opening day of the Session the Speaker read the Queen's Speech, having, as he observed, "for greater accuracy obtained a copy."

Sir William Harcourt evades the difficulty by a simple device worthy of an old Parliamentary hand. He is one of the few Ministers or ex-Ministers who habitually wear their hat when seated on either front bench. Sir William, I believe, takes the view of the question advocated by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. But there is nothing he shrinks from with such sharp, swift movement as hurting the feelings of others, even through a misunderstanding. He knows that if he, as Leader of the Opposition in the House of Com-

mons, kept his hat on, when other members uncover, through the reading of the Queen's Speech, many loyal hearts would be wounded. It might be put right later by an explanation. But why make occasion for explanation?

"So," Sir William says, with genial smile suffusing his benevolent countenance, "when I know the Queen's Speech is going to be read from the Chair, I just leave my hat in my room, and there I am."

A NEW DIARY OF PARLIAMENT.

In his much-regretted retirement from Parliamentary life, Sir Richard Temple will have the opportunity of revising and completing his diary of "Life in Parliament from 1885 to 1895." Some foretaste of this literary treat was for a year or two enjoyed by the happy constituency of Kingston-on-Thames. During the last Session or two of his Parliamentary career, Sir Richard was accustomed to enrich the columns of a local journal with his account of the week's proceedings in Parliament. Just as the Leader of the House of Commons writes his nightly letter to the Queen, "humbly informing Her Majesty" how things have fared through the sitting, so the member for Kingston-on-Thames during the last Parliament once a week wrote to his constituency.

These contributions were absorbingly interesting. But they were things quite apart from the diary locked up in the strong room in Sir Richard's eerie on Hampstead Heath. This manuscript volume contains a ruthless record of *la vie intime* of the House of Commons as it was observed through his seven years' servitude by the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and Governor of Bombay. The diary will certainly not be published in Sir Richard Temple's life. Possibly, like the Talleyrand Correspondence, it will be withheld from the ken of the public till the generation of contemporaries immediately concerned have passed away. This looks provoking. It is, on the whole, kindly meant.

SIR WILLIAM'S SMILE.

"DOT"

AN IRISH TALE

By Mrs. A. H. Markham.

"PLEASE, sir, may Miss Dot come now?" said a maid-servant, as she knocked for the third time at the door of the library without receiving any response to her summons. Tired of waiting for the necessary permission to enter, she opened the door and looked in.

It was a pleasant sight that met the woman's face as she peeped in, without, however, crossing the threshold of the door of her master's sanctum.

The library at Ballinaclough was a spacious room, with handsome old black oak furniture, and the walls, or at least where they were not occupied with books and book-shelves, covered with old ancestral portraits dimmed by age. Deeply recessed in the centre of the wall, opposite the door, was an old-fashioned fireplace, a cosy, comfortable nook in which to sit on cold, wintry days; but these, however pleasant to look upon, had no apparent attraction for the nurse, for her gaze was fixed on the central figures in the room, consisting of her master, Sir Bryan O'Connor, and his little, golden-haired daughter.

They were engaged in a game of romps, in which the father was supposed to represent a fierce bear, and in the performance of his part was alternately hugging his little girl and stroking her long, silken tresses. The little lady enjoyed the fun hugely, and was far too intent upon the game to even notice the advent of her nurse, who stood watching the scene, and patiently waiting until the termination of the game.

But Bridget, for such was the name of the maid-servant, was not the only spectator of the scene that was being enacted on the floor of the library: Lady O'Connor, Sir Bryan's wife, a tall, pretty woman, with large grey eyes, and a small, sensitive mouth, with the same wealth of rich golden hair which her little daughter had inherited, also watched in silence the playful gambols of the father and child as they scrambled about on the floor.

It was, however, with a somewhat pained and sorrowful smile that she regarded them, for the same sad thoughts were apparently passing through the minds of the mistress and the maid, as they gazed on the pretty family picture on which their eyes rested.

It was indeed difficult to realize that such a father, so fond, so loving, and so yielding to his child, could be the hard, exacting landlord, whose stern, inexorable conduct of his affairs had made him so unpopular among his tenantry, and had, indeed, been the means of creating for him many enemies in the neighbourhood.

These thoughts entered their heads at the same time, and sorely puzzled them. Still, there was no gainsaying the fact, and it could plainly be seen from the infinite look

of sadness in the eyes of Lady O'Connor, that she was only too well aware of the unpopularity of her husband. She knew, also, that his life had, on more than one occasion, been threatened and even attempted; perhaps, even at that very moment he, so dear to her and her child, might be the victim of some hidden and unforeseen danger, to avert which she was powerless to act. How then could she look otherwise than she did, and how could she join in her darling's mirth, when this constant dread of danger was ever in her mind—ever before her?

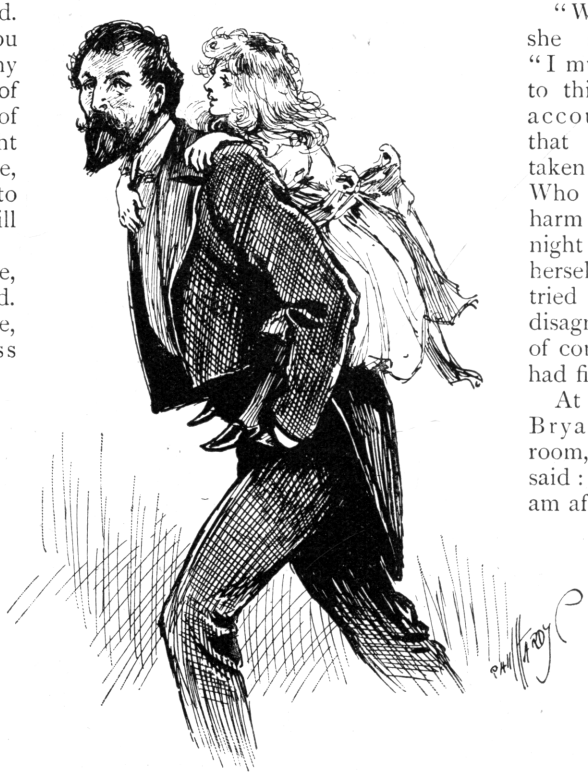
"God guard them," she breathed, fervently; then looking round, she observed Bridget still waiting to carry her little charge off to bed.

"Come, Bryan, let Dot go," she said; "poor Bridget has been waiting some minutes for her"—and crossing over to where they were playing, she attempted to take Dot's little arms from her father's neck, round which they were tightly clasped.

"Daddie, do let Dot stop a 'ittle longer," she whispered coaxingly into her father's ear.

"No, no, Miss Puss. It's getting late, and you must be off to bed," he replied. "Why, look how you have disarranged my hair, to say nothing of having pulled a lot of it out. Say good-night to your mother at once, and if you promise to be very good, I will carry you upstairs."

"Velly well, daddie, Dot will be so dood. Dood-night, mammie, darling. Dod bless you," she said, as, loosening her grasp from her father's neck, she twined her little, chubby arms round that of her mother, and laying her hot, flushed face against her soft, cool cheek, she whispered, "Come and say dood-night to Dot when she is asleep"; then scrambling on to Sir Bryan's back she was carried off to bed, with Bridget following close behind.



"SHE WAS CARRIED OFF TO BED."

Lady O'Connor sighed as she gazed wistfully on the retreating forms of those she loved so well; then, walking across to a small table, she sat down and busied herself with some embroidery on which she had previously been engaged. But, somehow or another, she found this evening that her thoughts wandered away from her occupation, and her fingers, at other times so deft and nimble, would cease to ply the silk, and her hands would often lay idly in her lap.

"How is it," she mused to herself, "I cannot get rid of this terrible dread that continues to haunt me? Some dark cloud seems to be hovering over us. Something seems to foretell a great and terrible sorrow that is about to visit us.

"God help us," she uttered suddenly, as, nervously twisting her delicately shaped fingers together, she started quickly as she heard a slight sound in the direction of the window. With an anxious, perturbed expression on her face, she glanced quickly round the room, but, seeing nothing, became somewhat reassured.

"What nonsense," she said to herself. "I must not give way to this vague and unaccountable feeling that seems to have taken possession of me. Who would come to harm us at this time of night?" and settling herself to her work, tried to smother the disagreeable sensation of coming trouble that had filled her mind.

At this moment Sir Bryan entered the room, and, kissing her, said: "Violet, dear, I am afraid I must leave you for a short time before dinner. I hope you don't mind but I have to attend to some business regarding the rents of those rascally tenants of mine. They

have given me enough trouble to-day, and I am determined, once for all, to let them clearly understand who is the master here."

"Oh, wait one moment, Bryan, dear," said Lady O'Connor, rising quickly, and placing her hands on his shoulders, as she looked pleadingly into his eyes, "for my sake—for our darling's sake—be kind and lenient to them; won't you give in to them just a little? Remember, dearest, what is at stake."

"No, dear Vi, I cannot," replied her husband; "you know I would do anything for you, my own sweet wife, and for our darling little Dot, compatible with honour and justness, and my duties as a landowner; but to give in to these brutes at the present moment would be acknowledging my weakness, and would be departing from that strict and impartial line of conduct between landlord and tenant that I had marked out for myself when I inherited this place. Why, dear, I have not told you half the atrocities that these cruel men have perpetrated," and gently taking her hand in his, while the hard, stern look upon his face relaxed, and a soft, mild expression stole into his eyes, as he observed the nervous anxiety depicted in the pale face of his wife, he continued, "Be my own brave little woman. Do not let groundless fears trouble you. All will yet be well; the present crisis will soon pass, and then there will be nothing for you to fear or be anxious about."

"But, Bryan," she said, "it is useless to make light of the dangers that surround you. How can I forget the cruel deeds these people have already committed? Remember poor Mr. Clanchy, who was so foully murdered the other day. Do, dear," she implored, "give in to them—for God's sake, for my sake, I beg, I pray you to do so. After all, they are our fellow-creatures, and are driven to these barbarous deeds by want and privation. Their hearts are hardened by suffering and by seeing their dear ones reduced to the verge of starvation, without the power to afford them relief. Bryan," she continued, almost passionately, "I cannot bear this terrible anxiety. Let us leave this dreadful place until better and calmer times arrive. My strength seems to leave me altogether, and I can hardly bear up with all I have to endure."

"Well, Vi," returned her husband, caressingly, "sit down beside me and rest. You look out of sorts this evening. There," he continued, as he gently pulled her down by his side on the sofa, "I cannot leave yet, dear. My duty is here, and I must remain; but supposing you and the little one leave for a short time? The change will, I am sure, do you both good, and may perhaps bring back the roses to those cheeks of yours, which have certainly been strangers to them during the last few weeks."

"What do you mean—for me to leave you?" she cried, startled by such a suggestion. "No, that I will never do. A wife's duty is by her husband's side. Leave you I will not," she said, firmly. "My health is not to be considered. I was never, dear, as you know, a very robust person," she continued, smiling, "but nothing on earth will induce me to leave you. So please attend to this business that necessitates your absence from me, and return as quickly as possible; but do, dear husband, for my sake, be lenient to the poor people."

"Yes; that is what I intend to be," and stooping down to kiss her, he said, "Then I am not to send you away, I see? Well, you must try and not worry that little head of yours any longer, with imagining all sorts of things that may befall me!"

After he had quitted the room, Lady O'Connor remained sitting on the sofa in deep thought and meditation. Immediately in front of her was a large pier-glass on the wall, which clearly reflected in it the window in front of which she was reclining. Some unaccountable impulse directed her eyes to this glass, and on looking into it, she was terrified to see a man's head peering in at the window. Her blood seemed to freeze in her veins, and though she longed to scream for assistance, her lips refused utterance. Fascinated by the sight, she was unable to take her eyes from the gaunt, haggard face that was reflected in the mirror.

"Good heavens! What shall I do?" she murmured to herself. "I must not let him see how frightened I am," and, pulling herself together with a great effort, she remained perfectly still, as he slowly raised his hand, which, to her horror, she saw held a large pistol, and which he deliberately pointed at her.

If she moved, she felt assured the trigger would be pulled! It was a moment of intense agony and suspense. Holding her breath for a few seconds, she looked fixedly in the glass at the man, without showing the slightest sign of trepidation, and a sigh of relief escaped her as she saw his hand fall by his side. He had evidently not noticed that she had observed him; there was perhaps something in the graceful, ladylike figure before him, with its lovely golden hair

illumined by the soft, pale light of the lamp, that made the ruffian hesitate to carry out his murderous intention.

"Now is my time," thought Lady O'Connor, observing his hesitancy. "Face this creature I must, even if it costs me my life—my only chance will be in trying to shame him."

Although trembling in every limb, she slowly rose from the sofa, thinking not of herself, but only of her husband and her child, and with a calm, determined face she quickly turned towards the window and faced the intruder.

The moment the man saw he was detected, he again raised the pistol and pointed it straight at her breast.

"Shoot her, I must," he muttered between his teeth. "I've missed the child, so, by the powers, she must go, if it is only to make that divil of a husband of her's know that we can hit, and hit hard, too."

But as he was in the act of taking aim he paused, and regarded the brave, beautiful woman who confronted him. Straight into his eyes did her lovely, grey orbs look, appealing as it were to his inmost heart. Slowly his arm fell by his side.

"Shure, I cannot hurt the likes of her. She has done no harm to me or mine."

Then his thoughts wandered to his starving wife and little ones at home, to their wretched, dirty hovel; and, with a curse upon his lips, he again raised his pistol—but again he refrained from pulling the trigger. So long as she stood there so quietly, gazing at him with such a pitying and sympathetic expression on her sweet, pale face, he felt unmanned and quite unable to carry out the murderous deed which had been allotted to him.

"Curse you!" he exclaimed. "I cannot kill a woman who so bravely faces death as you do. Shure, I thried twice to shoot your childher, but you stood between. I can't do the dirty work!" and, with a half-stifled oath, he vanished in the darkness, just as steps were heard approaching along the corridor.

It proved to be Sir Bryan himself, who was naturally surprised to see his wife standing in the centre of the room, gazing fixedly in the direction of the window.

"It's all right now, dear," said he; but receiving no answer, and observing no indication on her part that she was even cognizant of his presence, he quickly approached her, saying: "Good God, Violet, what is the matter?" Even this exhortation produced no apparent effect. She remained rooted to the spot, staring with her large, frightened eyes straight in front of her, as if at some unseen but dreaded foe, every vestige of colour having flown

"AGAIN HE REFRAINED FROM PULLING THE TRIGGER."

from her face, leaving her lips pale and bloodless. "Vi, dear, tell me what is the matter?" he said, pleadingly; "are you ill? What has scared you so? Why is that window open? There is nothing there to be afraid of. Look, I will go myself and see." But directly he moved towards it, she rushed frantically forward to intercept him, and placed herself in such a position as to shield and protect him from all danger without, at the same time exclaiming, hysterically:—

"Shoot me—me—not him!" And then, overcome by all she had gone through, she tottered back and fell unconscious into his arms.

"Vi, my love, what has happened to excite and upset you thus?" he exclaimed, but the motionless form of his wife lay still and unresponsive in his arms.

Tenderly laying her on the sofa, he first closed the window and bolted the shutters, not, however, without examining the room first to see if anybody had gained an entrance, and then proceeded to administer restoratives to his unconscious wife. For some time his efforts were unavailing, but at length, to his great relief, she heaved a deep sigh and opened her eyes.

"Are you better, darling?" he said, eagerly, bending over her.

"Yes, dear," she said, smiling. "I am quite all right. But," she continued, looking round, "why am I here? What has happened? Ah!" she said, shuddering, "my memory is returning—I remember it all. That awful face at the window. Thank goodness it is shut. Did you see him, Bryan?" she asked, pointing to the window.

"No, darling; tell me all about it," he replied. "Are you sure it is not all imagination?"

"Imagination!" she answered. "Would to Heaven that it was. Your life, as well as that of your child, was in danger this evening," and then, in short, disjointed sentences, she related all she had seen.

"Thank God," breathed Sir Bryan, "that the miscreant's heart failed him, foiled apparently by your courage and presence of mind. Violet—my own dear wife, I cannot even now realize that your dear life, so precious to me, should have been in such danger, and that I, though near, was powerless to avert it."

Seeing that she had received a terrible fright, he endeavoured to divert her thoughts by turning the conversation to some commonplace subjects regarding the household and other trivial matters, then gently taking her by the hand, he led her quietly up to the nursery, where together they bent over the crib in which their little child was peacefully slumbering, and gazed upon its sweet face as it lay ensconced in the softest and whitest of pillows.

"How beautiful she looks," murmured the mother, as she twisted one of the silky, golden curls that lay caressingly on the child's forehead round her finger. The troubled look vanished from her face as she leaned over the cot, and a placid, contented expression took its place. Seeing this, Sir Bryan stole away quietly, in order to make sure that the door was well fastened and everything secure before retiring for the night.

It was a beautiful summer morning, and the rays of the newly-risen sun, stealing into the nursery windows, lingered lovingly on the small bed and on the bright, rosy face of little Dot. This had the effect of wakening her, and rising up she exclaimed, in her pretty, lisping manner: "Is dat zoo, Bridgy?"

"Yes, me darlint, it's me, sure enough. I've come to dress you, so get up."

To take her out of bed and dress her little charge did not take Bridget very long. "Now, little one," said the nurse, "I'm that busy to-day, that I sha'n't have much time to look after ye, so just take your breakfast to wanst, darlint."

"Tan't I do and say dood morning to muvver first?" exclaimed Dot, in some surprise, for it was new to her to be given her breakfast without her customary morning's kiss.

"No, mavourneen," replied Bridget; "your swate mother is not very well this morning, and she is asleep now, God bless her. But later on your ould Bridget will take you in for a few minutes."

"Muvver not well — muvver not want Dot's kiss?" she exclaimed, puckering up her little mouth, while tears began to dim her otherwise bright little eyes.

"Oh, don't take it to heart, me beauty; just ate your breakfast, like the good little child ye are, and then you shall run out into the garden, and Bridget will bring you some bread and butter at about eleven o'clock. Now be good this morning, darlint, and don't stray far away, because I have to take some food to the poor, starving craythurs out yonder whose little children are dying for the want of bread and praties."

By this time Dot had partially recovered from the disappointment of not seeing her

mother, and listened breathlessly to all that Bridget was saying about the poor folks in the neighbourhood. At length she said, "Oh, pease, take Dot too, dear old nurse, and take Dot's bead and butter for the poor 'ittle children; I'se so solly for them."

"I'm afraid I cannot take you to the village to-day, me little beauty," replied Bridget; "the men there are very rough, especially to the quality, and your father does not like you to go near them, and indade he does not wish you to lave the garden."

"Oh, velly well!" said Dot, who was always accustomed to do exactly as she was bid. "I will go out now—come along, Nannie, dear," and pushing away her plate, she jumped down from her chair, and seizing Bridget by the hand, dragged her out into the garden.

"'Fore you go away, Nan, tan't you tell me where dad is?"

"Oh, he went away early this morning, me pet, but he moight be in for lunch—now run away, me darlint, and play," and, kissing the child, Bridget hurried into the house.

Dot wandered about amidst the flowers and shrubs for some time, singing as she was wont to do softly to herself in her pretty, childish way, looking like a delicate exotic suddenly transplanted amidst the other rare and beautiful flowers that grew around her. As she tripped gaily among the beds, plucking the flowers here and there, she fashioned for herself a real baby nosegay, and although the flowers were tied together in a somewhat rude and awkward manner, her little posy was very beautiful in her eyes, for was it not intended for her dear mother?

Dot's little mind was very busy this lovely summer morning; her curiosity and pity had been awakened by her nurse's remarks relative to the poor children in the village, and in a vague way she thought perhaps when Bridget brought her the promised slice of bread and butter, it would be such a real pleasure to her to give it to someone who was far more in need of it than she was herself. It must be remembered that she was only six years of age, and had never been in want of anything during the whole course of her young life.

Suddenly a richly coloured butterfly flew lazily by, stopping occasionally to rest itself on some flower. Watching the gaudy insect as it fluttered about had the effect of directing her thoughts from the channel into which they had been flowing, and she followed it towards the river which ran at the bottom of the garden.

At this moment one of the servants came out, bringing her a small mug of milk and a large slice of bread and jam. This was a real treat to Dot, for, like most children, she was immoderately fond of jam, but before partaking of it she commissioned the servant to take back to her mother the bunch of flowers she had culled, with the message that as Dot could not have her kiss that morning, she had plucked the flowers for her, as she knew "Muvver loves petty flowers."

Left alone, she regarded the bread and jam with wistful eyes; and thought perhaps Bridget had sent it to her to compensate for her disappointment in the morning. Then she thought again of all her nurse had told her about the poor children in the village, and although she was sorely tempted to eat the delicious piece of bread and jam she held in her hand, she had a greater inclination to give it to the poor, half-starved wretches of whom she had heard.

"I know what I sall do," said little Dot to herself: "I will just taste it and sall keep the rest for the poor 'ittle children," so putting the morsel to her pretty little mouth she took a small bite out of it, which she enjoyed very much indeed. "Now," she reflected, "I'll keep the rest for the poor children, and

"I'LL KEEP THE REST FOR THE POOR CHILDREN."

perhaps I sall see some man to give it to who will take it to them."

With this resolve in her mind she put the bread and jam on a seat that was near, and ran down the path through the garden leading to the river. On reaching the bank Dot again saw the pretty butterfly that had before attracted her attention fluttering over a dark red poppy.

"How bootiful zu are," she said. "Don't move, zu petty sing, I won't hurt zu. I only want to look at zu a 'ittle closer," but as she tripped up to the flower and bent her flushed little face over it to get a nearer view of the butterfly, it rose and flew swiftly across the river. "Oh, zu unkind sing," said Dot, pouting her little lips, "to run away from me like zat. I'se 'termined to see zu," so holding on tight to the low rail of the little bridge by means of which the river was crossed, she carefully wended her way over, but, alas! as she reached the opposite bank, away went the butterfly and away went Dot after it, with her golden curls fluttering in the light, soft air, oblivious to everything save only the gay little insect that was fluttering in front of her.

Scrambling along in the ripened grass, which almost reached her head, she was passing, without noticing, a man who lay asleep, partially concealed behind some bushes close to the bank of the river, when she suddenly tripped and fell over one of his badly-worn boots, which was protruding through the long grass. As she fell she uttered a little cry, but so faint that it did not even have the effect of awakening the man from his heavy slumber. At first Dot was a little terrified, but finding that she was not hurt she plucked up her courage, no thought of harm to herself passing through her pure and innocent little heart, and stood contemplating the cause of her mishap.

"He not petty like daddie," thought she, as she gazed on the pinched and wrinkled face of the half-starved man that lay before her; "but," a sudden thought entering her head, "perhaps he is poor," and this appeared to her all the more probable from the ragged, patched clothes he was wearing, and the almost soleless and out-at-toe boots he had on.

Whilst looking at him she observed something bright peeping out of the pocket of his coat. "What a funny sing," she said, stooping down and placing her small hand on the barrel of a large, brass-mounted pistol. Yes, this ragged wretch lying in a troubled sleep, hidden as he thought safely from all eyes, was the same ruffian who had so frightened Lady O'Connor the previous evening. He had lain in ambush ever since, not daring to venture out in the daylight, and afraid to return to his comrades until he had accomplished the murderous mission that by lot had fallen to him, namely, to wreak the vengeance of the band on their supposed tyrannical and hard-hearted landlord.

It was a curious picture to see: the dainty little girl, her bright, rosy face glowing with health and excitement, bending over the sleeping form of the hardened wretch who had been commissioned by the other members of the secret league to which he belonged, to wreck the happiness of herself and family.

Suddenly a bright thought entered her little mind, and banished the pitying look which had taken possession of her face. She remembered her small luncheon, the piece of bread and jam, that she had left in the garden.

"Perhaps he is hungry," thought she, "and perhaps he also has a little girlie like me at home, who has nosing to eat. I'll wake him first and ask him."

Acting upon the impulse of the moment—for our Dot was an impulsive little creature—she placed her hand on his rough frieze coat, and putting her face close to his, she said, "Wake up, man, wake up."

On hearing the soft voice close to his ear, the man woke with a start and, jumping quickly to his feet, muttered a deep curse of surprise as he saw the anxious and winsome face of the bonny little child so close to him.

"Who are you?" he said; "what's your name?"

"I'se Dot," she answered, moving away somewhat timidly, for she was frightened at the fierce way in which he spoke; for it must be remembered that she had only been accustomed to be spoken to by gentle, loving voices. Then plucking up her baby courage she lisped: "I'se Dot, dad's and muvver's Dot," she repeated, as if to emphasize her identity. "I'm velly solly I fightened zu so much. I woke zu up 'cos I sought zu might be hungy, and when Bridgie—she is my nurse, zu know—bought me out my lunch, I put it down 'cos Bridgie, my Nannie," she said again, earnestly, as if to reassure him as to who Bridget really was, "told me dat sometimes the 'ittle children had nosing to eat, so I did not touch it, but I sought I would save it up for a week, and den give it someone, for I would zen have seven pieces—yes, seven pieces," she repeated, counting on her little pink fingers. By this time she was quite out of breath, for she had

"'I'SE DOT,' SHE ANSWERED."

babbled out her little story for the man's information in one breath, and she now paused for him to answer.

He was, however, speechless. He was quite dumfoundered, for here, in his grasp, was the one he had sought for, the one that had puzzled him so long to get at. An evil voice whispered in his ear, "Now, then, is your chance, Dennis McCarthy, now, or never. Do not lose this opportunity. This child is everything to Sir Bryan: to harm her would be to kill him. To stop her little mouth would be an easy matter, and would be a glorious revenge!" These thoughts passed quickly through the man's mind.

There was no one about.

"I'll do it," he muttered to himself, "and then our revenge on Sir Bryan will be complate." But at this juncture his meditations were interrupted by little Dot, who had been patiently regarding him all this time, waiting for his reply to her communication.

Coming close up to him she said, "Don't zu like bead and jam? Sall I get it for zu? It's just over dere. I won't be long if zu will wait."

"Fwhat's that you say?" he roughly interrupted. "Bread and jam, is it? Be jabers! I am hungry enough for anything, for not a morsel of food has passed my blessed lips for the last twenty-four hours." Then speaking to himself he growled out, "I'll let her bring it me. She can't get away from me; I'm pretty sure of her." Then aloud, "Yes, fetch it for me, me beauty, and the blessing of all the angels rest on ye."

"Would zu really like it?" she replied, gleefully; "den I'll do and det it; I'll not be long." Then suddenly she remembered that she had already taken a bite of the bread and jam, and a troubled look stole over her face as, wrinkling up her tiny white forehead, she said, "I begs zu parding, would zu velly much mind, but I has bitten a small piece out of it, the jam looked so nice."

The man, suffering as he was from terrible privations and with the worst of evil passions festering in his heart, would have been inhuman indeed to have been unmoved at the sweet, small, troubled face as the child uttered her apology. His stern look relaxed as he replied, with something approaching a laugh:—

"Not I, my beauty; run away and come back as fast as you can; but mind," he said, catching her delicate little wrist in his coarse, hard, brown hand, "don't you spake to a sowl."

"Mayn't I tell muvver?" she answered.

"No," said he, "not until afther ye have brought the mouthful of bread."

"Velly well," she said, and ran pattering over the bridge as fast as her little legs could carry her.

"I'm a born idiot," said the man to himself, "to let her go away like that. She may not come back, afther all. Ah! but she will," thought he, "and when she does, off the little fairy goes with me; aye, she's a

beauty, too, and no mistake; just fancy her axing the pardon of the likes of me, becase she had taken a bite out of the bit of bread; how prettily and swate she did it! Shure I haven't the heart to harm a hair of her head. Ah! there she is," said he, shading his eyes with his hands, as Dot appeared on the bridge, holding on tightly to the rail as she sped quickly across. On gaining the opposite bank she stopped and turned to see if he was there, but the long grass completely hid him from view, so, with a little toss of her head, she scampered off as fast as her little legs would carry her.

"Shure I don't half like the look of that bridge," thought the man, as he noticed how it bent even under the light weight of the child. "It's strong enough, that's sartin, and it's safe enough for a man or a woman, but a little strip of a child like that might asily slip through, it's so wobbly."

How merrily the water flowed, as it meandered peacefully but swiftly along under the bridge, and along through the park, with the bright sun glistening upon it.

"Shure the water is innocent-looking enough," continued he, still pursuing the thoughts that had been engendered in him by his apparent want of confidence in the security of the bridge, "but a small stripling like that would soon be carried away by it, if she fell in. I'll just look out to see no harm comes to her, but she can't be here yet awhile," so sitting down in the tall grass he quietly awaited her return.

Although this fellow was intent on a fiendish act, and had already perpetrated many wicked and even revolting crimes in carrying out the behests of the secret league with which he was associated, still he could not but help feeling something tugging at the strings of his heart when he thought of little Dot.

No one noticed the little baby-girl as, reaching her treasure, she clasped the cup of milk in one hand and the bread and jam in the other, and hastily retraced her steps to the bridge. No one saw that little form as, with difficulty, she scrambled up the rickety steps leading to the bridge, holding tightly in both hands the provisions she was bringing to satisfy the cravings of a hungry fellow-creature. Only, alas! when it was too late did the man himself, catching sight of the little girl, hastily rush forward as he heard a piercing, childish scream, saw her slip on the bridge, and the tiny figure sway backwards and forwards for a moment in her endeavour to save the food that was in her grasp, and then with a splash disappear into the stream.

Quick as were his movements, he arrived too late to save her from falling, but with a mad rush he, who had so recently been plotting her destruction, plunged into the cruel, laughing water to her rescue. After a few seconds, which to him appeared to be an interminable time, he saw close to him on the surface of the stream the pretty white frock of the child, and stretching out his hand he grasped the clothing, and dragged the senseless little limp form towards him. Reaching the bank, he took her tenderly in his arms and gave a great convulsive sob, as he looked on the pale, small face that rested on his arm, the golden curls clinging in wet tangles around

"STRETCHING OUT HIS HAND HE GRASPED THE CLOTHING."

her head, the eyes closed, and the pretty little mouth firmly set as she rested, oh! so quietly and so motionless.

"Is she dead?" thought he, and as this possible result dawned upon him, so also did his conscience smite him.

"My God!" he said, as he noticed for the first time that her little fingers still held a firm grip on the cup, "she has died for me. God bless ye, me darlint." All cruel thoughts fled from him, and he could think only of the tender little child that lay inanimate in his arms, who had so bravely risked her life in her endeavour to succour him and bring him relief.

Dot had, in her simple, girlish way, touched the spring which unlocked all the goodness in him, yet it had nearly cost the child her sweet young life to do it. Carrying her slight form with the utmost tenderness, he made his way towards the house. It did not take him long to reach the door of the grand old mansion, where he rang furiously at the bell. A man-servant speedily made his appearance, who naturally gazed in astonishment at the sight before him. Almost at the same moment Sir Bryan, who had only entered the house a few minutes before, seeing the man, whom he recognised as one of those who had sworn deadly enmity to him and his household, rushed forward, for he had already caught sight of his darling.

"My God!" he gasped, "what has happened? What have you done to her?" he cried, fiercely, glancing furiously at the man, yet at the same time taking the inanimate form of his little daughter from him with infinite tenderness.

"I'll tell ye all, your honour, prisintly," said the man. "She may not be dead yet, and ye would do well to take the wet things off her."

"My pet! Dead!" echoed Sir Bryan, as he pressed his lips to the cold face of his little one, scarcely able to realize such a terrible result. Then abruptly turning round, he said, "Let the fellow wait until I send for him," and took his child straightway upstairs

An hour afterwards Bridget, with red, swollen eyes, came to fetch him. She had been crying bitterly, and could hardly control her terrible grief. Accosting the man, she curtly said, "Me darlint wants you; she is dying. Follow me."

He needed no second invitation, his heart was full to overflowing, and he quietly followed her into the room to which little Dot had been taken. As he entered, she lifted her head slightly and smiled, then in a faint whisper she said, pointing to her father:—

"Daddie going to give zu some bead and jam, becos I lost mine. I'm going to Dod, you know. Dood-bye, man. I so velly solly I slipped, but I could not help it, my hands were so full."

"Don't talk, darling," said her mother, as bending over the little cot she observed how

"I CONFESS."

exhausted she was, but Dot had still something more to say.

"Please tell them all how I fell," she said to the poor fellow, who could scarcely speak, for a nasty lump had arisen in his throat and seemed as if it would choke him. He managed, however, in a few broken sentences to relate the whole story, and how she had tumbled off the bridge into the water, while striving to bring him something to eat.

Then, kneeling at the foot of the bed, with his hands covering his face, he said: "Your honour and me lady, I confess last night I did all in me power to take your life" (Lady O'Connor shuddered), "and to-day, whin the little lady found me, I strove to take her away, but, praise the Lord! the good God above has otherwise ordered it, an' I swear now before Him, as I hope for salvation, and in her swate prisince, that I'd rather put a bullet through my head than do any harm to those she loves."

He could say no more, and, stifling a sob, he quietly left the room. All this time the little form on the bed lay, oh! so quiet and so motionless.

"Doctor, is there no hope?" whispered Lady O'Connor, in a soft, piteous tone; but the dear old man who had known Dot from her birth could only shake his head, while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheek. Going towards the crib he gently raised little Dot, and in his soothing, persuasive way, induced the child to swallow a few drops of the restorative he held in his hand; then tenderly laying her down again in a recumbent position, he placed his finger on the tiny white wrist so as to feel the almost imperceptible pulsations which feebly throbbed her little frame. During all this time, his face, on which Lady O'Connor was gazing with anxious, piteous eyes, assumed a grave and sad expression.

Suddenly she observed it to lighten up, and a look of hope mingled with gladness passed over it, as he quickly bent his head over the motionless form of the little girl, whose golden curls lay in tangled tresses over the soft, white, downy pillow.

For a few seconds, which appeared like hours to those who had assembled round the little bed of their pet, he watched earnestly and intently; then gradually the grave, pained look relaxed, and the dear old man's face became radiant with hope and happiness.

"What is it, doctor?" gasped the mother, unable to control her pent-up feelings any longer. "Is there hope? Will—will—my darling live? For God's sake, tell me—tell me there is hope!"

"Hush, my dear lady," he replied, as he noticed her agitation; "her sweet life is in God's hands, to do with as He thinks best. Whatever happens, we must submit to His will; but I think that the burden He is laying on us this time is not going to be a heavy one to bear. The symptoms are favourable, and there is hope—there is always hope. Watch with me and be patient and trustful."

Silently and anxiously did they watch by the bedside of the little child, noticing every slight alteration of colour and expression in that small face: then what unalloyed joy came into the mother's heart as she observed the difficulty of respiration becoming less, and the breathing getting easier and more regular, as the little one appeared to be slumbering peacefully.

At this time a bright sunbeam found its way through the interstices of the curtains that had been drawn to darken the sick chamber, and kissed lovingly the fair face of the child, and rested on her bright, golden hair. This was surely a happy omen, and as such it was regarded by those present.

The sweetest words that ever broke on the father's ears, as he sat with bowed head, a picture of silent grief and despair, were the softly whispered ones that fell from his wife's lips, as she said, in heartfelt tones:—

"Thank God, Bryan, for His tender mercy—our prayers have been heard, and our little one has been spared to us."

Ten years have elapsed since the incidents just related occurred. Christmas is being celebrated in the old Castle of Ballinaclough in the good old-fashioned way; the tenants on the estate being entertained by Sir Bryan with a dinner, which was served in the large hall, to be followed by a dance.

The festivities are at their height. A number of happy faces are turned towards the door, in evident expectation of welcoming the arrival of some important person.

There is one among this gay and happy throng who is more conspicuous, and seems to take a more prominent part in the direction of affairs, than anyone else. In this person we recognise our old friend Dennis McCarthy, no longer the wan lean, emaciated wretch that was first introduced to our readers, but a happy, contented, and trusty servant of Sir Bryan O'Connor. Suddenly his eyes light up with joy and pleasure as Sir Bryan

enters the hall, accompanied by his still beautiful wife and lovely daughter.

"Here they are," shouted Dennis, excitedly. "God bless the master and the mistress; and shure there's Miss Dot. God bless her too; didn't she risk her swate life for me in the hard times that, plaze God, are now past!"

Dot, following her father with the guests staying in the house, was indeed a fair picture to look upon. Although she had now grown almost to womanhood, she was, perhaps, far more beautiful than she was ten years ago, but she still retained the same sweet, childish expression on her face, that was such a distinguishing characteristic in the days of yore.

"Now, thin, bhoys and girls," shouted Dennis, with true Irish excitability, "three cheers for his honour and her ladyship—hip, hip, hurrah!" he roared at the top of his voice, standing meanwhile on a chair in the centre of the room, the cheering being taken up by the entire company until the old hall resounded with their shouts of welcome.

"And now," said Dennis, when the first burst of cheering had somewhat subsided, "six cheers for the swatest crayture God iver made—our Miss Dot." "Hip, hip, hurrah," broke forth again, with redoubled emphasis, and was continued for a long time. When the cheering was ended—a murmur of "God bless yer honour," and "A Happy Christmas to ye," was heard on all sides.

But Dennis did not consider his duties accomplished even now—he thought his guardian angel (for so he regarded Dot) was entitled to even a greater ovation, and was beginning to call for more cheers for Miss Dot, when she, divining his intention, stopped his action by laughingly calling him down from his chair and telling him that he must dance with her.

"That I will, to be shure, me darlint young lady," he replied, "but first I must wish a happy Christmas to your swate self."

"Thank you, Dennis," said she, shaking his hand, "and accept the same good wishes from me to you and yours."

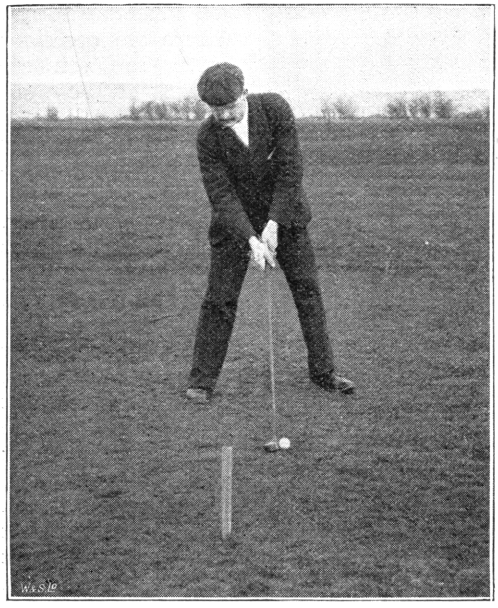
And with this bright, gay picture, with this scene of revelry before us, we will leave them. From the time of the incidents with which this story opened, Sir Bryan, happy in the love of his own family circle, was also happy in the knowledge that he possessed a prosperous, contented, and a loyal tenantry.

"'THANK YOU, DENNIS,' SAID SHE, SHAKING HIS HAND."

Golf, and How to Play It.

A Chat with the "Open" Champion.

[*The Photographs here reproduced represent successive strokes in an actual game played by the Champion, and were specially taken for this article by Henry W. Salmon, of Winchester.*]



DRIVING OFF.

GOLF of recent years has made immense strides in public favour. Originally brought from Scotland, and, naturally, played by Scotchmen, the game was looked at askance by English lovers of matters athletic. But before long its place became secure. Season after season rolled on. New links were opened in various parts of the country, bringing work and prosperity in their wake, until at the present time it would be difficult to discover a city or town of any pretensions to importance that does not possess one or, in some cases, two and three golf clubs.

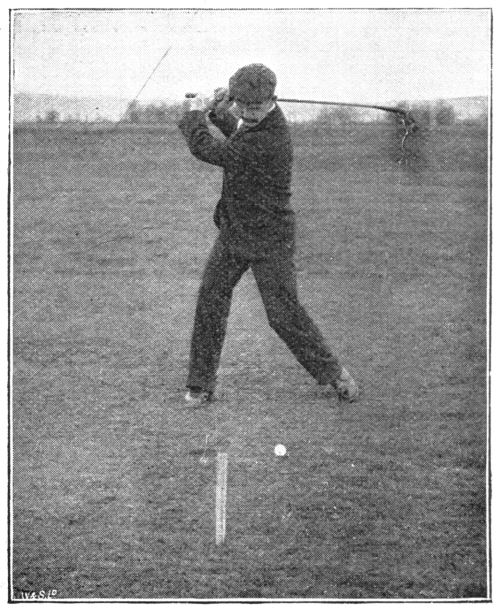
A visit to the links at Winchester was the sequence of a conversation I had respecting the "open" champion, who is engaged as a professional at the cathedral city. There I was fortunate enough to discover Taylor as he came off, after playing a game with one of the visitors, clubs under arm, and cap pushed far back from the forehead. I found him a pleasant mannered young fellow, of medium height, but sturdily built, with a face bronzed and tanned by almost constant exposure to the sun and rain, and with the west country "burr" distinct in all he said. A chat upon the game followed, as a matter of course.

"What do you think of golf?" was my first query.

"What do I think of it!" was his reply, with a quiet smile. "I can tell you that in a very few words. I consider it to be one of the finest, if not *the* best, games that could be played. Why? Well, there are many advantages. Some of them are these: In playing golf you get considerable exercise. In walking from hole to hole on the ordinary links, you would cover about three miles; that is, taking a direct course. But when you have to follow your ball, no matter where it may drop, you must add another one or two miles to the number I have just mentioned. Of course, this distance varies. A good player ought to be able to put his ball within a few feet of the spot he aims at. But a beginner—he never knows where it will pitch. The least pull on the club will bring the ball round to the right or left, just as the case may be. Everything depends upon the manner in which a player stands when playing, and how he grips his shaft."

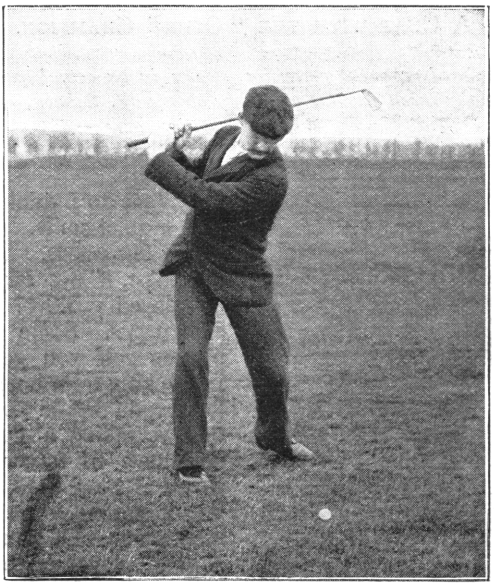
"How should you suggest the game should be learnt, then?"

"If anyone placed themselves under my tuition, I should teach them by taking them right round the whole series of holes. I



THE SWING.

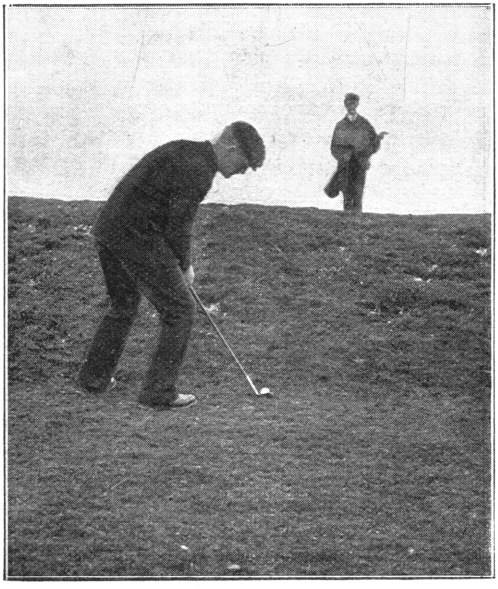
should accustom them to the use of each club as the occasion might arise. A man could never learn to play a really good game of golf by simply taking a driver, or one of the other clubs, and slaving away at that one until he might consider himself perfect, and then going on to another. How I should proceed would be this. The clubs generally used are a driver, brassie, driving iron, or cleek, lofting iron, putter, and, in some cases, a niblick. The first-named would be brought into use when driving off from the tee, or in very short grass; the brassie would come in when the ball was resting on grass of ordinary length, and many men play an approach shot with the iron. The lofting iron is for raising the ball over an obstacle, such as when you are several yards away from a clump of bushes or bulrushes, and the putter is necessary to everyone when upon the 'green' and preparing to strike your ball so as to get it into the hole."



A CLEEK SHOT—PREPARING.

"And the niblick?"

"The niblick is a short but heavy iron club. Its use is to take the ball out of a bunker or a drain. There are occasions when, say you are playing at Westward Ho! your ball drops into what I can only say resembles a sand-pit. The face of this pit is perpendicular, perhaps 2ft., perhaps 4ft., in length, and the ball rests upon the loose sand at the base. If it is clear of any obstruction, the chances are that you would be able to use your iron; but if you are placed almost below the face I have referred to, the niblick is a necessity. Taking it firmly by the head of the shaft, you must strike down sharply about 1½in. behind the ball into the sand. If this stroke is played properly, the ball will go up into the air in a sharp curve, sufficient to carry it over the obstruction. When your ball drops into a drain or gully a similar stroke is played, attended with equal success if you strike down upon the ground at the correct angle."



AN APPROACH SHOT.

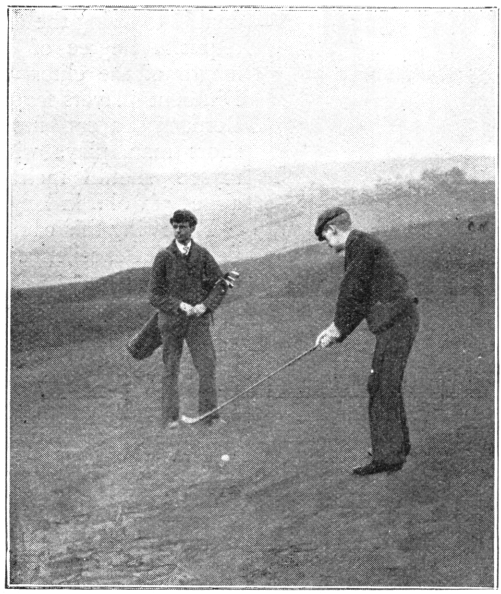
TEEING THE BALL.

"Supposing the stroke is not played properly? What then?"

"You probably break your shaft, and lose your temper and a stroke."

"What position should a person assume when playing the game correctly?" was my next query.

"Well," was Taylor's reply, cautiously given, "no two persons, even if they are trained by the same man, play exactly alike. The height of a player, of course, makes a difference to his swing. The general rule, however, should be to grip the shaft not too tightly, but still firmly enough to prevent its slipping when playing the ball. In driving, the club should be brought back smartly over the shoulders. A player, in coming back at this kind of stroke, should turn on the ball of the left foot, keeping the knees loose, but not moving the feet. That is where a great many persons spoil their strokes. Their knees are kept rigid and cramped, and the feet are not fixed firmly upon the ground. But unless a man 'lets himself go,' as I may express myself, he does not secure the necessary freedom in his play.



THE PREPARATORY SWING.

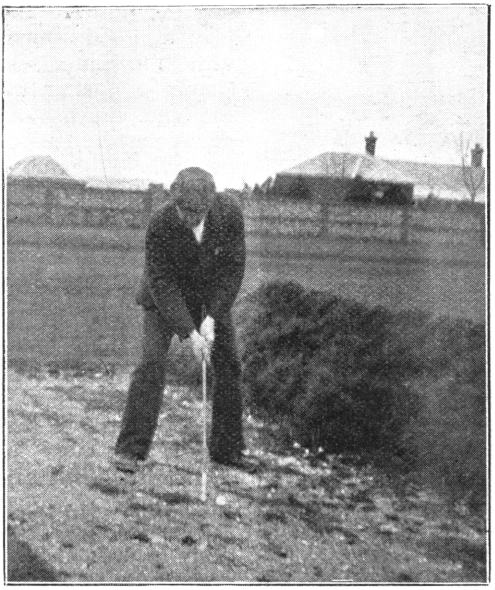
"To learn how to drive a ball is a comparatively easy task: it is learning how to get upon the green that is the most difficult. There are plenty of men who can play a good game when starting from each hole, but who are lost when holing out. The brassie is very much like the driver, but considerable practice is necessary in handling the putter. To play a good game with the latter is simply a matter of eye and touch. A player may be taught how to hold the clubs, but there is no royal road to success. There is nothing but practice that will make him proficient in their use. It is a curious thing, however, that the 'short' game of some of the finest players of the day is very poor in comparison with their driving.

"To play golf properly a man should commence as young as possible — the sooner the better. If a lad were taught as soon as he left school he would in all probability become a much more powerful and finished player than one who left it until he was between twenty and thirty.

"Why is that? Because he would be able to put more 'swing' into the game, his muscles would not have had time to harden, and there would be more freedom found in his play. Other games? Yes, there are a few that tend to make a man unfitted for golf. There is cricket, for instance. In handling the bat the great aim of the player is to keep the ball down, and so out of the fieldsmen's hands. But in golf it is all the other way. You have to get under the ball and lift it into the air.

THE DRIVING IRON.

"There are, however, several good cricketers who are also good golfers. Mr. S. M. J. Woods, the Somersetshire man, for instance, was taught by me. He plays a capital game, and is a very powerful driver. Then there is Mr.



THE LOFTING IRON.

E. H. Buckland, the old Oxonian cricketer. He did not commence learning golf until almost thirty years of age, but is able to fairly hold his own now.

"Amongst other games, football, in my opinion, makes no difference to a man's play. A rowing man is generally a good driver, handling the sculls having brought up the muscles of his arms and shoulders. A tennis or racquet player is also apt to get stiff in the shoulders, this meaning he will be unable to swing the driver or brassie with the requisite degree of ease. As regards the length of the clubs, there is really no rule. Different players favour different conditions. Bernard Sayers, for instance, although a short man, plays with a very long one. I myself should incline to the use of one about 3ft. 6in. in length."

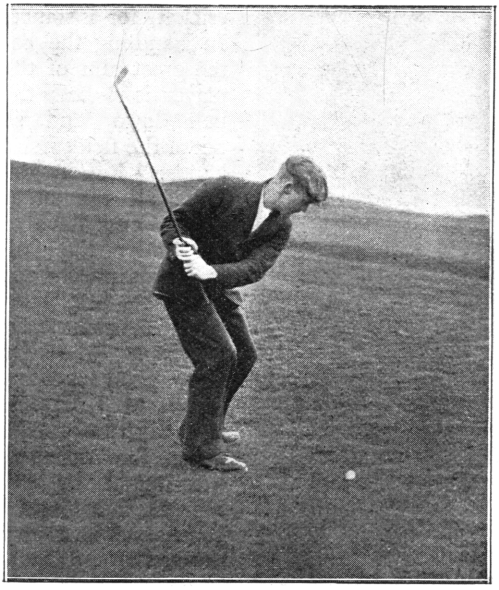
Following this came a brief chat upon the degrees of excellence of various of the better known players.

"Amongst the professionals," remarked Taylor, "there is not much difference between the leaders. I should place Douglas Rolland, A. Herd, A. Kirkcaldy, W. Fernie, Bernard Sayers, and W. Auchterlonie upon an equality. Rolland is, no doubt, the longest all-round

A BRASSEY SHOT.

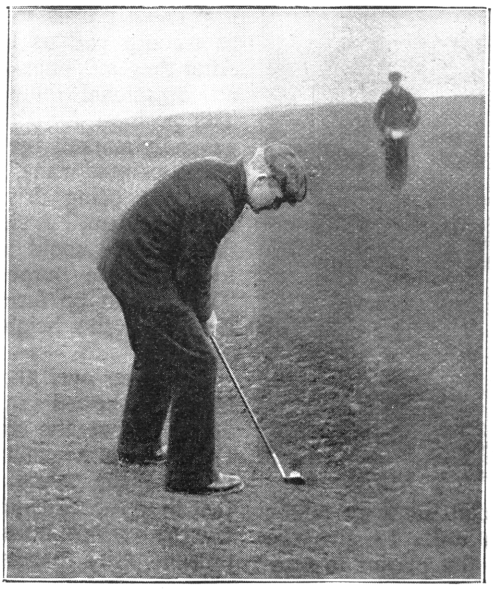
driver of the whole. I remember his play in this respect was quite a revelation in a tournament at Westward Ho! although he also won the tie by a capital 'putt.' When playing against a powerful driver like Rolland, a player is apt to become nervous, and in over-straining himself to give the game to his opponent. That is a fault everyone should beware of. It is well to remember that a match can be won upon the green, although a good drive is by no means to be despised.

"Who are the leading amateurs? Mr. John Ball, certainly; although Mr. Laidley, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. Tait, Mr. Balfour-Melville, and Mr. H. H. Hilton are to be reckoned with. The first-named, however, is the best, in my opinion. I may say,



THE CLEEK—IN SHORT GRASS.

though, I have played him twice and defeated him on each occasion. Of the professionals I should say Herd has been my most dangerous opponent. He is one of the steadiest wielders of a club you could possibly meet. Nothing under ordinary conditions appears to upset him or throw him off his game. Of course, you remember the hard fight he made in the Open Championship of last year. Yes, Herd is, I should say, the most dangerous man to have as an opponent.



ON THE EDGE OF THE GREEN.

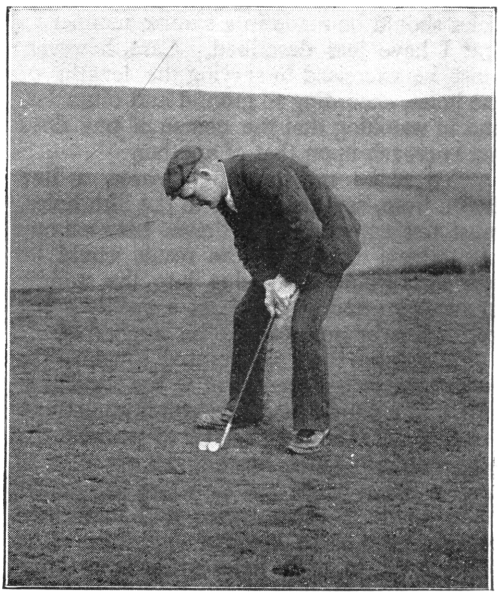
"I should like to say, however, that I have nothing but admiration for Mr. Horace Hutchinson. He is a grand player, and when at his best no other could approach him for all-round excellence in the game."

Taylor had by this time apparently exhausted the theme of players, so I at once touched upon other, but kindred, subjects.

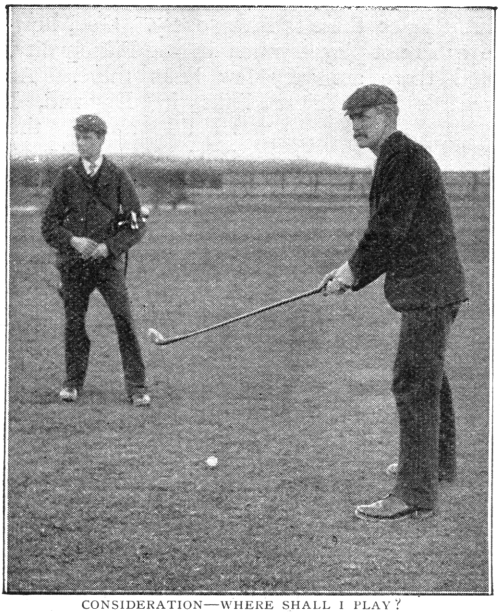
"Is golf possible upon frozen or wet ground?" he queried in partial answer to one of my questions. "Certainly it is, although, of course, skill is at a discount then. Supposing you are playing during a severe frost, with the surface of the ground as hard as rock. You drive off all right, but how are you to know where your ball will rebound when it drops? The least inequality, and it is deflected at an acute angle, and will naturally travel a considerable distance. If I had my choice of ground, I should certainly select a wet one in preference to one that was frozen. There would be no 'life' in the turf if saturated with water, but your ball would not 'glance,' and there would be a greater opportunity of exhibiting skill in reaching the hole.

"Which do I consider the better links? Well, that is rather a difficult question to answer, there are so many good ones. I should be inclined, however, to place Westward Ho! first. Of course, I played there as a lad, and learnt my golf there, but no one can question the great natural advantages it possesses. Prestwick, St. Andrews, and Sandwich are good links, while, if you go into Wales, there is Aberdovery. Golf, however, is not played much in the Principality, and there are very few links there. As regards the driest links in England, I should award the palm to Westward Ho! and Great Yarmouth, and in Scotland to Prestwick and St. Andrews. Position has everything to do with this. If the links are upon the sea-board they are generally dry, but if inland, unless carefully drained, the surface water makes the turf very dead. I should not care to particularize any spot, but there are a couple of links near London that would take considerable beating in the latter respect.

"And now for the formation of a links. In the first place you have to consider the character of the ground and the amount of space at your disposal. Some grounds are natural golf links. Others have to be made, tooth and nail. The first thing to do is to decide upon a starting point. Here you



PREPARING TO PUTT.



CONSIDERATION—WHERE SHALL I PLAY?

should be as near your club-house or public entrance as possible, in order to give the least possible trouble to the players in commencing the game. Next, you have to select the spot for the first tee and then another for the first putting green. In doing this, of course, it is necessary to work in all the 'hazards' possible, such as hedges, ditches, etc., in the best possible way. About the best distances for the holes to be apart are 160yds. to 170yds. and 320yds. and 500yds., and so on. The second and succeeding holes should be made in a similar manner to that I have just described. Care, however, must be exercised in varying the lengths of the holes, according to ground and obstacles, and in watching that the course of one does not encroach upon that of another.

"To make my meaning clearer, a line drawn from, say, the fourth to the fifth holes, must not approach one drawn between any two others. If it did the result would be one party would be driving into the middle of another; and a blow from a swiftly flying golf ball is by no means to be laughed at.

"When the links are formed roughly, the holes have to be cleanly cut to the regulation size, and a band of steel or iron is sometimes inserted near the top in order to prevent the edge crumbling away during the progress of play. Then, flags, red or white for preference, to mark the outward and homeward rounds, have to be provided and fixed upon short posts in each hole, while upon competition days these flags are generally replaced by larger squares of bunting. The putting greens meanwhile have had considerable trouble expended upon them. They have been rolled, carefully levelled, and the grass has been closely cropped or mowed.

"These greens, when finished, should be as smooth and as level as a billiard table. After they are once got into order, however, an occasional rolling will keep them so. The position for the tees at each hole is generally marked by two round iron or steel plates, painted white, and fixed to the ground; the balls being driven from a line drawn between them. A small box of sand or very fine mould should also be placed close at hand for the purpose of making the tee. This should be formed in the shape of a cone, but the height varies with different players."

A glance over the links following these remarks showed small, fluttering objects dotted about the vivid green background. Only a close acquaintance with the *personnel* of the game would imply to the spectator that they were flags marking the spots where lay the various holes. Quick eyesight was presumably a necessary adjunct to being able to play the game properly. But a surprise was in store.

"No," was Taylor's reply to my question whether a keen sight was a necessity to a good player; "I don't think I should say that is invariably the case. My eyesight, for instance, is not too good by any means. Before I determined upon taking up golf as

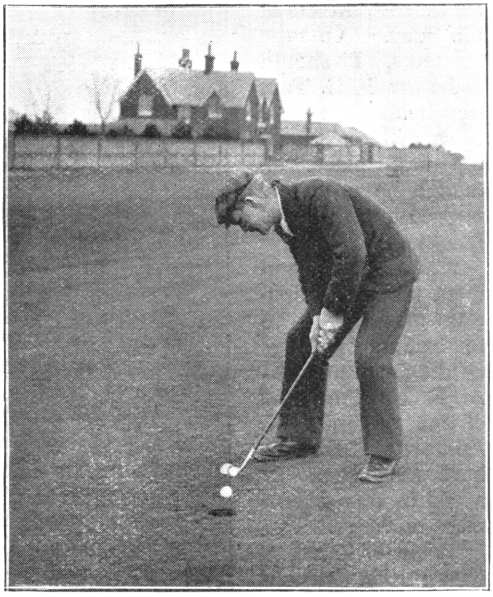
AN IRON SHOT.

a profession, I made five or six attempts to enter the Army. My height and chest measurements were satisfactory; but the sight of my left eye was returned as defective. Under these circumstances I think I am justified in considering good sight is not essential for the successful pursuit of the game. Of course, a man with a poor sight would be handicapped in his play, but what I think is required is a 'quick' sight, one that can follow the course of the ball, and mark the positions of the hazards. This latter reason is, I think, why so many good cricketers make good golf-players. Their training upon the pitch stands them in good stead when upon the links.

"Which is the best club for general use, you ask? I should favour the cleek myself, although opinions may differ upon that head. In playing with it you get the 'drive' of the wooden club with the 'approach' stroke of the iron. A man can secure practice in both by this means, and I have known several amateurs who only use the club named in ordinary play.

GETTING UNDER THE BALL.

"No, I cannot say I think a long driver would secure any material advantage over a man who can send his ball an ordinary distance. Both, however, must be able to play the shorter game equally well. Our axiom is that 'the man who makes the fewest mistakes wins in the long run.' This is generally found to be the case, for although a few yards may be lost upon the drive, a good player can generally recover his position when upon the green.



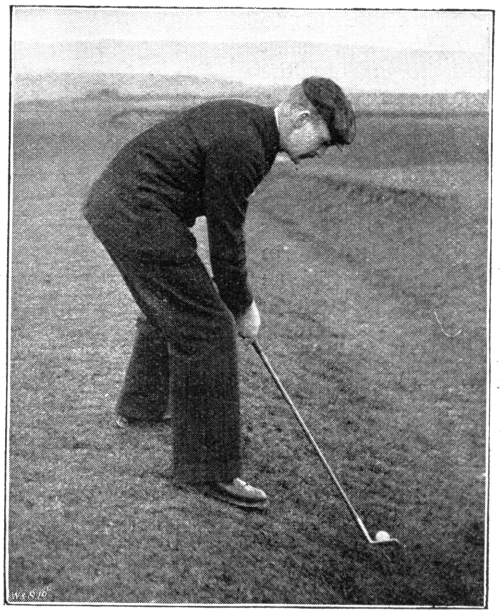
A DIFFICULT PUTT.

"As regards the longest driver of the present day, that is a difficult question to answer. It does not follow the most powerful men in this department are to be found in the ranks of the first-class professionals or amateurs. Amongst the former, however, Douglas Rolland has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the longest, if not

THE DRIVER—IN GRASS.

the longest, drivers of the day. Of the amateurs, I should place Mr. F. G. Tait, who holds the record drive of 395yds., in the first place, although he is closely pressed by Mr. E. H. Blackwell.

"The same argument respecting first-class men applies to the leading 'putters.' Of the amateurs, Mr. A. F. MacFie; and of the professionals, Andrew Kirkcaldy, have long been admired in this department of the game."



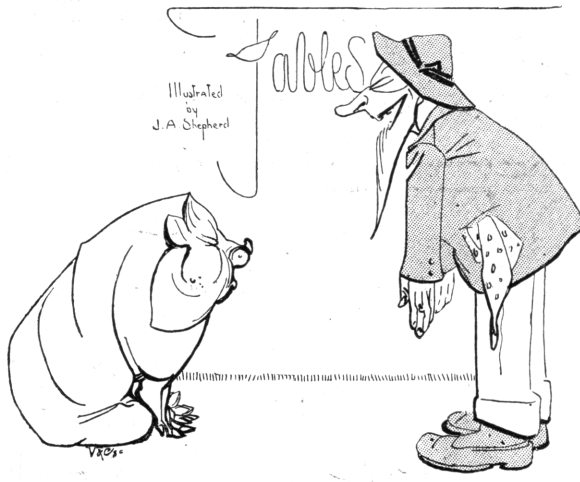
A BAD LIE.

Then followed a chat upon various features of the pastime. Golf, I was told, was played at both Oxford and Cambridge, there being more than ordinarily good players at either University. Several public schools also possessed links of their own, Winchester and Eton amongst the number. By this means the scholars are rapidly brought to a fair degree of proficiency, for although cricket claims the major part of their attention during the summer months, golf is generally played in the spring and autumn, and in many cases throughout the winter as well. "The result of this," remarked the champion, "will be the addition of excellent players to the amateur ranks in years to come."

HOLING OUT.

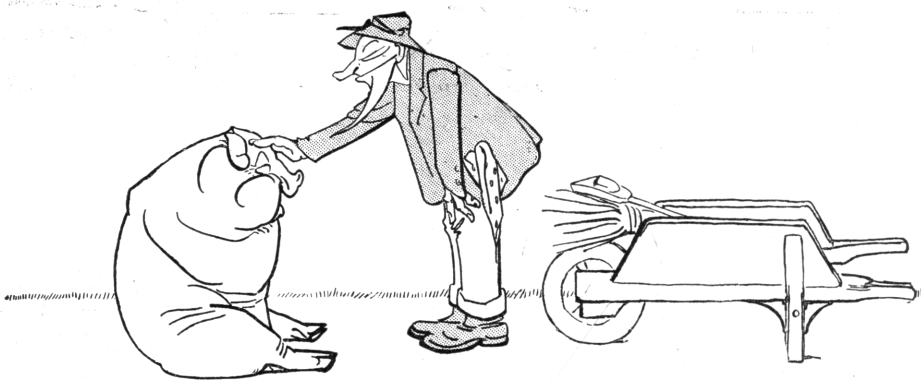
Questioned upon the different ages of players he had met during the course of his career, Taylor admitted there were many men who did not commence learning until they had approached middle age, and yet became fairly good players. "But to be successful," was his closing remark, "an intending player should commence as early as possible. But age brings steadiness in its wake, perhaps, and the brilliancy of youth is sacrificed to the safety of advancing years." Golf, however, does not expose its disciple to much wear and tear. It is a game of mild, invigorating excitement. Wielders of the driver and the cleek may play on up to and, in some cases, over sixty years of age, and discover nothing but renewed youth in its pursuit. "One thing, however," says the champion, "is necessary. That is, secure a good coach at the start. A bad habit once assumed can never be perfectly eradicated."

W.

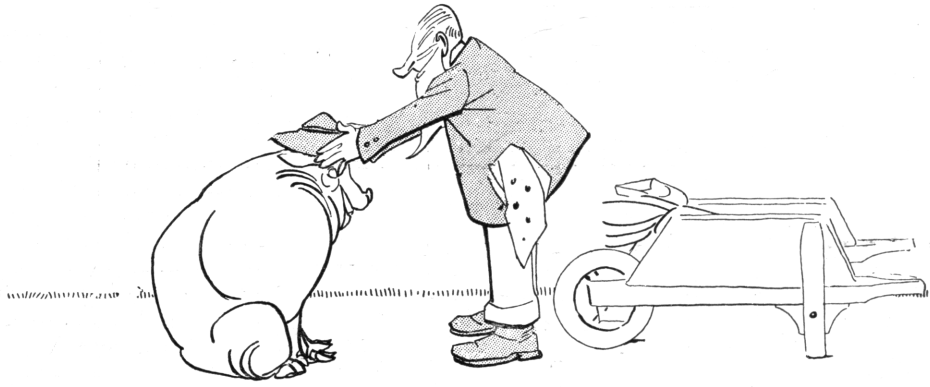


THE GARDENER AND THE ~~HOG~~.

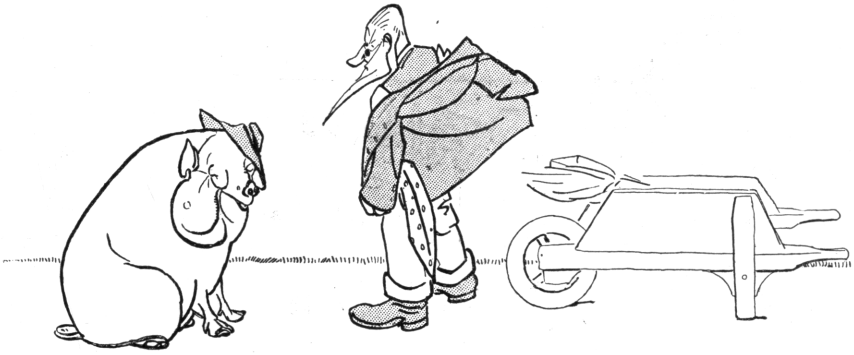
1.—A GARDENER OF PECULIAR TASTE—



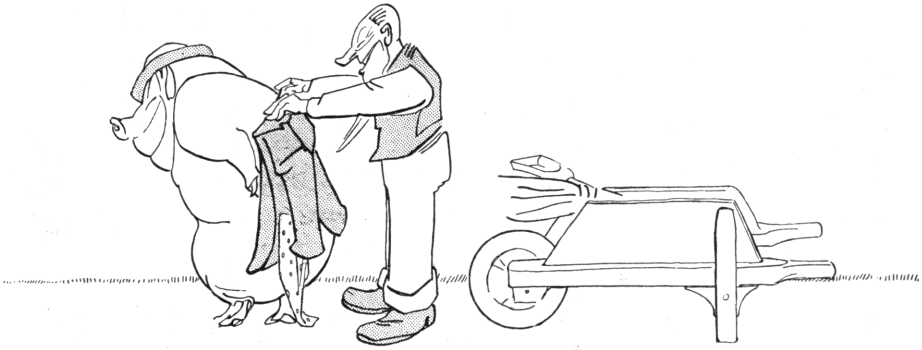
2.—CHOSE FOR HIS FRIEND A YOUNG HOG—



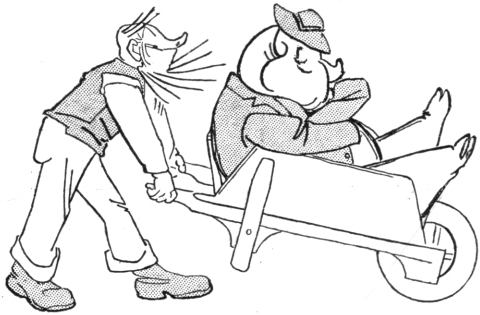
3.—OF WHOM HE TOOK THE GREATEST CARE—



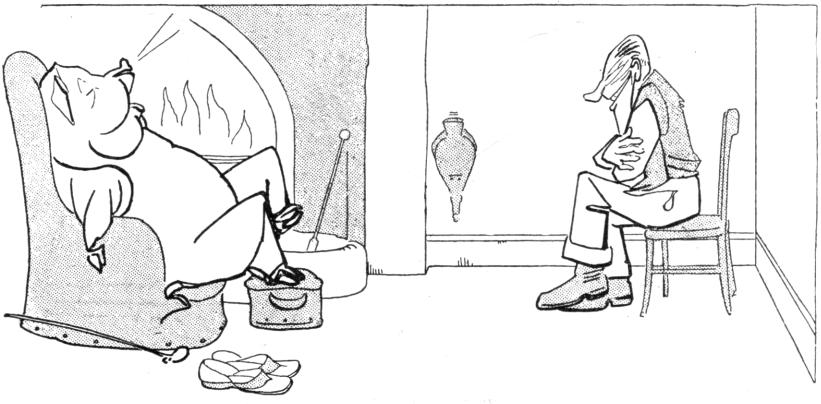
4.—SHARING HIS GARMENTS WITH HIM—



5.—FOR FEAR HE SHOULD TAKE COLD—

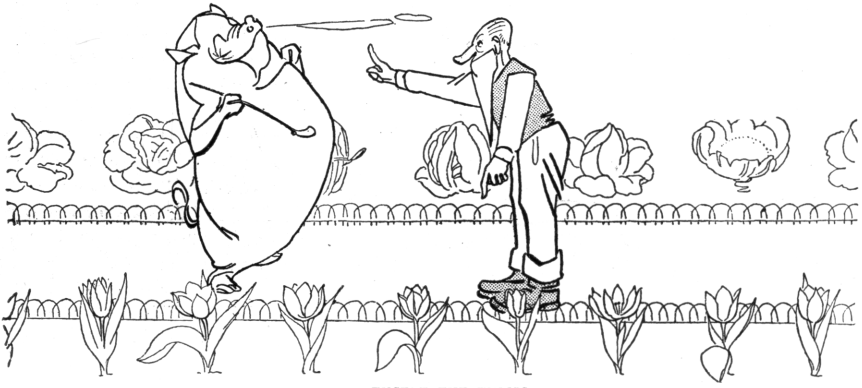


6.—BEING ESPECIALLY CAREFUL THAT HE DID NOT FATIGUE HIMSELF—

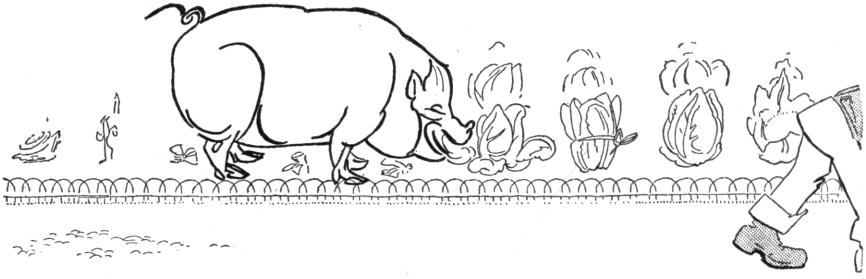


7.—AND ALWAYS GIVING HIM THE BEST SEAT BY THE FIRESIDE.

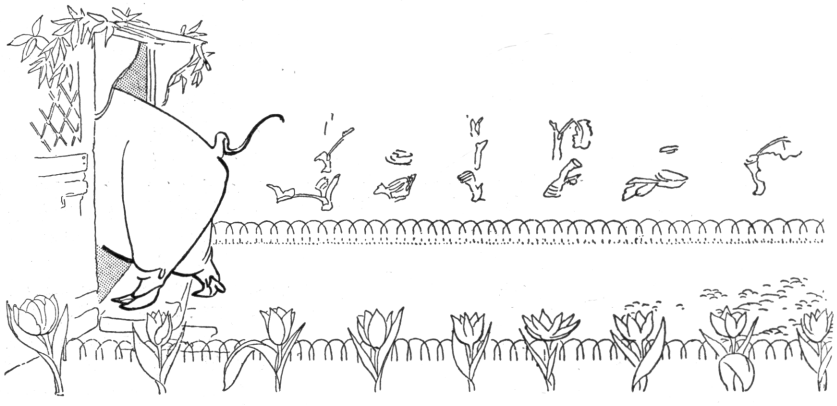
8.—EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN WAS AT HIS DISPOSAL—



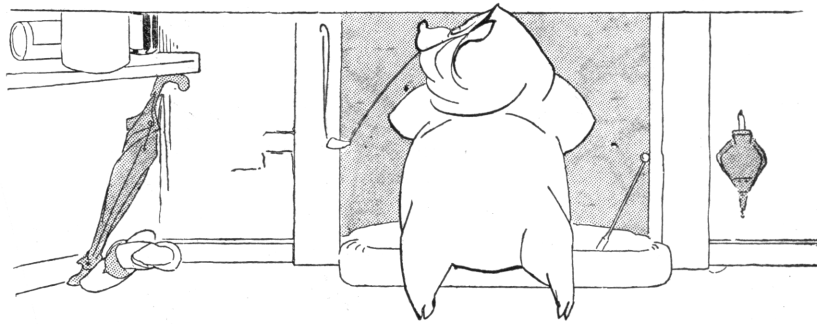
9.—EXCEPT THE TULIPS.



10.—BUT AFTER ENJOYING THE CABBAGES—



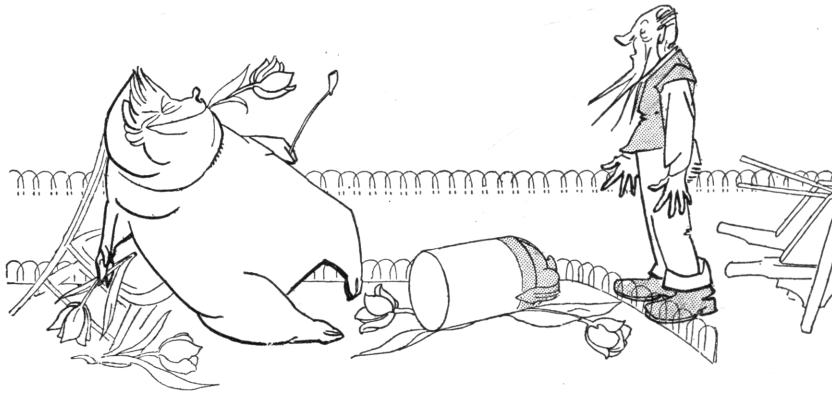
11.—THE HOG WENT INTO THE HOUSE—



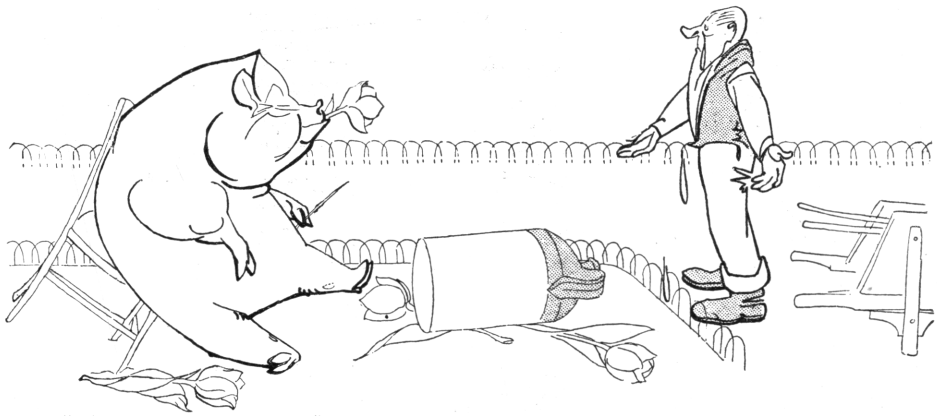
12.—AND HIS EYE FELL ON THE WHISKY JAR.

13.—IT OCCURRED TO HIM THAT A DRAM WOULD GO WELL WITH THE CABBAGES—

14.—BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, TAKING A LITTLE TOO MUCH—

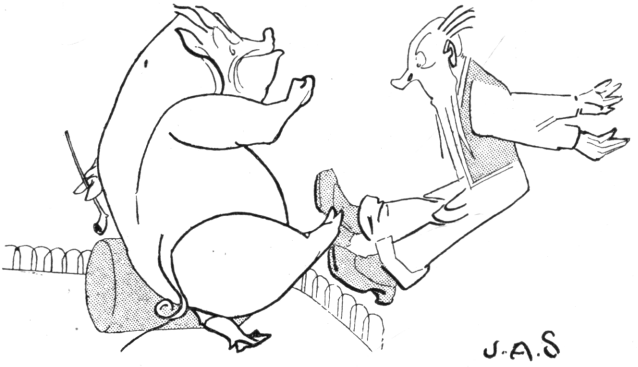


15.—HE THOUGHT HE SHOULD LIKE TO TRY THE TASTE OF TULIPS.



16.—"IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW," HE CRIED TO THE ENRAGED GARDENER, "I'M ONLY EATING THE ROOTS."

17.—THEN, ON THE GARDENER BEGINNING TO THREATEN—



18.—HIS FRIEND KNOCKED HIM OUT OF HIS OWN GARDEN.

MORAL.—WHO CHERISHES A BRUTAL MATE,
WILL MOURN HIS FOLLY SOON OR LATE.

I.

LONG, long ago, in the days of good King Arthur, Count Morriss dwelt in the old château of La Roche Morice, near Landerneau, in Brittany. With him lived his beautiful niece, Katel. Although charming in face and figure, this maiden had a somewhat uncanny reputation. For it was said—and with reason—that she was a witch.

The Count had often urged Katel to marry, but in vain. The lady had no mind to lose her freedom. Dancing was the one passion of her life. "When," said she, "I can find a knight who shall be able to dance continuously with me for twelve hours, with no break, to him I promise to give my hand!"

This scornful challenge was proclaimed by heralds in every neighbouring town and hamlet. In response came many wooers to attempt the impossible task. Those whom Katel favoured she made her partners at the rustic fêtes and open-air dances which were then in vogue. In the soft-swarded meadows, by sunlight or starlight, the dancers would meet, and, to the dreamy music of the pipes, eager couples would whirl until the hills around began to blush in the light of the early dawn. The wildest, giddiest, yet most graceful of the throng was Katel, who danced madly on until one by one her partners sank fainting upon the ground, and death released them from the heartless sorceress who had lured them into her toils.

Thus perished many suitors, until the cruel maiden became an object of general hatred and horror. When her doings came to the ears of the count, he sternly forbade her to attend any more of the dances. In order to enforce her obedience, he shut her up in a tower, where, said he, she was to remain until she should choose a husband from among such suitors as still persisted in offering her marriage.

Now, Katel had a wizened little page, no bigger than a leveret, and as black as a raven's wing. This creature she summoned to her one morning before dawn, and, with her finger at her lips, she said to him: "Be swift and silent! My uncle still slumbers. Get thee gone by the ladder, and hie thee to the castle of Salaün, who is waiting for a message from her he loves. The guards will allow thee to pass; take horse, ride like the wind, and tell Salaün that Katel calls him to deliver her from this tower before the day dawns."

The infatuated young knight obeyed the summons immediately. In an hour's time he was assisting the lady to mount his horse, after having got her in safety down the rope-ladder. As, from the window of the donjon, the dwarf watched them ride away, he chuckled to himself:—

"Ha! ha! And so they are off to the great ball held to-day in the Martyrs' Meadow! Ah, my dear Salaün! before

another sun shall rise, your death-knell will be tolled!"

II.

WHEN Katel and her gallant cavalier arrived at the Martyrs' Meadow, they excited general surprise and admiration. Some, however, shook their heads forebodingly, as they heard that Salaün, now Katel's affianced lover, was to be her partner, for they knew that the brave young knight must needs fall a victim to her spell.

The ball began. Some of the most skilful pipers in the land had been engaged for the occasion, and they played gavottes, rondes, courantes, and many other dances, without intermission. But Katel waited until night came and the torches were lit. Then she took Salaün's hand, and they began to dance together.

"Round again! Once more! Ha! ha!" laughed the witch-maiden, as they spun along. "What! are you tired already? Do you give in so soon as this?"

"Never—while I am with *you!*" was the fervent reply. The fatal spell had begun to work.

Thus on they whirled, yet more swiftly than before, so that the other dancers stood aside to watch them. After a time, however, Katel observed that her partner was gradually becoming weaker, and that he would soon be unable to keep pace with her.

"Courage!" exclaimed she, in a bantering tone. "We cannot stop yet; it wants but a very short time to midnight, and then I shall be yours!"

"KATEL TURNED COLDLY AWAY."

Salaün, although almost exhausted, strained every nerve and muscle in a frantic, final effort to continue the dance. Round the field they flew, at lightning speed; but it was for the last time. The knight's knees shook—his breath came more quickly—then with difficulty he gasped out the words:—

"Oh, Katel! have mercy! I can do no more! Katel, my love, have I not won you yet?"

But as he sank lifeless upon the grass, Katel turned coldly away. His fate was nothing to her. At that moment the clock in a neighbouring tower struck twelve. All the lights flickered and expired; darkness reigned supreme. And through the darkness, shrilling high above every other sound, rang the mocking laugh of the impish dwarf.

III.

"WHAT!" exclaimed Katel, derisively, glancing angrily at the worn-out pipers, who had at last paused in their wild music, "exhausted already by such slight exertions? I wish the Evil One would send me some musicians and dancers worthy of me! Of what use are these miserable, puny creatures?"

As she uttered the words, stamping her foot in her fury, a weird, red light gleamed in the sky; there was a terrible peal of thunder, and a strange stir in the trees. Then suddenly, in the centre of the field, appeared two phantom forms, at the sight of whom the panic-stricken by-standers would fain have fled. To their

horror, however, they found flight impossible; they were rooted to the spot!

One of the phantoms was attired in a red garment, covered with a black cloak. Beneath his arm he held a large double pipe, coiled around which were five hissing, writhing serpents. The other stranger, who was exceedingly tall, was dressed in a tightly-fitting black suit, and heavy, red mantle, while upon his head waved an imposing tuft of vultures' plumes.

The ghostly piper began at once to play an unearthly dance-tune, so wild and maddening that it made all the hearers tremble. His tall, grim companion seized Katel by the waist, and the couple whirled round to the mad measure, which grew ever faster and more furious. In an instant the torches were re-lit. A few others joined in the dance; not for long, however. Katel and her phantom were soon the only dancers. Shriller still shrieked the pipes, faster yet grew the music, more and more swiftly spun the feet. Ere long the witch-maiden felt that her strength was deserting her; the torches swam before her eyes, and, in the last extremity of terror, she struggled to release herself from the iron grip which held her so relentlessly.

"What! so soon tired?" cried the spectre, jeering at her. "Do you give in so soon as this? Come! round once more! Ha! ha!"

Thus was Katel treated as she had treated others. She had no breath left wherewith to answer; her last hour had come. She made one more wild, despairing bound, then fell to the ground in the throes of death. At the same moment, the phantoms vanished. There was a vivid lightning-blaze, a terrific crash of thunder; then fell black darkness, hiding everything. A tempestuous wind arose, and rain fell in torrents.

"THE COUPLE WHIRLED ROUND TO THE MAD MEASURE."

When the storm had cleared, and the morning sun shone out, those who found courage to visit the spot beheld the forms of Katel and her lover Salaün lying dead upon the shrivelled turf.

Ever since that time, the spot has been shunned by all, and still, by their firesides on the winter nights, the peasants tell the tale of Katel, the witch-dancer, and her fearful fate.